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MERRY'S MUSEUM,

FOR

BOYS AND GIRLS.

Illustrated.

ENTIRELY NEW SERIES.

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HORACE B. FULLER, PUBLISHER,

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CONTENTS.

		Page.
About some Boys in the Queen's Dominions	*Aunt Ada*	17
Adventures of a Worsted Boy, The		26
Appeal of Peter the Hermit. Original Declamation	*J. Loomis*	396
Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer		37, 78, 117, 160, 203, 243, 284, 324, 369, 415, 464, 509
Aunt Sue's Scrap-Bag		33, 78, 112, 157, 201, 242, 283, 322, 368, 413, 462, 507
Be Polite		200
Bunny		100
Dolls' Masquerade, The	*K. E.*	121
Eberstein	*Mrs. Follen*	500
Forgiveness		70
George Stephenson, the Engineer	*Cousin Mary*	153
Golden-Eyed Pansy	*H. H. W.*	316
Jacko. A True Story	*Cousin Alice*	421
Katie and Susie; or, The Useful Dress	*Annie Phillips*	277
Little Dykeman, The	*S. W. Lander*	101
Little Pearl	*H. B. G.*	10, 57, 86, 142, 187, 218, 266, 308, 348, 394, 439
Loggers (The); or, Six Months in the Forests of Maine		30, 49, 92, 130, 174, 228, 260
Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends		35, 75, 114, 164, 207, 247, 287, 328, 373, 420, 468, 512
Milestones of English History	*Cousin Alice*	197, 238, 271, 311, 360, 404, 444, 502
Mink Curtiss; or, Life in the Backwoods	*An Old Hunter*	209, 280, 353, 383, 448, 480
My Little Friend	*L. M. Alcott*	41
My May-Day among Curious Birds and Beasts	*L. M. Alcott*	81
Mutiny Aboard		65
Our Little Newsboy	*L. M. Alcott*	139
Palissy, the Potter	*Cousin Mary*	304
Persuadable Pig, The	*E. C. J.*	289
Pets and Sports in Tasmania	*M. G. Sleeper*	329, 398, 433, 487

		Page.
Robert Gaffield	*A. M. F. P.*	249
Story (The) of a Royal Bengal Tiger, and how he proved his Claim to the Title	*Cousin Alice*	319, 342
Story of My Chickens, The	*Cousin Alice*	104
Story of Glaucus, The	*F. H. V.*	377
Sunshiny Sam	*L. M. Alcott*	493
Tessa's Surprises. A Christmas Story	*L. M. Alcott*	469
Tilly's Christmas	*L. M. Alcott*	1
Trials of a Little King, The	*S. W. Lander*	185
Two Ways of Being Manly	*A. M. F. P.*	6, 45
Under the Ice; or, The Lost Ibex-Hunter	*From the German*	425
Venice	*Uncle Robert*	108
Will's Wonder-Book	*L. M. Alcott*	148, 169, 224, 255, 301, 337, 409, 458
Writing to Papa		367

POETRY.

Bird-Thoughts	*H. F. Robinson*	397
Flowers of Spring, The	*S. W. Lander*	152
Hylas, The	*Celia Thaxter*	147
Kingbird, The	*Celia Thaxter*	217
Kite, The	*L. A. B.*	442
Little Captives, The	*Mrs. A. M. Wells*	173
My Doves	*L. M. Alcott*	99
Nan's Houses	*H. B. Hudson*	259
Our Little Ghost	*L. M. Alcott*	456
Sewing, An Object for	*Aunt Sue*	56
Song (A) for the Children	*L. D. Nichols*	498
Temptation	*Mrs. A. M. Wells*	336
Transplanted	*May Hawk*	254
Waiting to See	*H. B. Hudson*	315
What the Flowers Say	*Mrs. A. M. Wells*	393
What Polly Found in her Stocking	*L. M. Alcott*	25
Where is Bennie?	*L. M. Alcott*	71
Wishes	*L. M. Alcott*	16
Yellowbird	*Celia Thaxter*	479

MERRY'S MUSEUM

VOL. I.] JANUARY, 1868. [NO. I.

TILLY'S CHRISTMAS.

'M so glad to-morrow is Christmas, because I'm going to have lots of presents."

"So am I glad, though I don't expect any presents but a pair of mittens."

"And so am I; but I sha'n't have any presents at all."

As the three little girls trudged home from school they said these things, and as Tilly spoke, both the others looked at her with pity and some surprise, for she spoke cheerfully, and they wondered how she could be happy when she was so poor she could have no presents on Christmas.

"Don't you wish you could find a purse full of money right here in the path?" said Kate, the child who was going to have "lots of presents."

"Oh, don't I, if I could keep it honestly!" and Tilly's eyes shone at the very thought.

"What would you buy?" asked Bessy, rubbing her cold hands, and longing for her mittens.

"I'd buy a pair of large, warm blankets, a load of wood, a shawl for mother, and a pair of shoes for me; and if there was enough left, I'd give Bessie a new hat, and then she needn't wear Ben's old felt one," answered Tilly.

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The girls laughed at that; but Bessy pulled the funny hat over her ears, and said she was much obliged, but she'd rather have candy.

"Let's look, and may be we *can* find a purse. People are always going about with money at Christmas-time, and some one may lose it here," said Kate.

So, as they went along the snowy road, they looked about them, half in earnest, half in fun. Suddenly, Tilly sprang forward, exclaiming, —

"I see it! I've found it!"

The others followed, but all stopped disappointed; for it wasn't a purse, it was only a little bird. It lay upon the snow with its wings spread and feebly fluttering, as if too weak to fly. Its little feet were benumbed with cold; its once bright eyes were dull with pain, and instead of a blithe song, it could only utter a faint chirp, now and then, as if crying for help.

"Nothing but a stupid old robin. How provoking!" cried Kate, sitting down to rest.

"I sha'n't touch it; I found one once, and took care of it, and the ungrateful thing flew away the minute it was well," said Bessy, creeping under Kate's shawl, and putting her hands under her chin to warm them.

"Poor little birdie! How pitiful he looks, and how glad he must be to see some one coming to help him. I'll take him up gently, and carry him home to mother. Don't be frightened, dear, I'm your friend;" and Tilly knelt down in the snow, stretching her hand to the bird with the tenderest pity in her face.

Kate and Bessy laughed.

"Don't stop for that thing; it's getting late and cold: let's go on and look for the purse," they said, moving away.

"You wouldn't leave it to die!" cried Tilly. "I'd rather have the bird than the money; so I sha'n't look any more. The purse wouldn't be mine, and I should only be tempted to keep it; but this poor thing will thank and love me, and I'm *so* glad I came in time."

Gently lifting the bird, Tilly felt its tiny cold claws cling to her hand, and saw its dim eyes brighten as it nestled down with a grateful chirp.

"Now I've got a Christmas present after all," she said, smiling, as they walked on. "I always wanted a bird, and this one will be such a pretty pet for me."

"He'll fly away the first chance he gets, and die anyhow; so you'd better not waste your time over him," said Bessy.

"He can't pay you for taking care of him, and my mother says it isn't worth while to help folks that can't help us," added Kate.

"My mother says, 'Do as you'd be done by;' and I'm sure I'd like any one to help me, if I was dying of cold and hunger. 'Love your neighbor as yourself,' is another of her sayings. This bird is my little neighbor, and I'll love him and care for him, as I often wish our rich neighbor would love and care for us," answered Tilly, breathing her warm breath over the benumbed bird, who looked up at her with confiding eyes, quick to feel and know a friend.

"What a funny girl you are," said Kate, "caring for that silly bird, and talking about loving your neighbor in that sober way. Mr. King don't care a bit for you, and never will, though he knows how poor you are; so I don't think your plan amounts to much."

"I believe it, though; and shall do my part anyway. Good-night. I hope you'll have a merry Christmas, and lots of pretty things," answered Tilly, as they parted.

Her eyes were full, and she felt *so* poor as she went on alone toward the little old house where she lived. It would have been so pleasant to know that she was going to have some of the pretty things all children love to find in their full stockings on Christmas morning. And pleasanter still to have been able to give her mother something nice. So many comforts were needed, and there was no hope of getting them; for they could barely get food and fire.

"Never mind, birdie, we'll make the best of what we have, and be merry in spite of everything. *You* shall have a happy Christmas, anyway; and I know God wont forget us, if every one else does."

She stopped a minute to wipe her eyes, and lean her cheek against the bird's soft breast, finding great comfort in the little creature, though it could only love her, nothing more.

"See, mother, what a nice present I've found," she cried, going in with a cheery face that was like sunshine in the dark room.

"I'm glad of that, deary; for I haven't been able to get my little girl anything but a rosy apple. Poor bird! Give it some of your warm bread and milk."

"Why, mother, what a big bowlful! I'm afraid you gave me all the milk," said Tilly, smiling over the nice steaming supper that stood ready for her.

"I've had plenty, dear. Sit down and dry your wet feet, and put the bird in my basket on this warm flannel."

Tilly peeped into the closet and saw nothing there but dry bread.

"Mother's given me all the milk, and is going without her tea, 'cause she knows I'm hungry. Now I'll surprise her, and she shall have a good supper too. She is going to split wood, and I'll fix it while she's gone."

So Tilly put down the old tea-pot, carefully poured out a part of the milk, and from her pocket produced a great plummy bun, that one of the school-children had given her, and she had saved for her mother. A slice of the dry bread was nicely toasted, and the bit of butter set by for her put on it. When her mother came in there was the table drawn up in a warm place, a hot cup of tea ready, and Tilly and birdie waiting for her.

Such a poor little supper, and yet such a happy one; for love, charity, and contentment were guests there, and that Christmas eve was a blither one than that up at the great house, where lights shone, fires blazed, a great tree glittered, and music sounded, as the children danced and played.

"We must go to bed early, for we've only wood enough to last over to-morrow. I shall be paid for my work the day after, and then we can get some," said Tilly's mother, as they sat by the fire.

"If my bird was only a fairy bird, and would give us three wishes, how nice it would be! Poor dear, he can't give me anything; but it's no matter," answered Tilly, looking at the robin, who lay in the basket with his head under his wing, a mere little feathery bunch.

"He can give you one thing, Tilly, — the pleasure of doing good. That is one of the sweetest things in life; and the poor can enjoy it as well as the rich."

As her mother spoke, with her tired hand softly stroking her little daughter's hair, Tilly suddenly started and pointed to the window, saying, in a frightened whisper, —

"I saw a face, — a man's face, looking in! It's gone now; but I truly saw it."

"Some traveller attracted by the light, perhaps; I'll go and see." And Tilly's mother went to the door.

No one was there. The wind blew cold, the stars shone, the snow lay white on field and wood, and the Christmas moon was glittering in the sky.

"What sort of a face was it?" asked Tilly's mother, coming back.

"A pleasant sort of face, I think; but I was so startled, I don't quite know what it was like. I wish we had a curtain there," said Tilly.

"I like to have our light shine out in the evening; for the road is dark and lonely just here, and the twinkle of our lamp is pleasant to people's eyes as they go by. We can do so little for our neighbors, I am glad to cheer the way for them. Now put these poor old shoes to dry, and go to bed, deary; I'll come soon."

Tilly went, taking her bird with her to sleep in his basket near by, lest he should be lonely in the night.

Soon the little house was dark and still, and no one saw the Christmas spirits at their work that night.

When Tilly opened the door next morning, she gave a loud cry, clapped her hands, and then stood still, quite speechless with wonder and delight. There, before the door, lay a great pile of wood, all ready to burn, a big bundle and a basket, with a lovely nosegay of winter roses, holly, and evergreen tied to the handle.

"Oh, mother, did the fairies do it?" cried Tilly, pale with her happiness, as she seized the basket while her mother took in the bundle.

"Yes, dear, the best and dearest fairy in the world, called 'Charity.' She walks abroad at Christmas time, does beautiful deeds like this, and does not stay to be thanked," answered her mother with full eyes, as she undid the parcel.

There they were, — the warm, thick blankets, the comfortable shawl, the new shoes, and, best of all, a pretty winter hat for Bessy. The basket was full of good things to eat, and on the flowers lay a paper saying, —

"For the little girl who loves her neighbor as herself."

"Mother, I really think my bird is a fairy bird, and all these splendid things come from him," said Tilly, laughing and crying with joy.

It really did seem so, for, as she spoke, the robin flew to the table, hopped to the nosegay, and perching among the roses, began to chirp with all his little might. The sun streamed in on flowers, bird, and happy child, and no one saw a shadow glide away from the window; no one ever knew that Mr. King had seen and heard the little girls the night before, or dreamed that the rich neighbor had learned a lesson from the poor neighbor.

And Tilly's bird *was* a fairy bird; for by her love and tenderness to the helpless thing, she brought good gifts to herself, happiness to the unknown giver of them, and a faithful little friend who did not fly away, but stayed with her till the snow was gone, making summer for her in the winter-time.

L. M. Alcott.

TWO WAYS OF BEING MANLY.

"WILL you let that boy alone, Ned Parker? It's shameful, and he smaller, younger, and weaker than you, and a stranger too! How can you be so mean?"

These words were uttered in a rapid and indignant tone, by George Grey, a slight lad of thirteen, to a boy older and larger than himself, who was tormenting, as boys only know how to torment a delicate-looking child of twelve, while other boys stood looking on, — some enjoying the sport (?), others sharing in George Grey's indignation.

"Oh," answered Ned, in a contemptuous manner, "it's *Miss* Georgiana, is it? Couldn't bear to see her little pet seasoned could she? not even when told it's for the darling's good to use him to our ways, and make a man of him."

Then changing his tone to an angry one, he said, —

"I'll let him alone now, because I'm tired of badgering him, but not for your interference, or that of any other Miss Georgiana of you all. I'll teach the little snivelling, frog-eating Frencher to come here and shew off his airs upon us."

Even Ned Parker was startled by the effect these words produced. It was recess, and all the boys of Mr. Barry's school had been playing in the yard until their attention was arrested by Ned Parker and Louis Dubois. Loud cries of "Shame on you Ned!" "How mean!" "George is right!" "stand up for George!" "He's no more Miss than you are," were heard, while Louis, for the first time in the knowledge of the boys, gave way to a perfect tempest of rage. Jumping up and down, and throwing his arms about in a frantic way, he cried out, —

"I'm not that you call me. I no more grenoulle, — what you call frog-eating than yourself, you bad, tres mechant boy. Vous etes un — Oh, what am I doing? I promised ma chere maman I would *always* keep the temper, — mais, — " and here the child's anger burst forth again, — "it is all your fault every bit you tres, — *not* kind boy," shaking his little fists at Ned, who stood by trying to whistle off his surprise and mortification, while some of the boys shouted, —

"Bravo! That's a little man! Pitch into him, Louis!"

"No, no, Louis," said George to the boy, who looked as if he would very much like to follow the advice given him, "don't mind Ned; he doesn't mean half he says; and don't mind the other boys, either. Come with me to the pump and wash your face and curl your little head before the bell rings for us to go in."

"I — could — bear — any — any — thing but that — about the gren — the frogs. I know just what the boys think, and it's not so, — me don't eat frogs," sobbed out Louis, — suffering George to lead him off, however, to the pump, where, with cold water and kind words, he succeeded in quieting the fiery little fellow. After school was dismissed, George walked home with Louis, in order to prevent any further annoyance from Ned. There was no danger of that, however, for not only did Ned perceive that he was on the unpopular side, but he was also requested by Mr. Barry to remain a few moments after the other boys had gone home.

"Parker," said Mr. Barry, "I saw from one of the school-room windows what passed to-day at recess. I did not interfere, because I wished to see to what extent you would carry your cruel sport, and also to ascertain the feeling of your companions; you are the oldest and strongest boy in your class, you are also the boy from whom I have heard in one way and another a great deal of talk about being manly. My idea of a manly boy is this: one who is obedient and respectful to his superiors, and kind to his equals and inferiors; for these are qualities indispensable to a true man. Do you agree with me?"

Ned did not dare to say how very different were his ideas of manliness. To imitate, as far as was admissible for his years, the dress of his elders, to learn to smoke, to be rebellious and surly to his father, to snort and grunt in a very canine fashion at his mother, to domineer over and torment his younger brothers and sisters, and those whom he considered his inferiors had been hitherto his practice of manliness. His answer was characteristic; for, with all Ned's faults, he was as truthful as a boy could be who was so very untrue to his own better nature.

"I don't see how it can be manly to be obedient. Men don't have to mind; do they? That's one reason I want to be a man, so that I can do as I like."

"Always, if they are true men. After the rule of parents, teachers, and employers is over, there is the rigid rule of conscience and

the irreversible rule of God's law; and he who is most obedient under this rule is the noblest, truest man."

Mr. Barry spoke a few more words kindly to Ned, and then added, in a more severe tone, —

"Let this be the last occasion — you know it is not the first — which I shall have to speak to you upon this matter of tyranny over younger boys."

Half sullenly, half repentant, Ned left the school-room. A new idea had been given him, — the idea of the universal law of obedience, from which no one is exempt. His father and mother were of that class who believe all boys and men must go through a certain amount of wrong-doing, and then they will come out "all right." How often the "all right" proved to be "all wrong" they did not trouble themselves to ask. Ned went home with a little less of the usual swagger in his gait, and a little less defiant swing to his cane than usual; for, do what he would, the words "a manly boy is one who is obedient and respectful to his superiors, and kind to his equals and inferiors" kept ringing in his ears. It made an impression upon him, too, to the extent that he did not object to doing the next errand his father required of him, answered his mother's questions at the table in a half-civil way, and let the younger children alone, which, perhaps, was quite as much as could be expected from him.

Louis's mother lived a little out of Montville in a tumble-down cottage, which she had taken for its cheap rent and its nearness to the river. It was, in fact, on the very brink of the river on a rising ground, from which a winding path led down to the water's edge, a favorite play-place of Louis and his little sister. As the boys walked through the thickly-settled part of the town, they were silent, but as they drew nearer Louis's home, he said, —

"Very much I thank you, George for your goodness to me, a poor garcon who knows so little of your ways. At home I used not to go to school, but studied with my mother, and played with Jaques, and mine own petite soeur Louise. Ah, you shall see Louise some day. She is si charmant! We lived in a chateau by the sea in our belle France; and it was not cold like this country; and the ladies who came to see ma chere and belle maman were not cold and proud, like the ladies — some of them, I mean, who come to her now with their laces to mend and do up. Ah! she had servants then to work for her; and I had un chere papa, who would never, never let any one be *not* kind to me or Louise. But he died, and

we came to this cold country to find my uncle, and we never found him, and — but perhaps you do not care to hear all this."

"Yes, Louis, I do care very much. Are you quite sure all is just as you say?"

"Come and see maman, then you will *know* it is as I say," replied the boy, vehemently.

"I will some day soon, Louis, if my mother is willing, but not now, for she does not know where I am."

"Wait! wait! there is Louise," cried Louis, as a little light figure with dancing eyes and waving curls, darted out from a little clump of trees before them.

Oh, she's afraid of you, George, and is running away to hide by the river-side. Let's follow her," cried out Louis.

There had been heavy rains, and the little inlet before the cottage was full of logs which had floated down the river, for Montville was in a lumber district. Upon these logs the little girl sprang, looking back defiantly at the boys, half in sport, half in fear.

"Oh, Louise, you mustn't. I told you never to do that without me," called out Louis. But on she went, aiming to reach a little point from which another rough path led up to the house, till growing excited and careless, she missed her footing, and fell into the water. George was familiar with river perils, and he knew the child's present danger was, of rising and striking her head upon a log, in which case she might sink before he could reach her. Seizing a pile from the bank, he dashed upon the logs where Louise had fallen, and pushed them apart with all his force. She rose to the surface beyond his reach, and, leaping into the water, he caught her by her dress just as she was sinking again. Then, burdened as he was with her weight, he got her safely to the shore, and laid her, white and cold at her mother's feet; for Mrs. Dubois had heard her boy's cry of terror, and had come out to see the peril and the rescue of her darling. George was pale, dripping, and shivering, but his face was lighted up with the earnest purpose which had moved him, and he looked not the Miss Georgiana Ned had derisively called him, but the brave, manly boy he was.

F. W. A. P.

(*To be continued.*)

LITTLE PEARL.

CHAPTER I. — PLAYING MOTHER.

"DEAR, if it rains, and I have to stay in the house all day with hateful old Miss Muggins, I will not try to be good!"

Agnes Marsh was not only in ill-humor when she said this, but was feeling quite as wretched as it is possible for a little girl to feel.

"I never have any pleasure now unless I earn it," she added; "and I have to work just as hard for it, as papa does to earn money."

The tone in which this was spoken meant a great deal; for in all her little life until now Agnes never had any more cause for

grief than the birds or the butterflies have. Love, tender care, and all pleasant things had been to her as common as sunshine; now it was different. Dr. Marsh, Agnes' father, had moved to one of the Western States, and Agnes' home was on the border of a vast prairie. On one side was a great forest, and on the other side, as far as one could see, was nothing but the great level, grassy plain; though a little way out on the prairie, near a grove of hickory trees, one house could be seen, and through a clearing in the woods the church spires of the nearest town were visible.

A lonely place it seemed to Agnes at first; but she soon found much to make it pleasant. Free, out-door life, picking wild flowers on the prairie, and playing in the shady woods, was better than being shut up in the nursery. Then, too, Agnes' mamma had that rare faculty of making happy every one around her, especially her own little ones; for there were other children besides Agnes. There was Cassy, who was only a year younger, Pearl, and little Bliss. Very carefully had their good mother watched over all of them, kept their little feet in right paths, and lovingly ministered to all their wants; but she had gone from them, and in this world never again would they know her loving care. She was dead, and the happy new home was desolate.

The children now were entirely under the care of the housekeeper. Dr. Marsh was deeply absorbed in business, and was away from home most of the time. Early every morning he went into the neighboring town, and did not return until evening; and what Cassy often said was quite the truth, — "That Miss Muggins, the housekeeper, was no more fit to take care of children, than an old bear." She was ignorant and ill-tempered, and often sadly neglected the poor little ones. Sometimes she would go away and stay all day, leaving the children alone.

Better days were coming for them. Before the flowers faded, or the green of the prairie turned to brown, dear Grandma May, Aunt Nelly, their mamma's youngest sister, and Debby, the kind old nurse, from their old home in New England, would be there and home would be home once more. They were to have come shortly after Mrs. Marsh died; but a great trouble fell upon Aunt Nelly. One who was dearer to her than any other earthly friend, — one with whom she had thought to have spent all life's pleasant days, — passed away, as the mother had, and then there came to her a dangerous illness, from which she was but just now recovered. She had written: —

"Dear little ones, as soon as I am strong enough, I will come to you, and it shall be the study of my life to make you happy."

It was now nearly five months since the mother's death, and the children, once well-bred, thoughtful and sweet-tempered, were quite like little Hottentots. Miss Muggins had little control over them. They played out of door from morning until night, and Cassy learned to ride a horse bareback, and to climb a house or a tree as well as any boy. But they stood in awe of their father, and when they saw him coming across the prairie, they would rush into the house, wash their little dirty faces, and change their soiled and tattered frocks; then they would go out on the piazza to meet him, looking as demure and good as little kittens.

Agnes often tried to act the part of the elder sister, and make the others do what she thought right. She would have care over them, get all their little ragged clothes together, try to mend them, and to keep Pearl and Bliss from getting into trouble and danger. Agnes soon tired of her good work, or, as Cassy said, "Her good fits didn't last very long." The children tried her patience, too, severely, little Bliss more than all; for it was as much as one pair of watchful eyes and one pair of busy hands could do to keep the little rogue out of mischief. Never was a child so fearless. He was only four years old, but he had the spirit of a very big boy. He would play with the horses in such a way as to put himself in danger of being kicked to death, pull the cow's tail, chase the hens and ducks all over the prairie, climb the hay-loft, and over the highest fences, and, worse than all, in hunting for wild turkeys get lost in the woods.

Pearl was quite different from the others, — a delicate, sensitive child, with a mind too mature for one so young. Grief for the loss of her mother was still fresh in her little heart, and her chief pleasure was in keeping the hallowed spot in the little grove at one end of the garden, covered with fresh flowers and bright green mosses. Little Pearl was neither cheery nor strong enough to share in the sports of the other children. She would sit on the piazza steps for hours, with Jero, her great Newfoundland dog beside her, at ease and almost happy, if her sisters and little brother were only where she could see or hear them; for they had a habit of running away from her, and nothing distressed her more except the wilfulness and daring spirit which little Bliss so often showed. Pearl was Bliss's best guardian, and many times had her strength and courage been taxed to the utmost by the adventuresome little fellow.

Agnes was often sorry for being so neglectful of her poor little sister, and all her stolen pleasures were made bitter by thoughts of the little pale face and the great tearful eyes, and by the memory of all the dear mother's teachings. But wrong ways had become pleasant ways, and that is what she meant by saying that she never had any pleasure now unless she earned it. She was not quite eleven years old, but she knew how to do a vast deal better than she did do; and the morning she made the remarks recorded in the beginning of the chapter, she had resolved that she would do better, that she would be kind to Pearl, take good care of Bliss, and try to do all that she knew her dear mother would like her to do. But when the day had fairly begun, and breakfast was over and her father had gone into town, she became disheartened. It was chilly and sunless out of door, and Bliss happened to be in very bad humor that morning; he would neither be dressed nor take his breakfast, but was sitting in his little chair crying with all his might, and nothing could stop him. Agnes had tried in every way; Pearl had sung to him, Cassy had scolded and given him a shaking; but one had no more effect than the other. Agnes stood looking out of the window, feeling unhappy enough to have a good hearty cry herself.

"There is no sort of use in trying to be good such weather as this, and such a noise around you," she said to herself. "I'll go over to Lule Fenwick's, and stay all day."

The Fenwicks lived in the hickory grove on the prairie. They were kind, respectable people, but their children were quite rude; and Mrs. Marsh had never allowed her little ones to be very intimate with them. But now Agnes and Cassy spent most of their time at the grove; and they often went hunting in the woods with Lule and the boys.

Agnes had quite decided to go, and she was planning how she should get away and not let Cassy know, when little Pearl came up to her and said, with a pleading look, —

"Dear Aggie, please don't run away to-day, will you? Let us make some sunshine."

"Make some sunshine!" that is what the dear mother used to say, when the day was dreary, and what other soft blue eyes had ever looked into her own, filled with the same warm light?

Agnes' heart melted; she threw her arms around Pearl's neck, and tears flowed fast and free.

"Oh, little sister, I will be good, I will be good," she sobbed.

"Now, Agnes, you needn't begin to bawl," said Cassy, coming to the window. "What is the matter with you? I declare, it is enough to kill anybody! and if that young one don't stop screeching, I'll give him a good whipping. Bliss, go and call Miss Muggins, and she will put you down cellar with the rats."

Bliss cried louder than before.

Just then, Agnes remembered that Bliss was always charmed with music. She ran quickly above stairs, brought down an old music box, and wound it up. Its cheery strains acted like magic on the little fellow. He was soon dancing round the room, blithe as a bird.

"Now, Bliss, come and be dressed," said Agnes, after a few moments.

"No; dit out the way. I want to dance the *musit.*"

"O Bliss! if you'll go be dressed and have your face washed," said Pearl, "you shall have Noody's little egg for your breakfast."

Now, Noody was a poor young hen, that had been awkwardly treated by all of her friends and relations, particularly a bad old aunt, who had picked out one of her eyes, and frightened her into a fire, where she had burnt off all of her tail-feathers. Pearl, pitying her, had taken her into the house, and cared for her with great tenderness. Noody, being very grateful, came almost every day, and laid an egg on Pearl's little trundle bed; the last egg that she had laid was so small that Bliss was delighted with it; and the promise of having it for his breakfast made him yield quickly.

"There now, children, clear out of the way," said Miss Muggins, coming into the room, with broom and dust-pan in hand; "I want to fix up here. What has that boy been yelling about?" she asked.

"I hasn't been yelling," said Bliss, "I been trying."

The children took the music-box, and went into the kitchen; and, after Bliss had had his breakfast, Agnes said, —

"Come, Cassy, let us go up into the play-room and stay to-day, it is not pleasant enough to play out door. We'll make a fire up there. Don't you want to?"

"Yes, if you'll make the fire," said Cassy.

"We'll make it together," Agnes said. "You take the kindlings and I'll take the wood, and let us go quick, before Miss Muggins comes. Bring Jero if you want him, Pearl."

"And I vont Kitty Clover," said Bliss, catching hold of Kitty's tail, just as she was running under the table.

The play-room was a large, unfurnished chamber, used for a store-room, but the children kept their playthings there, and called it their play-room. It had a good broad fireplace, and now a bright fire glowed on the hearth, changing all the gloom of the bare-looking place to pleasantness. Agnes was seated near the fire, the others were sitting on the floor beside her, and she was talking to them in a very earnest manner.

"You know, Cassy, that it is very dangerous for us to go on in this way," she said. "We shall be so bad pretty soon that we wont want to be good. You know, when mamma made the garden, how she gave every one of us a bed to have for our own, and made us take care of it ourselves, and told us that unless we kept the weeds all out, that they would come up and choke the flowers so that they couldn't grow; just as good things couldn't grow in us unless we kept evil away. We planted some seeds this spring, but we didn't pull up any weeds, and just look at the beds now, Cassy; they are all covered over with weeds. And just think how we've been acting! There is nothing in our hearts but weeds."

"I know it," said Cassy, looking sad; "but it was an awful trouble to keep the weeds pulled up; wasn't it?"

"Yes; and it is an awful trouble to keep the weeds out of us," said Agnes; "but we must do it, Cassy, we must begin to say our prayers at night as we used to do; and we mustn't run away from Pearl any more; and we mustn't play so much with the Fenwick children, and we —"

"I shall play with Susy; she is a good little girl," said Cassy.

"Yes she is good, and so is Tad; but if we go with them, we'll have to go with the others, too; and if mother knew how much we went with them, she would feel awfully about it. I know she would."

"I'd like to know why they aint just as good as we are," Cassy said. "But do let us go to playing if we are ever going to."

"Cassy, will you promise that you will be good, — will you begin to-day, and try to do right after this? I'm going to," said Agnes.

"Yes," said Cassy.

"In earnest?"

"Yes."

But there was something like a smile playing round the corners of Cassy's mouth, and Agnes noticed it.

"O Cassy!" she said, "you are only making fun?"

"No, I aint. I'm just as sober as I can be," said Cassy.

"Well, now," said Agnes, "I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll play mother; and you all be my little children; and I'll see if I can't make some new clothes for Bliss, — little boy's clothes, jacket and trousers. Wont that be nice? For he is big enough. Those dresses look awfully on him now; don't they?"

"What will you make them out of?" asked Cassy.

"That great blue cape we have to play with; it would make nice ones."

"How are you going to cut them?"

(*To be continued.*)

WISHES.

"WHAT shall we wish for?"
The Children say,
As they wait and long
For New Year's Day.
Oh, wish, little friends,
For gifts that last,
When toys are broken,
And bon-bons past.
Wish for cheerful hearts,
And willing feet;
Wish for gentle tongues,
And tempers sweet;
Wish for these, and find,
When months have rolled,
A happy New Year
Born of the Old.

Aunt Louise.

ABOUT SOME BOYS IN THE QUEEN'S DOMINIONS.

"HOLD on, boys, a minute before we begin the game," said James Lee, a bright, stirring lad, and the leader in all the sports; "I've some news to tell you; and if you don't give and catch the better for it, I'm mistaken, that's all. Hark, every one of you, and open your ears. Robert Merry is going to publish a Magazine for us youngsters."

"*Going* to publish a magazine, is he?" cries one; "why, my father took it when he was a boy, and we have the old numbers now."

"Well, it is the same as a new Magazine," replied James. "Wait until I read this document I cut from a newspaper last night; and don't all hurra at once, now. *This* tells the story in black and white.

"'With the issue of the January Number, Robert Merry's Museum will appear enlarged, improved, and rejuvenated, with new contributors, new artists, new engravers, new features, and in a new dress!

"'It will enter on its twenty-ninth year with a larger circulation, with fresher life, with better prospects, and with abler pens and more picturesque pencils, to vivify and adorn it, than it has ever known since, more than a generation ago, it first delighted the boys and girls of that day with its lively and amusing Sketches, and its ingenious and puzzling Charades.'"

"Good on his head!" said another. "Just the thing we want!" cried a fourth. "Three cheers for Robert Merry!" and a pro-

longed shout poured forth from the throats of those merry schoolboys as they ranged themselves for the game of ball.

"Now, I propose," said James Lee, "that we all get together to-night to see how many will be allowed to take it; for, if we form a 'club,' we can get it cheaper, you know. Come to my room, all hands, at seven o'clock; and now begin, boys, give us the ball."

At the time specified, a company of nine assembled to discuss matters. A chairman was appointed, and the club called the "Independent Nine."

"It's no use discussing the *merits* of the Magazine," said the first speaker, "if Robert has it in charge, we needn't trouble *our* heads, as he knows the sort of thing we want a little better than we know ourselves. Put down my name."

"My father laughs," said another, "that I, a 'blue-nose,' and the son of a real Englishman, should be in such a fever about Yankee books; but the truth is, I think the Yanks know better how to write youngish books. Put down my name."

"I live with an uncle," said Tom Smith, "who is pretty kind, but so old, he forgets he ever was young. Of course, it would be nonsense for me to think of such a thing."

"My father," said John Grant, "says I read too much now, — that my head is stuffed full of Mayne Reid's Sketches; and that he can't pay out money."

"Mine," said another, "is quite willing I should take it, if I can pay for it myself; and I have engaged to saw three cords of wood for Uncle John. Here goes on my autograph!"

James Lee, the chairman, was the last to speak.

"I take one magazine and two small temperance papers. Father takes two magazines and some English periodicals, and says he can hardly afford to take another, as winter is coming on, and he *must* help the Widow Green. She has no wood, and the house needs banking. A little shanty must be built for the cow the neighbors gave her, and the glass must be mended. Altogether he *ought* to expend twenty dollars for *her*, and let luxuries alone; although he was sure the Magazine would be first rate. Now, look here, boys, I've been thinking ever since dinner, trying to fix things. The Magazine I'm bound to have! and I mean to work myself for Widow Green and earn it!"

"*You?*"

"Yes, *me!* I'm not ashamed to work; and if any of you want

to do the same thing, come on, to-morrow afternoon. Father has lent me his horse."

Wednesday afternoon, seven of the nine assembled at Widow Green's; and the way they banked that house was a wonder to slow folks. James Lee then started his cart to the mills for slab-wood, which they were always willing to give away. Night came before they felt at all ready to leave; and, as they rode leisurely toward home, on the cart, chatting pleasantly, they concluded it was about as good fun as playing ball every day.

"I can be glazier," said the Doctor's boy. I have a lump of putty and a first-rate knife; but what about the glass?"

"*I'll* get the glass," said James Lee, decidedly. "I've begun this thing, and I'm bound to see it put through! Widow Green, cow-shed, and all,—away over to the Magazine; that I will have, and so shall you all, if you stick by me!"

"Stick we will! Hurra for Jim Lee!"

Saturday afternoon, most of the boys were surprised to find a man at Widow Green's, framing, and setting up a seven-by-nine shanty. James Lee drove up with some refuse boards he had got cheap at the mill, and a box containing board-nails.

"Now, boys, I want you to be nailing these on the right spot, while I go back for more."

I don't think an artist would care to paint a picture of that shed; but I know it looked pleasant to the widow, and felt so to old moolie cow, when they drove her in that cold October night.

As the boys piled into the cart to go back to the village, they had a very happy, satisfied feeling steal over them. The house was banked, shed up, glass mended, and the widow and her children radiant with joy. *They had begun to do good;* their hearts were full of love and sympathy, and so they resolved to go *once* more and fill her wood-shed, as they could have the wood for hauling.

"If any of you have spare clothing," said Jim, "you could pitch it on to the cart, it wouldn't go amiss."

The shed was filled with wood, many useful garments left there, and everything fixed up comfortably, before they left on Hollyeve night.

"One thing more," said Jim Lee, "and we're done 'wid the widder.' It is an old English custom, on 'Hollyeve,' to get vegetables from the rich, and throw at the doors of the poor. It brings luck, they say; let's try it."

Quite a decent load was begged, or borrowed, and dropped on the doorstep of Widow Green, who made the boys laugh, by rushing out, frightened, hands uplifted, and cap-strings flying, just as the cart hurried out of sight.

"Come in, boys, to-night and see me settle up with father," said James; "we'll have fun."

"Will he like it?" asked one, "your buying glass and hiring a man?"

"Of *course* he'll like it," said James; "*he's a business man himself.*"

At night, all the boys met Mr. Lee in his bright, cheerful library. James handed him a bill made out in due form, which he read aloud, standing under the gas-light.

"John Lee, debtor to 'Independent Club' twenty dollars for labor performed by them in putting Widow Green *into shape* for winter."

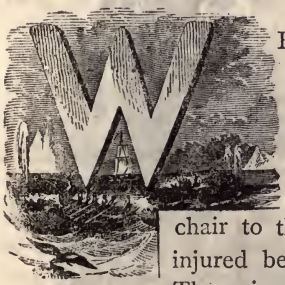
Mr. Lee could not repress a laugh, as he read over the bill; but he looked and felt much pleased. He had known, as all fathers should, just *what* his son was about; but, with much wisdom had not interfered. The business tact, the willingness to work, and the kind heart of his son were all very gratifying; and the twenty dollars were promptly paid.

"Now, boys," he said, "I am proud of you all, but don't intend *preaching*. It is Hollyeve, and I have had a nice supper laid for you on the dining-room table. Go down and enjoy it, and have a real good time. You will be happy, because you have been doing good."

Before they ate, they made out their order for nine copies of the Magazine, and enclosed the money. The rest was laid aside to pay their bill of expenses, for glass, and to the man who framed the shanty.

A merry evening followed, and at parting they gave three cheers for the "Queen Victoria," three for "Merry's Museum," and three for the "Independent Nine!"

GRANDMOTHER'S SPECS.



ELL, I think that is polite! Grandma expects me to sit still while she takes a nap instead of telling me stories. How selfish some people are."

As she spoke, little Patty looked angrily from the old lady nodding in her chair to the book in her lap, and felt very much injured because she couldn't have her own way. The rain pattered on the window-pane, the wind blew dismally, and the winter afternoon was fast deepening into twilight. It wasn't a cheerful scene either inside or out, and Patty couldn't decide whether to cry and wake grandma, or to go and do some mischief. As she sat thinking about her wrongs, her eye wandered to the book again.

"Stupid old pictures, I've seen 'em a dozen times, and am tired of 'em. But there is no other book here, and I mustn't leave the room. I wonder how they'd look through grandma's specs."

Putting the glasses on her little nose, Patty turned a leaf and looked. Dear me, how very odd it was to be sure! A minute ago she saw a cat and kittens on the page, and now there was a picture she had never seen. A sweet, pale-faced lady lay in a bed and was putting a little baby into the arms of an old lady who seemed promising something with a tender yet sorrowful look.

"Why that's the way my dear mamma did when she gave me to grandma, the day she died! Papa told me about it," cried Patty, very much surprised. Wondering what had come to her book, she eagerly turned over another leaf and there was a new picture.

This was a still more curious one, for the figures seemed to

move. The same old lady was teaching the same baby to walk, so kindly, so patiently; and the baby seemed to love her dearly, for it ran to her with eager, tottering little feet, and laughed with delight when it was safe in her motherly arms. Several other pictures showed the good old lady caring for the same pretty baby in many ways; watching over it when ill; tending, teaching and amusing it; taking many steps for it, thinking, working and praying for it, and devoting herself to it as faithfully as any mother.

Next came pictures showing the baby a little girl, and the old lady still older, but as kind as ever. Judging from the pictures, the child was rather a careless, selfish little girl, for she seemed not to obey, and to leave many things undone. One of these pages showed this child running away and getting lost, because she was bid to do something she didn't like; and the old lady was seen going after her and bringing her back and forgiving the naughty little girl. Another was where the child appeared to be nearly run over, and the old lady saved her, but was much hurt herself.

When Patty saw that, she looked very sober, and the pettish expression left her face, as she said softly, —

"Yes, that's what grandma did for me; and that's how she got so lame. Poor grandma, I wish I'd got her cane for her when she asked me."

The last picture showed the old lady lying dead, and the child, a tall girl now, standing by her with a very sorrowful face that said as plainly as words, "Oh, why wasn't I kinder to her when she did so much for me!"

As Patty looked, her eyes grew so dim with tears that the page was all a blur, and, putting up her hand to wipe the drops away, the spectacles fell off and the strange pictures vanished.

Patty sat quite still for several minutes, thinking of all the unkind words she had said, the duties she had neglected, the loving acts she had left undone, and all she owed dear, kind, patient, grandma. She covered up her face and cried till her little handkerchief was quite wet, so full of repentant sorrow was she. Suddenly she thought, "It isn't too late, she isn't gone, and there's time to be good to her now. What shall I do to show her how sorry I am?"

Wiping up her tears she looked about the room and saw plenty to do. The fire was nearly out, because Patty had forgotten to tell the maid to bring wood, and had lost grandma's cane without which she couldn't walk a step. Patty's playthings lay all about in the untidy way that troubled grandma. The yarn she had been asked to wind, hung in a tangle on the chair where she had left it. Grandma's knitting had dropped down and the stitches were half out, for Patty didn't bring the spectacles and without them she could not pick them up. Grandma's shawl was spread over Patty's doll, and the poor old lady had quietly gone to sleep and never asked for it though she looked chilly even in her nap.

"How naughty I am to be so lazy and selfish, and disobedient. Dear grandma is too kind to punish me, but I ought to be punished, *hard*," said Patty, shaking herself and wondering how any one could be patient with her.

Full of good resolutions she fell to work and turned over a new leaf at once, not waiting a minute or saying "I'll be good by and by." She cleaned up her playthings, found the cane and leaned it against grandma's chair all ready for her. She put back the spectacles, picked up the stitches and laid the knitting on the old lady's lap; she folded the shawl softly round her, and grandma gave a little sigh as if the comfortable warmth pleased her. Then Patty built up a grand fire, swept the hearth, and sat down to wind the yarn.

Darker and darker it grew outside as night came on; harder blew the wind and faster fell the rain, but within it was bright and

warm, for the fire-light danced on the pleasant room, the placid old lady sleeping in her chair and the busy little girl patiently winding the tangle, till the great smooth ball was done. Very thoughtful was Patty's rosy face as she sat so still; but that half hour did her much good, for she thought what she was and what she hoped to be, and prayed a very sincere little prayer that she might keep her resolution and be a faithful, loving child to grandma.

When the old lady woke, she rubbed her eyes and looked about her, feeling as if the good fairies had been at work while she slept. And so they had, for the best and loveliest of household fairies are Love and Cheerfulness. Patty had drawn up the round table and quietly set out the little tea tray with the tiny cups and plates, the old-fashioned spoons and funny plump teapot that grandma liked; had toasted the bread herself, just brown and nice, and got everything ready in the most cosey, tempting order one can imagine.

"Well, deary, what does it all mean?" cried grandma, smiling with surprise and pleasure, as she looked about her.

"It means that I'm trying to be a good child and do my duty as I haven't done it for a long, long while;" and Patty put her arms round grandma's neck with a little quiver in her voice that went straight to the old lady's heart. Standing so she told all that had happened, and grandma laughed and said it was only a dream. But Patty was sure it was true, only the spectacles wouldn't show any more of the strange pictures when she tried again.

"Never mind, my darling, they show me the dearest, most dutiful of little daughters, and I'm quite satisfied," said grandma, kissing the childish face, which from that day made summer sunshine for her through the winter of old age.

WHAT POLLY FOUND IN HER STOCKING.

With the first pale glimmer,
Of the morning red,
Polly woke delighted
And flew out of bed.
To the door she hurried,
Never stopped for clothes,
Though Jack Frost's cold fingers
Nipt her little toes.
There it hung! the stocking,
Long and blue and full;
Down it quickly tumbled
With a hasty pull.
Back she capered, laughing,
Happy little Polly;
For from out the stocking
Stared a splendid dolly!
Next, what most she wanted,
In a golden nut,
With a shining thimble,
Scissors that would cut;
Then a book all pictures,
"Children in the wood."
And some scarlet mittens
Like her scarlet hood.
Next a charming jump-rope,
New and white and strong;
(Little Polly's stocking
Though small was very long,)

In the heel she fumbled,
"Something soft and warm,"
A rainbow ball of worsted
Which could do no harm.
In the foot came bon-bons,
In the toe a ring,
And some seeds of mignonette
Ready for the spring.
There she sat at daylight
Hugging close dear dolly;
Eating, looking, laughing,
Happy little Polly!

THE ADVENTURES OF A WORSTED BOY.

ONCE upon a time in a famous toy-shop window in New York, there was a Worsted Boy of a very dignified and aristocratic turn of mind. He was "stiff-starched with self-esteem;" he was unbending in his disposition and *cruel* by nature. He was trying to sit in a rocking-chair, but, like a genuine Yankee, sat on the small of his

back, with his feet extended like an awkward country beau. He wore a red jacket and pea-green trowsers. He sported a fine moustache, and he continually glanced at the mirror opposite. But he was in danger of the gout from sitting so much, for he never walked about, for the same reason that Jack would not eat

his supper. The Worsted Boy, however, would not confess this to be the reason.

"Such a cluttered place," he growled, disdainfully, "one cannot walk in safety here; I do hope sometime to find a position suited to my talents."

"I don't find any trouble in getting about," said a beautiful Walking Doll, with whom the Worsted Boy was madly in love.

"Oh it's very well for you," said the Worsted Boy, "for whom a path is cleared, or for that Black Boy up there, the ugly beast, who need only jump on his board all day; but I have more ambition."

"Ho, ho!" cried the Black Boy, who skipped all day and grinned and shook himself. "Wat's dat you say, down dere? You lazy old woolly boy! Le's see you dance like me! Wat you good for, straightened out down dere?"

"Good for!" cried the Worsted Boy. "What do you think your jumping amounts to? And if I'm woolly, it is not in my head!"

"I'll have you know, sar," returned the Black Boy, "that if I do only dance for a living, I dance well, and I shall be sold out of dis yere place before you, sar!"

"You sold before me! You can only grin and hop; a monkey can do that."

"Then a monkey can do what you can't. Wat you s'pose you made for? Every one will be pleased with my efforts to amuse and keep me in safety. But you only stare and think of your looks; the folks as buys you will kick you about and fling you under the sofa, and you'll end in the coal-scuttle!"

"Such vulgar talk!" cried the Worsted boy — "such insults!"

At this moment a man came into the store and bought the Black Boy, who gave a grin of triumph at his enemy as he went forth. Not long after, the Worsted Boy was also purchased. He was given to a little child who cared but little for him. She tried to teach him to read, and cuffed him for his stupidity. He was obliged to eat his dinner with the dog, which greatly disgusted him. But one day, being placed in the window, he looked across the street and saw, in the opposite house, the Black Boy; and walking up and down the room, the beautiful Doll who had won his affections in his old home.

Oh how his heart of cotton beat within him! How his red worsted breast heaved with the sighs which were wafted toward that opposite window! At last, he made friends with the dog in order to further his plans.

"My friend," said he, that day at dinner, "have you observed that disgusting black boy opposite who stares this way so much?"

"Oh yes, I know whom you mean — but a very good fellow, sir, I assure you," returned Carlo, with dignity.

"Ah, yes! of course," answered he of the red jacket, "but you know it is annoying to be so watched by one's neighbors. My friend, I have never sufficiently expressed the pleasure I feel in dining in your company. It is a great honor."

"Yes," said Carlo.

"Upon my word, a cool one!" thought the flatterer; but he began again. "Have you noticed the lovely Walking Doll in that house? An old friend of mine, I may say an intimate friend."

"Indeed!" said Carlo, doggedly, but with some interest.

"Yes, we are much attached to each other; it is the grief of our lives to live thus apart. Could you not contrive, out of the goodness of your kind heart, to bring her home to me?"

Now Carlo had himself become possessed of a friendly regard for the poor doll princess, and he suspected the truth of the Worsted Boy's story. He determined to do nothing contrary to the wishes of the Doll. However, he seemed to agree with the Boy's plan. He was a frequent visitor at the opposite house; and, on his next visit, spoke to the doll princess of the Worsted Boy. He found that, far from having any affection for him, she despised him for his pride and indolence.

"This Black Boy," said she, "who does what he can, is superior to him."

Carlo further learned from the Black Boy, that the princess was in love with a Wooden Soldier, who had been disabled in the wars, and who returned her affection. Elated with his discoveries, Carlo returned to the Worsted Boy and told what he knew. The Boy was furious. The stitches gave way all over him, until he looked shabbier than the disabled soldier himself.

"Take me to her at once," he cried; "I will prove your stories false, and bear her away with me."

Carlo, willing to see the fun, soon conveyed the Worsted Boy to the presence of the Walking Doll, who, however, took no notice of him, as he leaned in a sentimental attitude against a chair-leg, but continued her majestic walk. Maddened by this neglect, more of his stitches gave way. His heart's best emotions seemed in a fair way to gush forth. Fearful for him, Carlo conveyed him back to his position in the window, a decidedly *worsted* boy.

From this place, he saw the Wooden Soldier sitting in the opposite window with the doll princess. He saw how he told of the battle-fields he had helped win, and he saw the face of the doll grow pale from sympathy. Furious with jealousy, he longed for some disaster to overtake them. Not long after this, the two windows were open one fine spring morning, and a brisk breeze having carried away the Walking Doll's hat, the gallant Wooden Soldier sprang eagerly to save it, and fell out of the window to the

pavement beneath. Great was the exultation of the Worsted Boy. Knowing the leap would not injure his worsted body, he ventured to jump from his window, hoping to put an end to the Wooden Soldier. But the Doll, in the anxiety of her heart, had walked down-stairs and out the door, and was there before him. The Soldier only being partially stunned, soon recovered. The Walking Doll took him by his arm, and walked away with him. The Worsted Boy had fallen into a mud-puddle. He was fished out by two Irish boys who played foot-ball with him till he came to pieces, and there was an end to the Worsted Boy. The walking-doll, with her wooden soldier, were met by a very nice little girl who had not many toys. She took them home and placed them in a sunny window, where they spent all their lives happily together.

Here Carlo found them one day, and told their friend the Black Boy of their safety. This comforted him greatly, so that he was able to dance once more. He danced well for many years, making glad the hearts of many little children; and when he was old, had a comfortable position given him on a mantel-piece, where he enjoyed the warmth of the fire, and grinned at the jokes and conversation of the family.

E. M.

THE LOGGERS, OR SIX MONTHS IN THE FORESTS OF MAINE.

ST. CROIX, OR SCHOODIC RIVER.

EAR FRANK: — When I left you in the city, I promised to write "just as soon as I was well again." Then I hardly expected to see such a day; for a more broken-down, disheartened specimen of boyhood could not be found in a journey to Rome. But now, thank God, and hard work, I am myself and "much more."

The greatest gymnast in our class would envy my muscle. Woe to any poor student whom I may think to take in hand! But, seriously, Frank, I am so full of vigor and energy I long to "conquer a world," or do some less wonderful thing. I doubt if you, or any close student, ever conceived the exquisite enjoyment there is in full health; and I only wish I could give you a part of my strength and elasticity. I certainly have enough for half a dozen. I long to shout, to climb, to lift up everything down-trodden, and to sing constant praises of what has made me *labor in the open air.*

And now, Frank, if your health ever fails, if classical studies lose their relish, if you lose your cheerfulness, your trust in man, or the God who made you, go into the forest, and refresh, renew yourself as I have done.

The day I left you, a puny baby, so nervous that the slamming of a door made my whole frame quiver, we called upon Dr. W——, at the "Water Cure." He said I must not look into a book for a year, — "he must let his brain rest while he gets a body, and that he can only do by exercising vigorously in the open air."

The Boston doctors talked much in the same style, only, of

course, throwing in a few prescriptions of blue pill, etc. Fortunately an uncle of mine from "down east" came to the hotel where we were stopping; and he at once insisted that I should go with him. "He would restore and make a man of me; and I might burn all the Latin prescriptions before I started."

To me there was something inspiriting, magnetic in this man's presence. I felt sure he would help me, and in my heart hailed him as a deliverer. There was no time to be lost. My father gave me encouragement and a purse, my mother a tearful blessing and many kisses. Thus equipped, I left them for the "east and the wildwood."

I have thought of you daily; and, knowing the interest you take in all my movements, have jotted down, each week, something concerning this wild life in the forest, so common here, yet so odd, so unlike anything I had ever conceived of, that I am almost sure you will enjoy it; and if not, why, all is, I can pity you, and take praise to myself for enlightening you upon the subject of "lumber-making down east."

This uncle of mine is a great lumber dealer, and during the winter employs three or four hundred men to cut the logs in the forest, and about half as many in summer to manufacture them for the market.

By his advice, I went into the woods with the men in early winter, and worked with them constantly for several months, — living upon simple diet, sleeping upon a bed of boughs, breathing the pure air of heaven, but with only coarse, laboring men for companions, and yet the winter has been delightful, logging and lumber-making.

In this eastern country whole townships are sometimes owned by one individual, — where human settlement may not be found. Indeed, it is much preferred no one should reside upon them, as the danger from fires in the dry season is very great, oftentimes overrunning large tracts of fine timber in a few hours.

The owners of the land cut as many logs as they can profitably manufacture, and then let "chances" to other mill-owners, who pay "stumpage" for all they cut. Property in wild lands is more prized here than any other. Excepting from fires, there is no danger of loss, as there is a continual growth, and so many kinds of wood, all of which, sooner or later, will come into use. The pine on many lands, is completely cut off. Spruce now is filling its place, while hemlock is not despised as it once was. Hackmatack and cedar are used for some purposes.

During the summer, men are sent forward to reconnoitre and fix upon the best places for locating the camps for the winter use. These men are provided with compasses, axes, and provision enough to last a few days, frequently slung in a coarse bag across their shoulders.

The best place for the road is selected, and this requires good judgment, as much of the success of the winter's work depends upon a convenient road, with an inclined plane toward the river or stream where the logs are to be left upon the ice. This is formed by cutting away all the growth from the stream back as far as they intend operating, a little more than the width of the logging teams.

The logs are piled up on the sides; but no levelling is done, as snow is the agent to do that.

The next thing is to clear a suitable place for the camp, and hovel for the cattle. The most desirable location is near a spring, or brook of running water, as so many men and cattle require a great deal. The camp is made of logs, fitted firmly together by hewing one side of each. The top is covered with cedar shingles, or splints, oftentimes six feet in length. All the little crevices where wind or snow might come in, are filled with moss. No chimney is built, but an opening left in the roof for the smoke to escape.

The size of the camp and hovel depends upon the number of men to be accommodated. If a "single team" of four horses, and six or eight men, the camp would be about twelve or sixteen feet. If for a "double team," eighteen by thirty-six feet, the fire occupying the centre. The "berths" or sleeping places extend along each side; and are simply poles laid along, covered first with brush, and then smoothly spread with hemlock, or fir foliage, and again, with heavy woollen quilts. Along the foot of the beds extends a rough wooden bench fitted with legs, and called, in back woods phraseology, the "Deacon seat." At the time of eating, this serves as table; the men seating themselves upon the floor. While sleeping, the feet are stretched under it, to enjoy the warmth of the great fire in the centre.

The usual time for the men to go into the woods, and commence the winter work is about Christmas. The ground is seldom sufficiently frozen, and covered with snow before that time.

And now, Frank, commences my own experience in "Camp life," and I give it to you, just as I pencilled it down.

(*To be continued.*)

AUNT SUE'S SCRAP BAG.

An accident on an Alabama railroad recently precipitated several cars down an embankment. The wild beasts of a circus company were in cages upon some of these cars, and were let loose in the general smash. A lion, three bears, two tigers, a hyena, and hippopotamus were liberated, and produced great excitement. One of the bears getting hold of a beautiful American deer made short work of her. After great difficulty all of the animals were secured, with the exception of the hyena, who showed fight; she was finally knocked senseless by a blow from a heavy piece of wood and thrown into a cage.

Pictures. An old lady was admiring the beautiful picture called "Saved." "It's no wonder," said she, "that the poor child fainted, after pulling that great dog out of the water."

"What is Truth?" The question was proposed at a Deaf and Dumb Institution, when one of the boys drew a *straight line.* "And what is falsehood?" the answer was, a *crooked line.*

A clergyman asked some children, "Why do we say in the Lord's Prayer, '*Who art in heaven,*' since God is everywhere?" He saw a little drummer who looked as if he could give an answer, and turned to him for it: "Well, little soldier, what say you?"—"Because it's headquarters."

During the removal of articles from the Paris Exhibition, in the Italian section, a workman called on one of his comrades to assist him in lifting an immense cheese, which had stood against a wall, and they found that the article was as light as a drum. A family of rats had installed themselves in it, and nothing but a mere shell remained.

Mrs. Partington says, that if she should be cast away, she would prefer meeting with the catastrophe in the Bay of Biscuits, for then she should have something to live on.

A cynical old bachelor who firmly believes that all women have something to say on all subjects, recently asked a female friend: "Well, madam, what do *you* hold on this question of female suffrage?" To him the lady responded calmly: "Sir, I hold my tongue."

An old lady in New Haven whose hen lately quit laying, named her Macduff, so that she would "lay on."

Tell a man in a single word that he took a late breakfast. — At-ten-u-ate.

The language of the sole — creaking boots.

What kin is water to milk? Pump-kin.

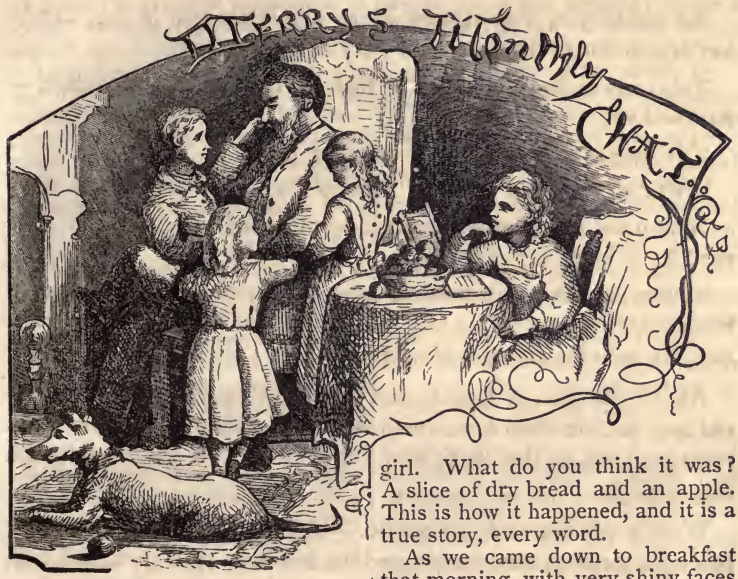
Why does a lady wear fur around her neck? Because she does not like to leave her *chin chilly*.

Supposing a heavy shower to have just given over, what resemblance does it bear to the tail of a fox? One is the end of a hard rain, the other is the end of a rey-nard.

An Irishwoman in Lowell, last week, having heard that gas was cheaper to burn than kerosene, took her can to the gas office, and reaching it up to the clerk, said, "I hear yez has gas to sell; I'll take a pint."

Whip me quick and let me go. — A youngster came home after having a glorious time in the puddle, his face all aglow, and rubber boots full of water. The punishment of staying in the house for the remainder of the day did not seem very hard at first; but as his little heart warmed up with the recollections of the morning, when he had waded deeper than any of his playmates dared, he could bear the recollection no longer, and went to his mother, saying, "Please, mother, whip me, and let me go out again."

The Stepmother of Abraham Lincoln still lives near Farmington, Coles County, Illinois, in a one-story log cabin containing two rooms. Aunt Sally Lincoln, as the villagers call her, is now eighty years old, and very feeble. She is a plain, unsophisticated old lady, with a frank, open countenance, a warm heart, full of kindness towards others, tall and slender, and in many respects very much like the late President — enough so to be his own mother. And, as he was but nine years of age at the time of her marriage with his father, it is not improbable that she had much to do in forming his character. She still speaks of Abraham as her "good boy," and praises his obedience. She says "Abraham and his stepbrother never quarrelled but once, and that you know is a good deal for stepbrothers." About a mile and a half from her old cabin is the grave of Thomas Lincoln, father of the President. It is marked by a piece of clapboard, on which is rudely carved only the initials "T. L."



A HAPPY New Year all round, and best wishes to every one, especially those who give old Merry a welcome in his new dress. Those who knew him years ago will, we hope, lend him a hand for old acquaintance sake; and the young folks will find him such a pleasant companion, that they will open their doors to him, and make a little place on their library shelves for Uncle Merry, who, in spite of time, keeps his heart young, and dearly loves the children.

A new friend wishes to be admitted to the circle, and cousin Tribulation shall have a place.

DEAR MERRYS: — As a subject appropriate to the season, I want to tell you about a New Year's breakfast which I had when I was a little girl. What do you think it was? A slice of dry bread and an apple. This is how it happened, and it is a true story, every word.

As we came down to breakfast that morning, with very shiny faces and spandy clean aprons, we found father alone in the dining-room.

"Happy New Year, papa! Where is mother?" we cried.

"A little boy came begging and said they were starving at home, so your mother went to see and — ah, here she is."

As papa spoke, in came mamma, looking very cold, rather sad, and very much excited.

"Children, don't begin till you hear what I have to say," she cried; and we sat staring at her, with the breakfast untouched before us.

"Not far away from here, lies a poor woman with a little new-born baby. Six children are huddled into one bed to keep from freezing, for they have no fire. There is nothing to eat over there; and the oldest boy came here to tell me they were starving this bitter cold day. My little girls, will you give them your breakfast, as a New Year's gift?"

We sat silent a minute, and looked at the nice, hot porridge, creamy milk, and good bread and butter; for we were brought up like

English children, and never drank tea or coffee, or ate anything but porridge for our breakfast.

"I wish we'd eaten it up," thought I, for I was rather a selfish child, and very hungry.

"I'm so glad you come before we began," said Nan, cheerfully.

"May I go and help carry it to the poor, little children?" asked Beth, who had the tenderest heart that ever beat under a pinafore.

"I can carry the lassy pot," said little May, proudly giving the thing she loved best."

"And I shall take *all* the porridge," I burst in, heartily ashamed of my first feeling.

"You shall put on your things and help me, and when we come back, we'll get something to eat," said mother, beginning to pile the bread and butter into a big basket.

We were soon ready, and the procession set out. First, papa, with a basket of wood on one arm and coal on the other; mamma next, with a bundle of warm things and the teapot; Nan and I carried a pail of hot porridge between us, and each a pitcher of mllk; Beth brought some cold meat, May the "lassy pot," and her old hood and boots; and Betsy, the girl, brought up the rear with a bag of potatoes and some meal.

Fortunately it was early, and we went along back streets, so few people saw us, and no one laughed at the funny party.

What a poor, bare, miserable place it was, to be sure, — broken windows, no fire, ragged clothes, wailing baby, sick mother, and a pile of pale, hungry children cuddled under one quilt, trying to keep warm. How the big eyes stared and the blue lips smiled as we came in!

"Ah, mein Gott! it is the good angels that come to us!" cried the poor woman, with tears of joy.

"Funny angels, in woollen hoods and red mittens," said I; and they all laughed.

Then we fell to work, and in fifteen minutes, it really did seem as if fairies had been at work there. Papa made a splendid fire in the old fireplace and stopped up the broken window with his own hat and coat. Mamma set the shivering children round the fire, and wrapped the poor woman in warm things. Betsey and the rest of us spread the table, and fed the starving little ones.

"Das ist gute!" "Oh, nice!" "Der angel — Kinder!" cried the poor things as they ate and smiled and basked in the warm blaze. We had never been called "angel-children" before, and we thought it very charming, especially I who had often been told I was "a regular Sancho." What fun it was! Papa, with a towel for an apron, fed the smallest child; mamma dressed the poor little new-born baby as tenderly as if it had been her own. Betsey gave the mother gruel and tea, and comforted her with assurance of better days for all. Nan, Lu, Beth, and May flew about among the seven children, talking and laughing and trying to understand their funny, broken English. It was a very happy breakfast, though we didn't get any of it; and when we came away, leaving them all so comfortable, and promising to bring clothes and food by and by. I think there were not in all the city four merrier children than the hungry little girls who gave away their breakfast, and contented themselves with a bit of bread and an apple on New Year's day.

COUSIN TRIBULATION.

Adele has certainly won a place in the circle by taking the Museum for five years, and is heartily welcome. Won't she send us glimpses of life in Minnesota?

Are the Merrys all so busy making presents that they cannot send us a line? We hope some of them will tell us how they spent their Christmas.

JENNIE M. answers correctly the greatest number of the November puzzles, and wins her third prize: her first prize was won Sep. 1861.

A HAPPY New Year to you all, dear puzzlers, and many of them. It is my private opinion that we are going to have a right royal, merry time of it in 1868: rebuses, labyrinths, music, new designs, and lots of fun! Don't be backward about coming forward; walk in, all of you, and bring your cousins, and tell your cousins to bring their particular friends.

I have to thank my correspondents for making my "labor of love" so pleasant to me in 1867,—not a single complaint,—nothing but good-humor, affection, and loving-kindness. Oh! I *tell* you! the *Merrys* are just about the nicest community on the face of the globe! Let's have some more of them.

QUESTIONS, ENIGMAS, CHARADES. ETC.

1. I am composed of 5 letters:
My 1, 5, 2, 3 is generally 1, 2, 5, 3; some people like a little 3, 2, 1, 4 added when they are stewed.
My whole is a useful animal.
Z. T. Hodges,

2. I am composed of 28 letters:
My 3, 25, 22, 24, 21, 11, 19 resembles an opossum.
My 20, 4, 17, 12, 9, 7, 15, 27, 16 means flattering.
My 13, 8, 23, 16, 9, 26 is a woodpecker.
My 8, 2, 28, 4, 10, 18, 19 is a mineral.
My 6, 5, 1, 20, 14 means thoroughly damp.

My whole comprises two words which may be found in the dictionary. *Forrest.*

3. 10c010001000250900100250100025090016o.
Osceola.

4. 6050250160. *Bittersweet.*

5. 10580150. *Violet Forest.*

6. Transpose a charmer into a bird.
Fred.

7. Transpose a rascal into a coin.
Sigma.

8. Transpose a hard substance into something soft.
Harrie Bowles.

9. Transpose a recess into a spice.
Angie P.

10. To gain; a pronoun, and a boy's nickname make a girl's name. *Cis.*

11. Find any number of verbs not exceeding 21 letters out of which may be made every word of the 14th verse of the 4th chapter of Proverbs. *C.*

12. My first is a toy, my second is an important word, my third is a weapon; these all read forwards and backwards the same, and the initials and finals, and from corner to corner read the same as my first. *C. F. W.*

13. Euensealee Uuayeelelleyeam.
Rena.

14. Dare hist nad dusty ti,
Dan loves ti sa ouy amy,
Fi ouy teg het zuplez zerip,
Hent ouy lilw heva oury apy.
Rubie Linden.

15. I am a word of eight letters, containing 1, a command; 2, an article of dress; 3, a passion; 4, a pile; 5, ardor; 6, to cure; 7, something used in play; 8, a seat; 9, a head; 10, a loud noise; 11, a gentle noise; 12, to fondle; 13, a nickname; 14, to strike, and 15, a beverage.
Ego Ipse.

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

16. Point, circle. *A. R. T.*

17. Mother attempt greenbacks.
Lizzie E. N.

18. Sport an associate. *Comet.*

19. Solitary part. *Minnehaha.*

20. Curtail a fish, transpose and leave an animal. *Fred.*

21. Behead one weapon and leave another. *Silver Bugle.*

Fill the following blanks with the same words transposed.

22. —— — the coward to desert the —— army. *Snowdrop.*

23. She did not look ——— because she wore —— in her hair.
Lulie C.

24. He —— them by —— in —— to our ——. *S. Harp.*

25. Those who knew the clergyman could tell —— —— throughout the———. *Minx.*

Give the authors of the following quotations.

26. Fine by degrees and beautifully less.

27. A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

Correct the following sentences.

28. "My dear child you are mistaken."

29. "He didn't read but one book all day."

30. Who Who bler B

1 through He He The

The

an D. D. Troy

the Crete his

N.

Aunt Sue.

☞ *Answers to the above must reach me before the 8th of February. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send puzzles, answers, etc., intended for THE DRAWER (*not for the chat*), as usual, to "AUNT SUE," BOX 111 P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

278. The discovery of America by Columbus.

279. Incendiaries.

280. Harpsichord.

281. R would make an ant rant.

282. Patience is a virtue,
So exercise it here,
And study well this puzzle,
Till the answer does appear.

283. Permit, mitre, rite.

284. Bear, ear.

285. Stoat, toast.

286. Bestow.

287. Lincoln.

288. Molten.

289. Willow.

290. Calculate.

291. Thornback.

292. Albicore.

293. Osprey.

294. Thrush.

295. Nightshade.

296. Violet.

297. Iris (rainbow).

298. Iceland moss.

299. Degenerates.

300. Redintegrate.

301. Meritoriousness.

302. Charioteers.

303. Bread, beard, debar.

304. Respect, sceptre, spectre.

305. Rove, over.

306. They are the dying *embers* of the year.

307. Shakspeare ("As you like it")

308. Nathaniel Lee.

Of the above Puzzles —

JEANNIE M. answers all but 282.

F. R. S. answers all but 287, 294.

Max answers all but 282, 306, 308.

Belle answers all but 287, 291, 297.

Gilbert answers all but 287, 297, 298, 308.

Robbie Eddowes answers all but 282, 287, 290, 292, 294, 308.

Ixia answers all but 287, 289, 291, 294, 306, 308.

C. W. J. answers all but 282, 287, 289, 294, 296, 298, 300, 301, 306.

Shooting-Star answers all but 282, 287, 289, 291, 292,293, 294, 296, 307, 308.

Hero answers all but 282, 291, 292, 296, 297, 299, 300, 301, 302, 307, 308.

Hassan answers all but 278, 279, 282, 283, 288, 290, 293, 295, 304, 305, 307, 308.

F. B. C. answers all but 278, 279, 208.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Hero. I have no photograph of you. The quotations *are* included in the puzzles. The three you mention have left us.

C. W. J. Has not a "*rod*" "wrought wonders"?

Eva V. B. Sorry you should have had your trouble for nothing, but we don't want any enigmas that embrace *more* than thirty letters.

Shooting-Star. The astronomers announced your appearance in November.

Robbie Eddowes. I am waiting for your address that I may send you your prize.

Belle. The "Ranz des vaches" which is generally supposed to be a single air, stands in Switzerland for a class of melodies, the literal meaning of which is "cow-rows." The German word is *Kureihen* — rows of cows. It derives its origin from the way in which the cows march home at milking time. The cow-herd goes before, keeping every straggler in its place by the tones of his horn.

Those sending "quotations" will please only send the most familiar,

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to F. B. C., Auntie, Hero, Belle, Hassan, F. R. S., Ixia, Shooting-Star, and Jeannie M.

MERRY'S MUSEUM

VOL. I.] *FEBRUARY*, 1868. [NO. 2.

MY LITTLE FRIEND.

I LIVE high up in a city house all alone. My room is a cosey little place, though there is nothing very splendid in it, — only my pictures and books, my flowers and my little friend. When I began to live there, I was very busy and therefore very happy; but by and by, when my hurry was over, and I had more time to myself, I often felt lonely. When I ate my meals I used to wish for a pleasant companion to eat with me; and when I sat by the fire evenings, I thought how much more social it would be if some one sat opposite. I had many friends and callers through the day, but the evenings were often rather dull; for I couldn't read much, and didn't care to go out in the stormy weather.

I was wishing for a cheerful friend one night, when all of a sudden I found one; for, sitting on my hand, I saw a plump, jolly-looking fly. He sat quietly staring at me, with a mild little hum, as if to say, —

"How are you? You wanted a friend, and here I am. Will you have me?"

Of course I would, for I liked him directly, he was so cheery and confiding, and seemed as glad to see me as I was to see him. All his mates were dead and gone, and he was alone, like myself. So

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by H. B. FULLER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

I waggled one finger, by way of welcome, fearing to shake my hand, lest he should tumble off and feel hurt at my reception. He seemed to understand me, and buzzed again, evidently saying, —

"Thank you, ma'am; I should like to stay in your warm room, and amuse you for my board. I wont disturb you, but do my best to be a good little friend."

So the bargain was struck, and he stopped to tea. I found that his manners had been neglected; for he was inclined to walk over the butter, drink out of the cream pot, and put his fingers in the jelly. A few taps with my spoon taught him to behave with more propriety, and he sipped a drop of milk from the waiter with a crumb of sugar, as a well-bred fly should do.

On account of his fine voice, I named him Buzz, and we soon got on excellently together. He seemed to like his new quarters, and after exploring every corner of the room, he chose his favorite haunts and began to enjoy himself. I always knew where he was, for he kept up a constant song, humming and buzzing, like a little kettle getting ready to boil.

On sunny days, he amused himself by bumping his head against the window, and watching what went on outside. It would have given me a headache; but he seemed to enjoy it immensely. Up in my hanging basket of ivy he made his bower, and sat there on the moss basking in the sunshine, as luxuriously as any gentleman in his conservatory. He was interested in the plants, and examined them daily with great care, walking over the ivy leaves, grubbing under the moss, and poking his head into the unfolding hyacinth buds to see how they got on.

The pictures, also, seemed to attract his attention, for he spent much time skating over the glasses and studying the designs. Sometimes I would find him staring at my Madonna, as if he said, "What in the world are all those topsey-turvey children about?" Then he'd sit in the middle of a brook, in a water-color sketch by Vautin, as if bathing his feet, or seem to be eating the cherry which one little duck politely offers another little duck, in Oscar Pletch's Summer Party. He frequently kissed my mother's portrait, and sat on my father's bald head, as if trying to get out some of the wisdom stored up there, like honey in an ill-thatched bee-hive. My bronze Mercury rather puzzled him, for he could not understand why the young gentleman didn't fly off when he had four wings and seemed in such a hurry.

I'm afraid he was a trifle vain, for he sat before the glass a great

deal, and I often saw him cleaning his proboscis, and twiddling his feelers, and I know he was "prinking," as we say. The books pleased him, too, and he used to run them over, as if trying to choose which he would read, and never seemed able to decide. He would have nothing to say to the fat French Dictionary, or my English Plays, but liked Goethe and Schiller, Emerson and Browning, as well as I did. Carlyle didn't suit him, and Richter evidently made his head-ache. But Jean Ingelow's Poems delighted him, and so did her "Stories Told to a Child." "Fairy Bells" he often listened to, and was very fond of the pictures in a photograph book of foreign places and great people.

He frequently promenaded on the piazza of a little Swiss chalet, standing on the mantelpiece, and thought it a charming residence for a single gentleman like himself. The closet delighted him extremely, and he buzzed in the most joyful manner when he got among the provisions, — for we kept house together. Such revels as he had in the sugar bowl! such feasts of gingerbread and grapes; such long sips of milk, and sly peeps into every uncovered box and dish. Once I'm afraid he took too much cider, for I found him lying on his back, kicking and humming like a crazy top, and he was very queer all the rest of that day; so I kept the bottle corked after that. But his favorite nook was among the ferns in the vase which a Parian dancing girl carried. She stood just over the stove on one little toe, rattling some castanets, which made no sound, and never getting a step farther for all her prancing. This was a warm and pretty retreat for Buzz, and there he spent much of his time, swinging on the ferns, sleeping snugly in the vase, or warming his feet in the hot air that blew up, like a south wind from the stove.

I don't believe there was a happier fly in Boston than my friend Buzz, and I grew fonder and fonder of him every day; for he never got into mischief, but sung his cheery song, no matter what the weather was, and made himself agreeable. Then he was so interested in all I did, it was delightful to have him round. When I wrote he came and walked about over my paper to see that it was right, peeped into my ink-stand, and ran after my pen. He never made silly or sharp criticisms on my stories, but appeared to admire them very much; so I am sure he was a good judge. When I sewed he sat in my basket, or played hide-and-seek in the folds of my work, talking away all the while in the most sociable manner. He often flew up all of a sudden, and danced about in

the air, as if he was in such a jolly mood he couldn't keep still, and wanted me to come and play with him. But, alas! I had no wings, and could only sit stupidly still, and laugh at his pranks. That was his exercise, for he never went out, and only took a sniff of air now and then when I opened the windows.

Well, little Buzz and I lived together many weeks and never got tired of one another, which is saying a good deal. At Christmas I went home for a week and, left my room to take care of itself. I put the hyacinths into the closet to be warm, and dropped the curtain, so the frost should not nip my ivy; but I forgot Buzz. I really would have taken him with me, or carried him down to a neighbor's room to be taken care of while I was away, but I never thought of him in the hurry of getting my presents and myself ready. Off I went without even saying "good-by," and never thought of my little friend till Freddy, my small nephew, said to me one evening at dusk, —

"Aunt Weedy, tell me a story."

So I began to tell him about Buzz, and all of a sudden I cried out, —

"Mercy on me! I'm afraid he'll die of cold while I'm gone."

It troubled me a good deal, and I wanted to know how the poor little fellow was so much, that I would have gone to see, if I had not been so far away. But it would be rather silly to hurry away twenty miles to look after one fly: so I finished my visit, and then went back to my room, hoping to find Buzz alive and well in spite of the cold.

Alas, no! my little friend was gone. There he lay on his back on the mantelpiece, his legs meekly folded, and his wings stiff and still. He had evidently gone to the warm place, and been surprised when the heat died out and left him to freeze. My poor little Buzz had sung his last song, danced his last dance, and gone where the good flies go. I was very sorry, and buried him among the ivy roots, where the moss lay green above him, the sun shone warmly on him, and the bitter cold could never come. I miss him very much; when I sit writing, I miss his cheerful voice and busy wings; at meals there is no tidy little body to drink up spilt drops and eat the crumbs; in the evenings, when I sit alone, I want him more than ever, and every day as I water my plants, I say, softly. —

"Grow green, ivy, lie lightly, moss, shine warmly, sun, and make his last bed pleasant to my little friend." L. M. ALCOTT.

TWO WAYS OF BEING MANLY.

(*Conclusion.*)

MRS. DUBOIS was a lady; George saw that at a glance, notwithstanding her plain, almost mean clothing, and the poverty-stricken aspect of her home. She had no sooner ascertained that her darling was safe than she turned to George and said, —

"You have saved her life. I cannot thank you as I ought, as I would; but let me at least provide for you a change of garments, that you may not suffer in consequence of your noble, manly act."

"Oh, maman!" cried Louis, "see, she opens her eyes. She knows us, *la petite* does. That is George, Louis, the good, good George; who was kind to me, and saved you. How shy she is; that's because some bad boys do tease her sometimes."

In a few moments George had exchanged his dripping clothes for a suit belonging to Louis, which, as might be expected, left a large margin of legs and arms uncovered. A cap, just perched upon the top of his head, and a coarse shawl completed his equipment; and in this array he must walk through one of the principal streets of Montville before he could get home.

"Never mind," he thought, "it's all in a good cause; and it's a good thing for me that laughs and queer looks don't hurt a chap really, if they do sting a little inside; so start home quick, George Grey."

He could hardly free himself, however, from Louis, who clung to him, pouring out a torrent of excited thanks in a confused medley of French and English, till Mrs. Dubois interfered to release him.

For a little distance he walked homeward without meeting any one but a small boy, who greeted him with a broad stare, ending in a broader grin. Presently, however, he heard the sound of wheels behind him. He did not look up, but the boy who was driving past him in a wagon did look down, and quickly reining in his pony, said, —

"Hallo-knight errant! What's up now? Have you been in quest of more adventures, and have you been metamorphosed or enchanted by some evil fairy or witch?"

In few words George told his story, and Clarence Carlton said,—

"Bravo, George, you are a good fellow: first, to encounter the strongest and worst boy in the school; second, to risk your life to save a child, and bravest and best of all, to be willing to walk home in a rig that would scare all the crows in the country. Jump in; I'll take you home, and more than that, I'll see that Ned Parker doesn't impose upon little Frenchy any more. Comical little peppercorn, isn't he, though, with his *pirouettes*, his gestures, and his jumble of French adjectives and English adverbs? But I liked him all the better for defying Ned. His reign in our school is over. See if I don't take the wind out of his sails!"

When George reached home, he thanked Clarence most heartily for bringing him thither, and said good-by to him.

"Not so fast, old chap; I'm coming in too. Can't trust you, you see, to tell the whole truth."

So saying, he followed George into the house, and gave to his astonished parents an absurd account of the whole affair, and then bowed and laughed himself out of doors, leaving George to tell his story and exchange his grotesque rig for his own clothes.

"I was sure," said Mrs. Grey, "that you had some good reason for being late."

"And I am glad," said his father, "that you are ready to defend and help the weak. It is far more manly to defend than to oppress."

"I will go to-morrow and see your new friends, George, and find out how your golden-haired princess, as Clarence calls her, is, after her impromptu bath."

"Oh, thank you, mother,—the very thing I wanted to ask you to do, and I know Louis will not say that you are "old and proud.'"

Meantime, in the little cottage by the riverside, Mrs. Dubois was rejoicing over her darling, who, though pale and languid from the shock and fright she had received, was more loving and winning than ever before, and clung to her mother, as though she could not part from her a moment. As for Louis, his excitement seemed rather to increase, and he mingled his account of George's interference in his behalf with so many angry exclamations against Ned Parker, that his mother said to him,—

"If you would be like George Grey, you must be more forgiving."

"I will be what you call for-giv-en, — everything but frog-eaten, — he mean laugh — fun — they call it."

The next day Mrs. Grey called, excusing and introducing herself at the same time, by saying that she was George Grey's mother, and had come to inquire after the little girl. Her manner was so kind and cordial, so entirely free from all attempt at patronage, that Mrs. Dubois was won at once, and told her more fully the same story Louis had told George.

At the dinner-table that day Mrs. Grey said, —

"I've seen your little princess, George, and she quite won my heart with her soft, shy way of saying George, and her pretty, broken prattle. As for Mrs. Dubois, she reminds me of some one, who it is, I cannot recall. Her story is sad. American born and bred, she went abroad at the age of twenty-two as governess, met, and soon after married with the full approbation of her friends, a rich manufacturer; lived a few happy and prosperous years with her husband, when he died insolvent, leaving her penniless with two children. She returned to New York, hoping to find her only brother, whom she represents as a bachelor, eccentric, but kind-hearted, with whom she had not kept up much intercourse since her marriage. She has not been able to find any trace of him. She came to Montville because her fellow-passenger, Mrs. Lee, advised her to do so, in preference to remaining in any large city; also knowing she could have the cottage she lives in at a small rent."

"What is her brother's name?" asked Mr. Grey.

"Drayton."

"Drayton! why, Emily, surely that is the name of — stop — let me see — how strange, if it should be so!" and with these incoherent remarks, Mr. Grey rose hastily from the table, and took out from his desk a package of letters, labelled, "Brother Henry, New Orleans," from one of which he read the following passage, —

"We are most pleasantly situated here in Mr. Drayton's house. He is a friend of my partner's; and as Amy has won his interest by her resemblance to a lost friend of his, he kindly took us in, in our dilemma about finding a winter home. He is a bachelor; hence, I think he gains by the arrangement, as well as ourselves."

"Oh, father," cried George, "he must be her brother! Please telegraph at once to Uncle Henry."

"Certainly, my boy, with no more delay than is needful for me

to reach the office. Thank you ; never mind dessert for me to-day, Emily."

"Let me go, too, father ? "

"Certainly, if you can resist the detaining force of apple dumplings."

"Oh, father, as if I cared ! O, it will be too good."

The result of the telegraphic communications was that Mr. Drayton proved to be Mrs. Dubois' brother, and that he came north as fast as steam could bring him, and that there was a joyful meeting between them. Mr. Drayton soon established his sister and her family near the Greys. In constant companionship with George, it is to be hoped that the fiery little Louis will not only learn to forgive Ned Parker for calling him a frog-eating Frencher, but also many other lessons of true manliness.

In talking over Mrs. Dubois' good fortune, George said to his mother, —

"Wasn't it a great piece of good luck that, of all the boys in Mr. Barry's school, I was the one to take Louis' part ; for I don't believe anybody in Montville but father had a clew to Mr. Drayton."

"It was not luck, George ; I call it providential."

Ned Parker must be dismissed from this story in a few words. Mr. Barry's advice made but a transient impression upon his mind, because it was not strengthened by home influence. After Clarence Carlton took a decided stand against Ned's tyranny in school, his influence declined rapidly. A few boys of kindred tastes adhered to him, and they soon became noted for their evil habits. One day Ned took three of his companions out to drive. The drive was followed by a hot supper, the hot supper by smoking and drinking, not because any of the boys, except Ned, liked to smoke or drink, but because they thought it manly to do so. The end of it all was, Ned was carried home in a state of insensibility. His father was grieved and distressed at the sight ; but he said to his wife, —

"Boys will be boys. Ned is sowing his wild oats early, but soon he will turn over a new leaf, and come out all right."

Don't believe such doctrine, boys. Boys will be boys, but they can be noble and manly ones, copying the virtues of their elders, not aping their vices ; and all the wild oats they ever need to sow, are the very harmless ones springing from exuberant and buoyant spirits.

F. W. A. P.

THE LOGGERS; OR, SIX MONTHS IN THE FORESTS OF MAINE.

ST. CROIX, OR SCHOODIC RIVER.

(*Continued from the January Number.*)

DEC. 22. Thermometer below zero, ground well frozen, and, this morning, covered with snow. My uncle says no time must be lost; the teams must be loaded at once.

The men are crowding about the stove, joking, laughing, and roughly dressed for the winter campaign; very few wear overcoats, but nearly all have on three or four flannel shirts, heavy, home-spun pantaloons, and high, cow-hide boots. Moccasons of uncolored leather, and numerous pairs

of woollen socks, are provided for the dry, cold weather, as they are much easier for the feet.

A long string of sleds is waiting; and now commences the loading of the teams. Flour, pork, beef, and meal are the staple articles, and piles of fish; then follow kegs of molasses, boxes of axes, bags of beans, and dried apples; frying-pans, tin bakers, tin dippers, iron pots, etc., all thrown pell-mell on the top of the heavier articles, or suspended on the uprights, that stand along the edges of the sleds.

Heavy woollen quilts of every hue and pattern; some lined with army blankets, some with old carpeting, and some with patch-work, are rolled up carefully and serve for seats, on the front of the sled. Butter, cheese, sugar and other luxuries, are sometimes supplied, but not considered at all essential. The men look out for a good supply of pipes, and tobacco, and the cook is careful that salt, pepper and all the "little fixens" are not forgotten. Spirits are not allowed, although formerly considered indispensable.

When one team is loaded it starts off, amid the shouts and cheers of the men, to be followed by another, and another, until all are gone.

I assure you, there was a considerable excitement even here; for my uncle alone sent off more than forty teams, to be located on different streams and lakes within a circuit of fifty miles.

I was to go with the last, as I "was an invalid, and must have things smoothed down a little." On the morning of the 24th, just as day dawned, I started upon a low sled. With quilts for a cushion and my back against a barrel of flour, I bade adieu to my uncle, who charged me to "keep up a good heart, and not get homesick, and come back to be killed by doctors. Exercise, pure air, and coarse living will save you, Bob, if you only take to it. It will be rather tough at first, but you must hold on; it's your best chance;" — and I *will* "hold on," for I have great faith in this man's judgment.

Our ride through the open country was cold and disagreeable. The men sang, and told stories to keep themselves warm, advising me to run awhile by the side of the sled, to keep my teeth from chattering. When I had done so, and started the perspiration, they carefully covered me over with one of the quilts, and I slept.

Upon awakening, the first sound I heard was the men talking of me.

"Can't live a month, — that's my thinkin'. Why, my little gal, nine year old, is stronger nor he!"

"He is a goner, no doubt," said another, spitting vigorously upon the pure snow. "Why, the idea of sending sich a chap to chop logs! ha! ha! Well, I guess the fust logging *we* do will be to scoop out one to take him home in."

Just about then I lifted my head; as I did not care to hear myself coffined quite yet; and my eyes opened upon a scene new and beautiful. We were in a dense forest of evergreens. Pines, loftier than I ever had conceived off and frosted with the light snow, were glittering in the morning sun, and delighting my senses with the indescribable murmur breathing through them. Dark, rich firs sent out their healing odors. Hemlocks and *arbor-vitæ* with their wealth of graceful, glittering foliage mingled everywhere; while squirrels chattered and made themselves merry with nature, or our grotesque appearance. Our journey through the forest was very warm and comfortable. In one spot by the road-side was a flock of partridges, as tame as barn-yard fowls, for the good reason, I suppose, that they were "unacquainted with man," as Selkirk's game were. If my gun had been loaded, I should have made some of them nervous, I think.

About three o'clock we halted for the night at the house of a settler. A yelping dog and squad of dirty children met us at the door. The floor was rough as a wood-shed, and about as clean. The manners of the man who took the horses, were as agreeable as those of an untamed bear. I was very tired, and threw myself along an old settee, that had probably served as both seat and cradle. One of our men kindled up a good, bright fire, and while I lay before it, with closed eyes, enjoying the genial warmth, I heard a light tread and a female voice, sweet as music. The mistress of the house and mother of the dirty children was setting the tea-table, and as unlike anything about there as light and darkness. Her dress was blue calico, but every movement was graceful, and her manner kind. She expressed interest in me as an invalid, — wishing she could give me a good bed and something nice to eat; "but indeed, sir, we are very poor, and it's almost impossible for me to keep the children covered, let alone keeping them clean." The men tell me she does half the labor in the field, as her husband is a drunkard.

About noon on the 25th we arrived at the clearing and our camps. I assure you I was not sorry when the cook set before us on the "Deacon's seat," a pan of fried pork and box of hard bread, saying, "Pitch in, boys, and to-morrow you shall dine like kings."

You and I have dined at Delmonico's on marble tables with silver forks and china plates. Imagine me sitting on the ground, eating with a relish, slices of fried pork laid over pilot bread, and drinking black tea from a pint dipper!

Sunday, 26th. Sharp and frosty, men making their beds and then reclining upon them. Several loads of hemlock boughs have been spread, and the quilts carefully laid over them. The men all sleep with feet to the fire. The camp has a large fire in the centre. Think I can endure everything but the smoke, which, in spite of a large aperture over head, is whirring and puffing about in all directions. The men say "it'll behave better by and by when it learns manners." At any rate, it don't seem to trouble them much, for a more jolly set I never conceived of.

Have been out to the cattle-camp with the teamsters, and find they have taken much pains for their comfort. The clearing is a large one, as it should be, lest the trees should blow down upon the camp in stormy weather.

Evening 26th. Have been sitting "outside" upon the chopping-block, thinking of "home." Lofty trees surround me on every side; nothing else to be seen, but the stars and sky above us; and here I am to stay for months. Can I stay here, and live such a curious, rough life? Is it possible to endure the smoke and other disagreeables of camping out? If I was well I might work or hunt to pass away the time; but now — well, the truth is, I'm homesick. I long for my mother's tender, caressing touch, my sister's bird-like, cheery voice. I long for all the love and comfort of home; and here I am in a dense forest, many hundred miles away. Perhaps my uncle is mistaken in his manner of curing me; and yet he is a man I would trust above all I have ever seen. I will hold on and try. Good-night stars and chopping-block while I seek my spicy bed.

January 1st. The men are now fairly at work. I watch them, and report progress. They ask me if I keep a log; "some night I may see old Neptune." It seems green woodsmen are initiated as sailors were in olden time, and I must be on the look-out.

Long before day, a stir is heard in camp; the teamster is going out with lighted lantern to feed his oxen and horses. Pretty soon the cook stirs up the great fire, which has smouldered all night, and cooks the breakfast. One after another of the sleepers cluster around the "Deacon's seat," with but little toilet attention, and eat vigorously of hot bread, pork, and codfish, finishing off with large

draughts of black tea from tin dippers. The tea is made in a huge teakettle, which is kept constantly hot, ready at all times, with the sweetening boiled in. Already I find it quite palatable. Once I could not have drank it even with milk.

As the day dawned, the work in the woods commenced. Immense trees are felled on a level with the snow; a set of men called "choppers," trim off the branches, and cut, if too long to be handled. The bark is trimmed from the side resting on the snow, as it is to be dragged to the stream. It is then fastened to a short "bob sled" and the "teamster" has it in charge. Horses are much used, but oxen preferred by many, as they are more patient in hauling over rough roads.

From dawn until dark, with but the little interval of dinner, this constant chopping is heard, and the mighty monarchs of the forest fall upon the soil which has supported them in their glory for centuries perhaps. At first I could not endure this sacrilege; but it is surprising how soon we learn to submit to expediency or the power that rules. I find myself, even now, calculating how many feet of lumber such a giant tree would make, full as often as admiring its beauty. Pine is the most desirable, always bringing the highest price in the market, and next comes spruce. Hemlock is not much sought for, on account of its great heaviness. Unless stripped of its bark, it will not float many months. Hackmatack — a species of larch — is much used in ship-building, but not carried great distances. Cedar is used for fencing, railroad sleepers, and shingles.

January 15th. Last night the great "christening" took place. "Old Nep." or the "god of the wood," roughly handled your old chum, — lathering the face with molasses, and shaving the beardless chin with a piece of iron hoop; going through various grotesque performances, and finally christening him "Schoolmaster." From henceforth this is to be my wood name, and accounts for the curious calling this one "Deacon," another "Doctor," etc., etc. The ceremony was not very dreadful, after all; the men seemed to enjoy it, and it served to pass an evening mirthfully.

February 1st. More than one month we have been in the dense forest, many, many miles away from any human habitation. Our location is on "Monument Brook," which empties into Grand Lake, and forms part of the dividing line between Maine and New Brunswick. At the head of the brook is a heavy iron monument, one of many extending through the interior to mark the division

between the countries, and substantial enough to prevent any dispute about lines for centuries to come.

"Grand Lake," a dozen miles below us, is the uppermost of this magnificent chain of lakes. This and the streams flowing into it are remarkable for trout. I promise myself some sport next spring with fly-hooks and lines.

The men say "*we* have done a smashing month's work." A great many logs are piled on the frozen brook, but very little have *I* done. A few I have barked, and quite a number I have marked; for each log has its owner's particular mark cut upon it before it starts on the way. My uncle's all have the form of a hat, another man's a cross or a V, or some sign that is easy to cut; and then when they reach the lake, or river, all mingle together and remain so until they reach the boom just above the mills, where each man's logs are sorted out, and turned into his particular ponds for sawing.

Feb. 5th. A great event has occurred in our monotonous lives. Some loaded teams have arrived with hay and provisions. Precious letters from home, from you, Frank, and my uncle. Bless the hearts of every one of you, for your good deeds! I'm in clover now, for there's magazines of all kinds, all the latest newspapers, and a whole quire of blank paper.

It's fun to watch the men crowd about the new comers, and listen for news. All who are fathers are asking for the "wee bairns," or poring over letters with moistening eyes. The cook is jubilant over some quarters of fresh beef, and all hands are rejoicing. The men will soon leave, and again we shall be in solitude.

10th. A most violent storm, and the snow so deep no work can be done to-day. The grand old trees sway fearfully in the wind, but protect us from the biting blast. Within doors, we are very comfortable, — with an immense fire in the centre of our camp, which is an unusually large one. Two "Deacon's seats" run the whole length, and two ranges of beds; for there are eighteen of us.

The "cook" is baking and simmering to his heart's content. Says "we are to have e'en a most a Thanksgiving dinner, only missin' the punkin pies;" and really seems as proud of his cooking as a Parisian cuisine. Some of the men are cleaning their guns, anticipating grand hunting after this fall of snow. One is nailing up a rough bracket for his pipe, another writing to his "little gal," who, he says, is "nine year old, an' can write far nicer an' quicker nor he."

"By gorry," says another, jumping up from his bed, "this bein' so far from home, and with time to think about it is awful! Give me something to do, Cook, or I shall get desprit. Them babies down home are tugging at my heart-strings." With a hearty laugh, Cook pushes him a pan of potatoes to peal, while the man next my elbow calls out for all to "shet up, an' he'll read to us." A very good reader he proved, and all listened, until a huge lethargic specimen of a man rose up from his bed of boughs, and said, —

"Look a here, John, you don't b'l'eve that are your' readin', or 'spect me to, do yer?"

"Of course b'l'eve it — yes; why not?"

"B'l'eve that! well, I will when you shoot a deer, or any other live critter."

"Hullo! Burin, was that you spoke? Well, my boy tu home takes that Merry's Museum, an' he b'l'eves every blessed word is pure gospel."

"Pity we couldn't see some strange sights in this forest," said Sacker.

"We do, we do," answered Cook, tasting his simmering stew, "only we aint got that fellow's magnifying glasses. Why, I tell you, if we had hold one of them moose that are running all around us, waitin' to be killed, why, he'd make 'bout a hundred splendid-lookin' lies out a him!"

A shout of laughter waked some who were sleeping; and a very merry feeling prevailed.

"Look a here, Cook," said Irish Pat, after a loud whistle, "did ye iver hear if Purgatory?"

"Sartain, Pat," — tasting away at his savory mess.

"Well thin, was ye iver in that same?"

"Not yet, Pat!"

"Well, thin," seizing Cook by one hand, "I've been in it for an hour an' more! It's true for me, smellin' that sthew, an' seein' ye taste and taste, and niver a drap for the one of us. Ladle her out, Cook, or ther'll be a row in this camp! I can't stan' this no longer, for the hunger is tearin' at me, an' it'll take two quarts to fill me up," giving himself a blow that roused the remaining sleepers.

Pretty soon, the "Deacon's seat" was surrounded by eighteen hungry men; and the way Cook's soup and bread disappeared was a wonder to any one not acquainted with the appetites of laborers in the open air.

At noon the storm raged on. There was but one small window. The most of us betook ourselves to our beds, with such books and papers to look over as we had in our possession. After reading awhile, I found myself listening to the droll conversation of the men, with a newspaper thrown over my face. Sacker had been trying again to write to his "little gal" having blotted his morning letter.

"It's no go," he said at last; "I never could think of anything when I wanted to, and never could say it when I did think of it."

"Get the Schoolmaster to write for ye; faith an' he's the boy'll do that same, in the twinklin' of a jackknife, — better'n he can chop the logs, intirely."

(*To be continued.*)

AN OBJECT FOR SEWING.

"Ah, Cousin Harry, how d'ye do?
And how's your little wife?"

"Oh she's right hearty, — good as new,
And sewing for dear life!"

"Why, Nellie used to hate to sew!
Her tastes have altered, maybe!"

"Well, p'r'aps they have, but then, you know,
The 'dear life' is *the baby!*" AUNT SUE.

LITTLE PEARL.

CHAPTER I. — PLAYING MOTHER.

(*Continued from the January Number.*)

I can do it; I've been thinking about it a long time; and Lule cut me out a pattern from Harry's clothes the other day."

"Oh, that will be nice," said Cassy; "let's do it."

"Yes; and see if we can't get them all done before father comes home," said Agnes.

"Dear papa must get me some boots," said Bliss, "and I vont a dun and a jactknife."

They all laughed.

"Why, Bliss, you would shoot yourself with a gun," said Cassy.

"No, I voudn't. I'd tute Mit Muggins."

"O Bliss, that is naughty," said Agnes. "You must try to like Miss Mu —"

"Can you like her, Agnes?" asked Cassy.

"I shall try to now. I suppose she'll be my cross, but I must bear her."

Agnes now began to dress herself to play mother. She put on a long skirt and a collar, and wound an old silk scarf around her head and coiled it in a knot behind, to make it seem like a knot of hair.

"There, I'm ready," she said; "and Cassy, don't you think —" her voice lowered, and she hesitated for a moment, — "don't you think that we ought to do just as mother used to do in the morning, — read in the Bible and say the Lord's Prayer?"

"Oh, you always try to be so awful good," said Cassy, "and that is why you get bad so quick. We shall get Bible enough when grandmother comes. I suppose she'll make us say our prayers twenty times a day."

"Why, Cassy Marsh, how wicked you are," Agnes exclaimed, "I did not know you was so wicked."

Pearl, too, was shocked at the rude speech.

"Dear Sissy," she said, kneeling beside Cassy, and looking up into her face, with her great blue eyes full of tears, "please don't talk so any more; the good angels can't stay with you if you do, and it would make mamma feel bad."

"Why, I should think that I had been killing somebody, the way you all act," said Cassy. "I guess I aint any wickeder than you are, Agnes. I heard you say the awfulest word the other day! It was just as bad as swearing."

Agnes looked confused.

"I know I'm not good," she said, "but I want to be, Cassy; and mother often told us, that the only way was just to read the Holy Word, and ask God to make us good; and I'm a going to do it;" and there was a dignity in Agnes' manner that awed Cassy.

She got the Bible, and made Pearl and Bliss sit down beside her, and then began turning over the leaves in an absent sort of a way, and finally said, —

"Cassy."

Cassy didn't want to hear. She turned away her head and commenced half humming and half whistling a little song.

"Cassy," Agnes said again.

"I thought you was agoing to read," said Cassy.

"So I am; but I don't want you to feel that way, Cassy. I know you didn't mean anything very wicked. Wont you come and let us try together to do better?"

"Well, read, if you are going to," said Cassy, sitting down and folding her hands; "I'm ready."

Now, Agnes was in trouble again. She was not a good reader. Her father had peculiar ideas about educating children. He thought that they should never be allowed to look into a book until they were ten or twelve years old. "First make the body healthy and strong," he would say, "and then the mind."

So Agnes had not been taught to read until about a year before her mother died; and she only knew the first part of the first chapter of John; and she had read that so many times before when she had been playing mother, that Cassy had begun to be curious and suspicious about it; and even Agnes had heard her say, in a provokingly loud whisper to Pearl, "Great mother, and can't read."

So the poor child slowly turned over the leaves, trying to be as long as possible in coming to the place, that she might be able to recall to memory some other verses that she had once learned. When she came to a short Psalm that looked so easy that she thought that she could read it, she read it to herself a few times, and then raised her head with a little air of pride, and said in a tone not very humble, —

"We will read a Pazlem."

"Pazlem!" repeated Cassy, 'tisn't Pazlem; it's Perslams."

Hot anger glowed on Agnes' face and flashed in her eyes. How should Cassy know what it was. Cassy knew nothing about reading, only what she had taught herself and learned from her; and hadn't she puzzled over that word more than an hour one day, and said it over in a thousand different ways, till she knew that there was no other way that a mortal could speak it.

"Now, just let me show you," said Cassy, coming up to her, and trying to take the Bible out of her hand. But Agnes pushed her away with such force, that she fell backward on the floor.

"I don't care, I know how to spell it, and I don't believe you do. Its P-s-a-l-m-s; and if s, a, l, m, s don't spell slams, it don't spell anything; and P is per, of course; and if it isn't Perslams its Flams, — 'tisn't Pazlems, anyway."

"Cassy," said Agnes, trying hard to control herself, "it is not

probable that you know anything at all about it, any more than Jero does; but you may call it just what you like. I say that it is Pazlems, and I know."

"Probable, and Pazlems! ha! ha!"

But Agnes had begun to read. She would not notice Cassy again. When she had finished, she knelt with Pearl and Bliss to repeat the Lord's Prayer, and after a moment Cassy came and knelt too, and her voice chimed in with theirs in saying over the holy words; and there was no discord, though little Bliss did say, "Now I lay me," instead of "Our Father."

Agnes and Cassy kissed each other after the prayer, and then they sat down by the hearth, and went merrily to work making the new clothes for Bliss, and so earnestly were their little nimble tongues and busy fingers at work, that they did not notice that the fire had nearly gone out, and that the room was getting chilly, until Pearl began to cough; and then Agnes asked Cassy to go below stairs and get some wood.

"Oh, play I was too small and you had to go," said Cassy, looking up with a roguish smile; "I fall and brate my neck, mamma," she said.

"Then you are far too small to send," said Agnes. "I think that you had better have some playthings, and be tied up in a high chair."

"Well, I'll go," Cassy said, jumping up quickly and putting aside her work.

But it seemed as if she had hardly got at the foot of the stairs before she cried out, —

"Agnes, Agnes, come down quick! Miss Muggins has gone away, and the house is all locked up. Dear, dear, the hateful old thing!"

Agnes hurried down, and found that it was indeed so. Miss Muggins had gone away, and every door was locked. What should she do? Her first thought was to get out of the window with the others, and go to the grove; but it had been raining, and she knew that Pearl ought not to go out. So, trying to overcome all fear and thoughts of self, she put on a brave look, and with a smile shining through her tears, told Cassy that she "wasn't afraid."

"Nothing can do us any harm," she said; "nobody can get in if they do come; and I'll tell you what we will do, Cassy: we'll get the key of the sitting-room, and go in there, and make a fire, and

fix it all up, just as mother used to have it, and sit there with our work; and when dinner-time comes we'll cook our own dinner, and set our little table with the play-dishes, and that will be keeping house in earnest, wont it?"

"Yes," said Cassy, rather sadly, "if no one comes; but suppose robbers should break in and carry us off."

"God wouldn't let em," said Pearl, "would he, Aggie?"

"I dess Dero'd bite dare heads off," said Bliss, looking fierce.

"O, there is no danger," Agnes said, trying to make all the cheerful noise that she could in putting some wood into the stove.

And soon Cassy forgot her fears and declared that she was glad that the "old thing had gone."

"We'll find some of those cherry pies now," she said to Agnes.

"Oh, no," said Agnes; "you know that mother never liked us to eat luncheons, and she wouldn't let us eat pie, anyway. But we had better hunt round and find the key as soon as we can."

Miss Muggins kept the sitting-room locked during the day, that it might be in order when the Doctor returned at night; and she was always very careful to hide the key in a safe place. The children searched for it a long time, and finally lost all patience.

"There," said Cassy, "I wont hunt another bit; but I'll just go and get those pies, the old bear likes so well; and I'll put them where she'll never see them again. I'll give them to the Fenwick boys."

Just then, Bliss came tumbling into the room, crying, —

"I dot it, I dot it. Dar it is," pointing above the hall door.

Sure enough, his little bright eyes had found it. There it was, hanging up over the hall door; and Cassy drew up the hall table and put a chair on it, and got it down in a twinkling.

Soon there was a bright fire in the sitting-room, and Crep, the canary bird, was brought in and hung up in his old place, and the white rose bush, the dear mother had loved so well, was put at the window, and her low sewing-chair drawn up to the fire, with the little work-stand and the children's stools, and then everything was as in the old happy days, all but the dear presence in the chair, and that would never come back again.

"It seems as if mamma would be in, in a minute," said little Pearl, looking round, with her eyes full of happy tears.

"I do think that mother is here," said Agnes.

"Don't," said Cassy, frightened at Agnes' tears and manner. "If mother is in heaven, how can she be here?"

"I believe she can be," said Agnes, after a moment's silence. "I don't mean so we can see her, but so we can feel her in some way."

Cassy looked awed and frightened.

"Why Cassy," said Agnes. "I shouldn't think you would be afraid."

"I ain't afraid," said Cassy, "only if mother is dead, I'd rather she would be in heaven than here."

"Where is heaven?" Agnes asked.

"Up in the sky, I suppose," said Cassy.

"No," said Agnes, "it is no more up in the sky than it is anywhere else — grandmother told me so. One can't tell where it is the same as they can any other place. The other world and this world is just like the soul and the body, grandma said. Of course we've got a soul, but nobody can tell where it is. If you could look into the body you couldn't see it. The other world is just as real as this world is, and looks like it, only it is very different, it is spiritual."

"Well, if heaven isn't up in the sky," said Cassy, "what makes people say *up* in heaven?"

"Because," said Agnes, "all good things we think are up high and bad things down low."

"I know where heaven is," said little Pearl, "it is where God is."

"Yes, dear," said Agnes, taking the little hands in hers and kissing the upturned face.

"Well, what's the use of talking any more about it," said Cassy. "It is not probable, Agnes, that you know anything more about it than Jero does, and I think that we had better go to sewing if we are ever agoing to get those things done."

They took their work and were very busy and silent over it for some time. At last they finished it. Yes, they really got jacket and trousers both done, before dinner time. And now came the great time of trying on.

"Come, darling, come to mamma," said Agnes, "and let her put on your new clothes."

But Bliss had tied himself to Jero's neck and couldn't get away just then.

Cassy jumped up and freed him, and the trousers and jacket were on in a twinkling.

But the trousers didn't come together well around the waist.

"Dear," said Cassy, giving them a great pull, "Bliss is so fat!"

But they were made to fit after a while, and altogether the little suit looked quite charming. To be sure a few raw edges were visible, and when Bliss moved quickly, a stitch here and there would break and make a gap, but the general effect was good, and the children's admiration could hardly be expressed.

"O, dear," said Cassy, "I'm tired to death and almost starved. Do let us go and get some dinner now, — O, excuse me," she said, "I mean, mamma, won't you please come out and get the dinner?"

"Yes, we'll all go out into the kitchen now, and Bliss, don't you run so. You'll tear those clothes all off of you," said Agnes, as Bliss started to go ahead.

As they had nothing but eggs to cook, their dinner was soon ready, and very prettily did their little table look when it was set. They had a large white towel for a table-cloth, and their little set of china dishes would have delighted the fairies, they were so tiny and delicate.

On a table near, there were large dishes filled with the food that was to supply the little table. A dish of boiled eggs, bread, gingerbread, butter, milk, apples and peaches.

"Isn't it real good fun to do just as we have a mind to?" said Cassy, as she helped Agnes to bread.

"Don't say 'real,'" said Agnes, "it's very improper."

"Why is it?" asked Cassy.

"I don't know, only mother always said that it was not proper to say 'real' in that way."

"Well, you ought to know for yourself, you are mother; I thought mothers knew everything;" and there was that little wicked smile on Cassy's face that always made Agnes so angry.

"It's a pity you didn't know a little more," said Agnes, "you wouldn't make so much fun of everything if you did."

"It is 'probable' I wouldn't," said Cassy, "but you are a great mother to get mad!"

"Come, now, we are ready to sit down," said Agnes, not noticing Cassy's remark.

"And let us," she added, after they were all seated, "let us each say a verse from the Bible, as we used to when mother was alive."

"I don't remember any," said Cassy, "but go ahead, perhaps I shall before it gets to me."

Agnes. "Love the Lord with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself."

Pearl. "God is love." "Little children love one another."

Cassy. "There was a man sent from God whose name was John."

Bliss. "Desus wept."

And now the good things of the tables began to disappear in a rapid manner, and even little Pearl was merry; never before since her mother's death had she laughed and chatted so gleefully. And Bliss, in his perfect enjoyment, burst all the buttons off of his little new jacket.

"There now, Bliss, you are not agoing to drink another drop of milk," said Cassy, "you won't have a single thing left on you!"

She had hardly done speaking when there came a great noise at the door, some one trying to get in!

Who could it be? not Miss Muggins, for she would have first unlocked the door. Jero growled, and kitty ran under the table; the children were so frightened that they could neither speak nor move. Soon heavy footsteps were heard on the piazza, coming towards the window.

The children in terror rushed into the closet to hide themselves.

"Perhaps it's Cain," said little Pearl in the faintest whisper.

(To Pearl, Cain was the only wicked man, and he was always alive.)

They listened sometime in breathless silence but nothing was heard at the window.

"I shall die if I don't get out of here," whispered Cassy, who was huddled close with the others under a low shelf.

Just then Jero came to the door of the closet and whined.

"I'm agoing to see who it is," said Cassy in a resolute tone, "might as well die one way as another."

Agnes begged of her not to move. But it was of no use. Cassy's will was strong, she left her hiding place, crept softly to the window and looked out.

(*To be continued.*)

MUTINY ABOARD.

OWARDS the close of a sultry day, I was pacing the quarter deck of the English Frigate Herald, at Sydney, when the old quartermaster called my attention to an unusually fine merchantman that was just rounding the Point.

She was a very handsome clipper. Her long hull, though low and black, was yet exceedingly graceful, and she sat lightly on the water.

Having nothing better to do, I resolved to board her, and accordingly ordered the gig to be manned.

On board, all was noise, bustle, and confusion. The captain, who received me courteously at the gangway, I was surprised to find, was a young, gentlemanly-looking man.

In command of these Australian clippers, one generally finds rough, bearish old Scotchmen. However, in this case it was entirely different. The captain, as I surmised, was a protege of the owners, and was accordingly placed in command of this fine vessel as soon as he had satisfied the very moderate requirements of the Board of Trade.

He was a most agreeable man, of good education, but totally deficient in any strength of purpose, any firmness of will or quickness of decision; hence I saw that he was by no means the right man in the right place.

After our first meeting, we were a good deal together whilst his ship was discharging cargo, and taking in her homeward freight.

As I expected, the greater number of his crew deserted in Sydney, and he had to make up the complement from the loafers and villanous riff-raff that abound in a colonial seaport. The day before he was to sail for England he expressed to me his distrust of

his new crew; they were certainly as rascally a lot of ruffians as one would be likely to meet with.

I therefore volunteered to see my friend out of his difficulties, by accompanying him to the mouth of the harbor, a distance of about six miles, and then returning with the pilot. My offer was gladly accepted.

On the following day I went on board just as the half-drunken crew, with much shouting and singing, were weighing the anchor. It was only too evident that there would be trouble with them yet, if there should not be wind enough outside the Heads to enable the ship to get clear away to sea that evening. The captain was already as nervous as he could be, and so I said nothing of my fears. It was with much concern for him that I noticed the veering flaws of wind growing every moment fainter and fainter.

By the time the noisy rattling old tug had taken the vessel within sight of the Heads, there was a dead calm, and she was brought to an anchor near a reef, in such a position that she could stand out to sea with the first breeze. This done, the tug-boat was cast off, and permitted to return to Sydney.

As soon as the cable was secured, the mate reported that the crew demanded grog. The men being already in a half intoxicated state, their request, which was really a demand, was not complied with. This was the beginning of troubles.

There immediately followed much murmuring and many growls of dissatisfaction, gradually getting louder and more vehement. Presently angry voices were heard, in fierce altercation with the mates at the very doors of the cabin, and then about thirty of the worst of the crew rushed violently into the saloon, at the farther end of which the captain and I were sitting.

They were an ugly looking mob, some with blue shirts, some with red, many with neither, but nearly all brandishing large open knives. With frightful oaths and threats, they demanded that the keys of the "lazarete," in which the spirits are kept, should be given up to them. This, of course, was refused, and they were ordered to leave the saloon. At this they yelled and shouted defiantly, still demanding the cask of rum. I attempted to speak to them, but my voice was drowned in a torrent of imprecations.

In the adjoining state-room of the captain's, a revolver was lying on a table. I stepped quietly back, and returned with it concealed under my uniform coat. The captain then, by my advice, ordered the boatswain to pipe to supper. This command was received by

all with derisive laughter, and yells of defiance. The time for action had come, so putting the captain a little aside, I stepped forward, at the same time taking care to let the revolver be seen. The sight of the deadly weapon produced an almost instantaneous silence amongst this cowardly crew.

"Boatswain," I said, "if you fail any longer to obey your captain's order, I will put it out of your power to obey or to disobey another order in this world; for as sure as you stand there, I will send one of these balls through your head. Now then, what do you say to it?"

With these words I slowly cocked the revolver, and took a deliberate aim at his head.

At the first sound of that disagreeable click of the pistol-lock, he cried out, "For goodness' sake, don't fire, sir, I'll do it;" adding in a low growl to the others, "It don't matter, chaps, I know you won't go none the more for 't."

The boatswain's shrill whistle then rang sharply and clearly through the saloon, but no one heeded it except to greet it with yells and roars of derisive laughter.

As soon as I could make myself heard above the tumult, I said sternly and resolutely—

"I'll give you three minutes to clear out of this cabin; at the end of that time I'll blow out the brains of the nearest man, and then the next, and so on."

At this there was a great buzz and talking amongst the men, yet they showed no signs of moving, but watched me standing with the pistol in one hand and my watch in the other.

"One minute has gone; you have only two minutes left, and you will have but one more warning." This I said keeping my eyes on the dial of the watch.

The crowd received this with a sulky groan, but yet they seemed as if they would stand to their ground.

"Two minutes have gone; I warn you no more. The instant this hand passes the third minute I fire, and the nearest man will be my mark."

For a few seconds more they stood grumbling and growling; but on hearing the click of the revolver they began to waver. Then, fixing my eyes steadfastly on one burly fellow, I said in a low tone, as if speaking to myself, yet loudly enough to be heard by all, "I think he's the nearest, yes, yes, by some inches." At this he cowered down, and began to draw back to give one of his

comrades the preference. He in his turn gave way to another, and so on, until it was evident that no one was desirous of being the foremost, and so they moved off sulkily out of the cabin. And it was really ludicrous to see how the last half-dozen men tumbled over one another in their hot haste to get out of the saloon.

"Thanks, my dear friend," exclaimed the captain, seizing me warmly by both hands; "a thousand thanks. But what an awful risk you have run. Did you know that there was not a chamber loaded in that revolver, nor a single cap on?"

"My dear sir," I replied, "I knew that perfectly well, but the men didn't."

Having replaced the pistol in the cabin, we went on deck.

The captain going below shortly afterwards, came quickly on deck again, and with consternation plainly visible in every feature, whispered to me —

"The revolver is gone — they have stolen it. We shall have more trouble to-night. What are we to do now?"

"You are right," I replied, "we have not done with these rascals yet; and it seems that they have the power in their own hands now, but that mustn't be. Quick! get me pen, ink, and paper."

These were soon brought, and I wrote the following letter: —

Ship——, off the Sow and Pigs Reef.

Send the Pinnace immediately, with a dozen marines, with their arms and ball cartridge. Let the boat's crew have their side arms, revolvers, and ammunition. There is mutiny on board — expect an outbreak any moment. We must take them by surprise, therefore see the oars well muffled. The officer of the boat to enforce strict silence on nearing the vessel. Lose no time in carrying out these instructions.

Having signed this, and addressed it to "The Commanding Officer of the Herald," the next consideration was as to the means of sending it; there was the difficulty.

Fortunately, without attracting the notice of the drunken crew, I hailed a passing boat, and as it came alongside I saw that the boatman was well known to me as a man whom I could trust. I slipped the letter into his hands, and told him in a whisper to take it with all haste, as there was a mutiny on board.

So far the best had been done, but no assistance could reach us under two hours at the least. It was an anxious time. The men were gathered together about the forecastle talking with a savage earnestness. Thus a long tedious hour passed away.

Anxiously we sat at the stern-port, intently listening for the sound of the muffled oars. It was quite dark, nothing could be seen nor heard but the drunken brawling of the crew on deck. By degrees they became noisier and noisier, their conversation principally turning on that infernal naval lieutenant, as they were pleased to designate me, and what they intended to do with him. Some suggested a dose of his favorite cat-o'-nine tails; whilst many advised making a target of him for a little practice with that revolver which had previously so cowed them all. Again, many thought that he would look well dancing on nothing whilst hanging from the foreyard arm. All this was not particularly pleasant, so that we were not sorry when we heard the Pinnace pull silently up under the stern. In a few minutes the men were in the after state-cabins, to which they obtained access by means of ropes lowered out of the stern-ports.

And they arrived none too soon, for the captain and I had hardly seated ourselves at our old places in the saloon, when the same unruly mob burst in as before.

In answer to the captain, they said that they meant to do him no harm, and all they wanted was that man-o'-war officer, and without him they would not leave the saloon.

To this the captain replied with unwonted firmness—

"This gentleman is a guest of mine, and I must first know what you want with him."

The boatswain then, as spokesman for the rest, said, "Waal, we don't 'zactly know yet what we do want with him, but we'll make it pretty lively for him when we do get hold on him."

Here there were shouts of "Ay, that we will;" "Hang the beggar;" "Stick him up and shoot him;" "Feed the sharks with him."

"Not a man of you," said the captain, "shall lay a finger on him, so you'd better clear out of this at once."

"Avast there a bit," replied the boatswain, "not so fast, not so fast. That man taught me a lesson just now, and I'll just l'arn it to you now."

At these words he produced the same revolver, and, with a malicious grin, took a deliberate aim at the captain's head, at the same time saying, "Now, my fine feller, if you don't change your mind in three minutes I'll blow your brains out first, and his'n arterwards. Them's the right words, aren't they, mates? I thought I'd l'arned the lesson pretty well. I aint got a watch,

I know, but I can guess three minutes near enough. But I'll tell ye what I have got, and that is a pistol as is loaded this time, there's no gammon about it."

This speech of the boatswain's caused the men to roar again and again with drunken laughter.

"So then," said I, "you rascals won't leave the saloon when your captain orders you to. I see that I shall again have to make you." This produced cries of "You make us," and howls of derision. "Stop a moment," I continued; "you want me, do you? Well, then, here I am, and as much more of the same sort as you like."

At these words I opened the doors of the state-cabins, and giving the orders, "Ready, present," a dozen rifles were levelled at the head of the braggart boatswain. With a cry of baffled rage and amazement, he dropped the pistol from his grasp and begged for mercy. The rest ran like a flock of frightened sheep.

The ringleaders and those who had been the most troublesome were soon secured and placed in irons. The next day saw them safely lodged in Sydney Gaol.

The captain of the merchantman was more fortunate with his next crew, and made a good run to England.

FORGIVENESS.

NEAR the end of the seventeenth century, a Turkish grandee in Hungary made a Christian nobleman his prisoner, and treated him with the utmost barbarity. The slave—for such he was—was yoked with an ox, and compelled to drag the plough. But the fortune of war changing, the Turk fell into the hands of the Hungarians, who said to their enslaved fellow-countryman, "Now take your revenge upon your enemy." This was in accordance with the customs of the age; and the Turk, supposing, as a matter of course, that he would be tortured to death, had already swallowed poison, when a messenger came from his Christian slave, telling him to go in peace, for he had nothing to fear. The Moslem was so impressed with this heavenly spirit, that he proclaimed with his dying breath: "I will not die a Moslem, but I die a Christian; for there is no religion, but that of Christ, which teaches forgiveness of injuries."

WHERE IS BENNIE?

THE cowslips in the morning sun
Unfold each yellow cup,
And watch and wait and whisper low,
"Why isn't Bennie up?
The robins hop along the path,
Peep in, then fly away,
Others think they come for crumbs.
I hear them chirping say,
"Where is Bennie?"

We see no more about the house
The little checkered tire;
Four chairs around the table stand,
And none need be made higher.
The hatchet hangs against the wall,
The whittlings are swept away;
The little barrow rolls no more,
And the old house seems to say,
"Where is Bennie?"

Down by the willows, green and cool,
The little brook flows on;
But seems to murmur sadly now,
For all the boats are gone.
Miss Puss sits blinking in the sun,
Ready for games of play,
Or roams about from room to room,
While her soft mew seems to say,
"Where is Bennie?"

Under the lindens, far away,
In a cradle warm and wide,
A baby laughs and kicks and crows,
With a small boy at her side.
They frolic there in that soft nest,
Two happy little birds;
And when we call, the youngest sings,
In a sweet song without words,
"Here is Bennie."

Aunt Louise.

THIS enigma has been frequently published, but never solved. If some of the MERRY's can't find an answer to it, there will be no use in ever publishing it again.

I sit stern on the rock, while I'm raising the wind,
But the storm once abated, I'm gentle and kind.
Kings sit at my feet, who wait at my nod
To kneel in the dust, on the ground I have trod.
I'm seen by the world, and known by but few,
The Gentile detests me — I'm pork to the Jew.
My weight is three pounds, my length is a mile,
And when once discovered, you'll say with a smile,
That the first and the last are the pride of our isle.

The answer is a word of one syllable.

ROSIN BUBBLES. — Dip the bowl of a tobacco-pipe into melted rosin, hold the pipe in a vertical position, and blow through it; bubbles of various sizes will be formed, of a variety of colors.

IT has been asked, "When rain falls, does it ever get up again?" Of course it does — in dew time.

WHEN are soldiers like good flannels? When they wont *shrink*.

HE who gave Saturn his rings and placed the moon like a ball of silver in the broad arch of heaven, gives the rose leaf its delicate tint, and made the distant sun to nourish the violet.

A BRITISH association for exploring Palestine has discovered what is supposed to be the remains of the synagogue of Capernaum. This is the only building in which the Saviour was, when on earth, which can be identified at this day.

VENETIAN HOUSES. — The sociability of Europe, and more especially of southern Europe, is shown abroad; under the domestic roof it dwindles and disappears. And, indeed, it is no wonder, considering how dispiriting and comfortless most of the houses are. The lower windows are heavily barred with iron; the wood-work is rude, even in most palaces in Venice; the rest is stone and stucco; the walls are not often papered, though they are sometimes painted; the most pleasing and inviting feature of the interior is the frescoed ceiling of the better rooms. The windows shut imperfectly, the heavy wooden blinds imperviously (is it worth while to observe that there are no Venetian blinds in Venice?); the doors lift slantingly from the floor, in which their lower hinges are imbedded; the stoves are of plaster, and consume fuel without return of heat; the balconies alone are always charming, whether they hang high over the streets, or look out upon the canals, and, with the gaily-painted ceilings, go far to make Venetian houses habitable.

THE rising of the sun is known by the shining beams; the fire is known by its burning; the life of the body is known by its moving; even so certainly is the presence of God's spirit known by the shining light of a holy conversation.

A HELPING word to one in trouble, is often like a switch on a railroad track, but one inch between wreck and smooth-rolling prosperity. — *Beecher.*

CURIOUS CHINESE DEFINITIONS OF MAN. — The Inquisitive Man thrusts his head into a bee-hive. The Contented Man cuts his own hair. The Extravagant Man keeps his coals in a volcano. The Hasty Man drinks his tea with a fork. The Reckless Man is like a dog in a sausage shop. The Passionate Man picks his teeth with the tail of a dragon.

GRATITUDE is the memory of the heart.

HOPE is the blossom of happiness.

DESIRE is a tree in leaf, Hope is a tree in flower, and Enjoyment is a tree in fruit.

ETERNITY is a day without yesterday or to-morrow — a day without end.

GOD is a necessary being — the sun of eternity, the machinist of nature, the eye of justice, the matchless power of the universe, the soul of the world.

THE number of black lead-pencils made in Keswick, England, is twenty-five thousand per week; that is, about thirteen millions per annum. The cedar annually consumed amounts to twelve thousand cubic feet, and the yellow pine in due proportion. The plumbago is partly the produce of the Borrowdale mine, and partly from Mexico and Peru.

VERY few people who visit Greenwood Cemetery ever dream that the battle of Long Island was fought within its enclosure. Such is the fact, however, for on the 26th of August, 1776, the conflict raged on those very grounds.

A PORTION of the posterior half of Cardinal Richelieu's skull was recently discovered in France, and by order of the government restored with great pomp and solemnity to the mausoleum originally erected in Paris to receive his remains. The Parisian sneer, usual on all such occasions, found expression next day in the following *bon mot:* "Ah! yes. We have half his skull. Would that we had half his brains!"

A LADY, the Gardiner (Me.) Journal says, who recently visited a cemetery with her little daughter, observed on one of the stones a neatly cut figure of a horse. Wondering why such an emblem should be used, they examined the inscription closely, but could find no clue to its appropriateness, when her little girl remarked: "I presume she died of the *nightmare.*"

HABIT is a cable. We weave threads of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.

TOAST at a Railway Festival — "Our mothers, faithful tenders, they never misplaced the switch."

WHAT riches are those that certainly make themselves wings and fly away? Ost-riches.

WHEN you dispute with a fool, your opponent is nearly certain to be similarly employed.

A COMMON ORNAMENT. — "Ah, Charley," said one little fellow to another, "we are going to have a cupola on our house." "Pooh! that's nothin'," rejoined the other; "papa's going to get a *mortgage* on ours."

A TRIAL trip — a trip with two Saratoga trunks, four band-boxes, and a — woman.

Well, young friends, how do you like our holiday suit? We don't wish to be proud; but we think that we have done pretty well, considering our age, the hard times, and the various tastes to be consulted. With daisies blooming bravely outside in spite of the weather, and a variety of good things inside by way of Christmas cheer, we think old Merry looks as if he intended to amuse the young folks as he did their fathers and mothers before them. He certainly means to try; so send along your contributions and subscriptions for the new year, and lend him a hand for old acquaintance's sake.

The letters of Eula Lee, Metacom, Sans Souci, Cousin Jennie, and others are received; but it has been decided that it is best not to publish any but communications of general interest. The circulation of the Magazine has increased; and to strangers the chat is neither intelligible nor interesting. Messages can be sent, and questions and answers given; but there is not room for letters unless peculiarly attractive.

Cousin Jennie is mistaken in her belief that the Assistant Editor of Merry's Museum ever contributed to any Table Talk but that of her own home. She is much obliged for good wishes, and will endeavor to make her department all it should be.

Fanny Fielding sends a letter full of interesting things for the boys, so we give it a place. Also, a little story of real life from Cousin Tribulation, who likes to tell her adventures.

Norfolk, Va, *Jan. 3d*, 1868.

Dear Merrys: — I want to tell you what pleasant times two little Boston boys once had, visiting some of my relations away down here in the sweet South. They came in the spring season, when the woods were white with dog-

wood flowers, and fragrant with wild crab blossoms. When dogwood blooms, they say, is the time to go drum-fishing. I wonder if you know what that is? No? Then I'll tell you.

The drums are immense fish, often three, and sometimes as much as four feet long, very fine in flavor; and the people of Eastern Shore Virginia are famous for getting up boating parties in May and going out in pursuit of them. Gentlemen and professed fishermen all like the fun; and there is sometimes quite an excitement in making preparations for frolics of this kind, — "seizing" fish-hooks, catching bait, and getting dinner packed. Henry and Willie Otis set out with their cousin in his boat, the "Phœnix." They had many questions to ask of the black men who went along to manage the boat, and who, when the wind died out too much to sail, put their strong arms to the oars, and rowed finely. Away they went to the ocean where the great waves rose and fell, and the white spray broke over the bows of their boat. Here they caught the fish.

Willie Otis asked "Uncle Mingo" (one of the negro men), to let him help haul in his fish; so, when one fastened on to the line, he laughingly called Willie to come and help. That was to please him, for he knew that Willie was not strong enough to move the fish an inch. Uncle Mingo pulled too; but Willie thought he was doing it all, and so he gave such a shout of delight when he felt the prize coming, as he fancied, that his drum-ship took alarm and let go his hold, so they lost that one. The fishers were very successful altogether, however; for before dinner-time they had taken eleven drums; and when it came time for dinner they concluded to anchor for a while on Parramore's Beach. Old Mr. Churn and his family lived here, and they were always glad to see visitors. He told Uncle Mingo that he ought to take the little stranger-boys bird-egging. This he was very ready to do; so while the gentlemen stopped to rest and talk these egg-hunters were rambling in the marshes in search of the sea-birds' nests. They found them, too, — blue gulls' eggs, with great brown spots on them, willets' eggs, — green with brown spots, quantities of little sedge-hens' eggs, and those of the spring chickens, that, when boiled and the shell removed, look like beautiful great opals, — the white being only semi-opaque and the yolk seeming like a gleam of fire through it, so red it is. They got baskets full, — several hundred eggs, — taking the precaution to lay sea-weeds in to prevent breakage. The *oyster-caps* amused Henry. They are a kind of sea-weed, something like Iceland-moss, only dark-looking, and are covered with warts, which, when pressed, explode like pop-guns.

The boys went up the high white sand-banks, and rolled down on the flat beach with great satisfaction; and then the island-people made much of them. Mrs. Churn gave Henry a tame wild goose. Do you know how anything can be tame and wild too? and altogether they were as happy that day as boys well could be.

Some neighbors called that the fish were biting finely; so all put off again. That evening the Phœnix's white sails spread, grandly into Watchaprique Creek, home, — Uncle Mingo blowing a horn, — a large conch, to let the people on shore know they had been lucky that day: and the music had really a very sweet sound winding along the sedgy shores, and through the coves and inlets.

They had in all twenty drums, beside some crabs and shrimps and the eggs I have told you about, and the pet goose; and then there were beautiful scallop shells, and some very queer ones which I cannot describe to you, and of which I do not know the name, but which the boys took great pleasure in gather-

ing from the beach and carrying to Flora, their little sister, and their two Southern cousins, Anna and Betty Stith, who set tea-tables with them many a day after.

I think this drum-fishing expedition was almost the gayest one the boys had, until later in the season, when *fat-backing* came. I don't believe you will ever guess what that was unless I tell you, which, with Mr. Merry's permission, I shall do in my next letter.

FANNY FIELDING.

DEAR MERRYS: — One sees a good deal of character when travelling, especially in horse-cars, and as I do a good deal of the latter sort, I often get glimpses of the odd, disagreeable, or pleasant side of my fellow-beings. Let me tell you a little scene which was a lesson to all who saw it. Going to Brookline one day, I took a car at a time when it was fullest. As we rolled along I glanced up and down the two rows of faces, and amused myself by studying them. None were particularly attractive except a boy of eighteen, or so, who sat reading in the corner opposite. He wasn't handsome, nor very well dressed; but there was something very pleasant to me in the thin, brown face bent studiously over the book. From the cap he wore and the erect carriage of his shoulders I fancied that he had been in the army, and liked him all the more for that. While I sat looking at him an old colored woman got in. All the seats were full, and no one stirred. Two gentlemen had given their places to white ladies, but none of the five seated gentlemen offered the old woman a seat. She was very black and shabby, but the ugly face was kind and patient, and the poor clothes were neat. Having no prejudice against color I was about to offer my seat when the boy glanced up, rose instantly, and beckoning, said, respectfully, —

"Here's a place, ma'am."

She took it with a motherly "Thanky, dear, thanky," and settled herself with a sigh of satisfaction. Two girls looked at one another and giggled, but stopped suddenly with an altered look when they saw, what none of us had observed before, that the youth was lame. As he arranged his crutch the old gentleman next me bobbed up in an impetuous way which made me suspect that he was a little ashamed of himself.

"Here, you mustn't stand, sit down, sit down," he said.

"Certainly not, sir, I can stand perfectly well;" and with a decided shake of the head the boy looked down at his book, coloring a little under the four and twenty pairs of eyes fixed on him. The old gentleman wouldn't sit down, and glancing at the boy's cap he said, —

"You've been in the army?"

"Yes, sir, a short time."

"See any fighting?"

"I was at Wagner."

At that quite a little breeze of interest blew through the car, and the old woman patted the end of the boy's coat, that lay on her knee, with a look that was a blessing.

"Got wounded there?" said the old man.

"Lost my foot, sir."

Up I got and insisted that he should sit down. But he laughingly refused, saying he was going to get out; and with a military salute he left the car. It was curious to see how carefully the ladies drew their skirts out of his way, — how respectfully a man opened the door for him, and how gratefully the colored woman's eyes followed him.

It was a small thing to do, but somehow I think every one had learned a lesson of that true gentleman, who had proved that he was not only brave but courteous, in the best sense of the word; for something finer than politeness taught him to respect the woman because she was old, and poor and black.

COUSIN TRIBULATION.

Ixia,

although answering correctly only twenty-two out of the thirty puzzles in the December number, heads the list, and wins her second prize.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

31. I am composed of 29 letters:
My 6, 12, 21, 29 is used in hotels.
My 2, 8, 24, 9, 11 was destructive in ancient times.
My 23, 27, 18 promotes mirth.
My 10, 20, 28, 22 is part of the body.
My 14, 19, 5, 13, 26 is brittle.
My 15, 3, 4, 16, 7 is an admirable attribute.
My 17, 25, 1 signifies to tear.
My whole is a desirable accomplishment. *C. F. W.*

32. I am composed of 15 letters:
My 10, 14, 15, 5, 2 is a small boat.
My 4, 6, 13, 11, 7 is a just claim.
My 3, 12, 8, 9, 1 is wanting courage.
My whole is a city and state in the United States.
Wolverine.

Names of Places in New York.

33. A conjunction and an adverb.

34. A color and a kind of fuel.

35. An adjective and a city.

36. An animal. *Snow-bird.*

37. Find six verbs (more or less) comprising not more than 25 letters, out of which may be made every word of the 17th verse, of the 10th chapter of Proverbs. *F. R. S.*

Names of Flowers enigmatically expressed.

38. A diminutive lake and two lies told upon it.

39. What we like to kiss sometimes, even when we wont own it.

40. Water, first in small crystals, and then in a sphere.

41. For a girl's understanding the artistic gear. *S. F.*

42. I am a word of five letters, containing — 1, an extremity; 2, two numbers; 3, accent; 4, dispatched; 5, thus; 6, a dolt; 7, a relative; 8, to place; 9, an adverb; 10, a negative; 11, to observe; 12, part of the face; 13, a weight; 14, a kind of dwelling; 15, a preposition; 16, a snare; 17, an attack; and 18, above. *A. R. T.*

43. Behead one science and leave another. *Ixia.*

44. Behead an animal, transpose and leave the place in which he may often be found. *Roguish Kate and Oddity.*

45. Behead an animal, transpose and leave a flower. *Comet.*

46. Curtail a coin, transpose and leave another. *Fred.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

47. Have not so much compassion. *Violet Forest.*

48. Provide food, column. *Rena.*

49. Shoe relations. *Wolverine.*

50. 11 furniture. *Prairie Boy.*

51. 4 . *Auntie.*

52. 500111250. *F. F.*

53. 100900. *Addie W.*

ANAGRAMS.

54. Iron cedar. *A. O.*

55. Now sing. *Bittersweet.*

56. C. sees salt ice. *Effie.*

Correct the following sentences.

57. Of two evils choose the least.

58. He walked backward and forward all night long.

59.

F. B.

☞ *Answers to the above must reach me before the 8th of March. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send puzzles, answers, etc., intended for THE DRAWER, to "AUNT SUE," Box 111 P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

309. Shuttleworth.
310. Subscribe for Merry's Museum.
311. Gray.
312. Congreve.
313. Pope.
314. Shakspeare.
315. Aloof—a fool.
316. Murmur—rum, rum.
317. Loves—solve.
318. Save—vase.
319. Decalogue.
320. Mango.

321. Isinglass.
322. Comical.
323. One is *hollowed out*, the other is *hollowed in*.
324. Malice, Alice, lice, ice.
325. Rich, funny, modest, set. (*Hero* had no *h* in his list, and *C. W. J.* only used one *s*.)
326. Abundance, like want, ruins many.
327. A manatus (a man ate us).
328. Connecticut. ("Illinois" was pretty good, but "noise" is not a "verb.")
329. Paraphrases.
330. Elaborate.
331. Earnest ("Eastern" credited).
332. Antipathies.
333. Idealist.
334. Avoset, votes.
335. Bridegroom.
336. Theatre: 1, heater; 2, tea; 3, eat; 4, tree; 5, three; 6 and 7, ear and hat; 8, teeth. (*Ixia* gives "granite" as the answer to this: the items being "grate, tea, eat, grain, ten, net, ear, retina, or tear.")
337. Ram, ape, men.
338. An X an X 2 an X (annex an X to an X) and you will have XX.

IXIA answers all but 309, 312, 315, 323, 327, 334, 335, 338.

Florian answers all but 309, 310, 312, 321, 327, 334, 335, 337, 338.

F. R. S. answers all but 309, 311, 312, 316, 323, 327, 334, 335, 338.

C. W. J. answers all but 309, 311, 312, 321, 324, 325, 327, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338.

Hero answers 315, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 326, 328, 330, 331, 333, 335.

Wolverine answers 311, 313, 315, 317, 318, 320, 321, 325, 331, 334.

Minnie answers 311, 315, 317, 318, 320, 321.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Vincent. You have the right name, although spelled differently. I will "remind Cousin Fleta" that she promised you "her carte," if she will read this paragraph.

Hero. Yours was the best *Merry* letter I have received this month. I read your list of Christmas presents to a pretty little girl, and she remarked, "Why! weren't they *real* nice?" We always have "Robert Merry" at the head of the MUSEUM. I cannot fully answer your other questions, here.

H. M. Answers to the puzzles may be written on both sides of the page. Robert Fulton, the son of a poor Irish laborer, was born in Pennsylvania, in 1765. The name of his first *successful* steamboat was the "*Clermont*," which made her trial trip to Albany, from New York, in August, 1807.

Dick. The one who answers correctly the greatest number of the month's puzzles, receives a prize. The first prize is a heart-puzzle. Each competitor can win three prizes, and is then considered "out." The second prize is a gold pen. The third prize is a gold pen in silver pencil case, a gold-mounted rubber pencil, or a handsome pocket-knife: whichever the winner chooses.

Wolverine. I quite agree with you concerning the "improved appearance."

C. J. "The young one's" solution was mainly correct; the "doll-baby" should have been "girls;" and "*on* hand" instead of "*in* hand."

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to Vincent, F. R. S., Ixia, Florian, Royal Blue, Hero, Reddo, and Wolverine.

MERRY'S MUSEUM

VOL. I.] *MARCH*, 1868. [NO. 3.

MY MAY-DAY AMONG CURIOUS BIRDS AND BEASTS.

BEING alone in London, yet wishing to celebrate the day, I decided to pay my respects to the lions at the Zoological Gardens. A lovely place it was, and I enjoyed myself immensely; for May-day in England is just what it should be, mild, sunny, flowery, and spring-like. As I walked along the well-kept paths, between white and rosy hawthorn hedges, I kept coming upon new and curious sights; for the birds and beasts are so skilfully arranged, that it is more like travelling through a strange and pleasant country than visiting a menagerie.

The first thing I saw, was a great American bison; and I was so glad to meet with any one from home, that I'd have patted him with pleasure, if he had shown any cordiality toward me. He didn't, however, but stared savagely with his fiery eyes, and put down his immense head with a sullen

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by H. B. FULLER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

snort, as if he'd have tossed me with great satisfaction. I did not blame him, for the poor fellow was homesick, doubtless, for his own wide prairies and the free life he had lost. So I threw him some fresh clover, and went on to the pelicans.

I never knew before what handsome birds they were; not graceful, but with such snowy plumage, tinged with pale pink and faint yellow. They had just had their bath, and stood arranging their feathers with their great bills, uttering a queer cry now and then, and nodding to one another sociably. When fed, they gobbled up the fish, never stopping to swallow it, till the pouches under their bills were full; then they leisurely emptied them, and seemed to enjoy their lunch with the grave deliberation of regular Englishmen.

Being in a hurry to see the lions, I went on to the long row of cages, and there found a splendid sight. Six lions and lionesses, in three or four different cages, sitting or standing in dignified attitudes, and eyeing the spectators with a mild expression in their fine eyes. One lioness was ill and lay on her bed, looking very pensive, while her mate moved restlessly about her, evidently anxious to do something for her, and much afflicted by her suffering. I liked this lion very much, for, though the biggest, he was very gentle, and had a noble face.

The tigers were rushing about, as tigers usually are; some creeping noiselessly to and fro, some leaping up and down, and some washing their faces with their velvet paws. All looked and acted so like cats, that I wasn't at all surprised to hear one of them purr when the keeper scratched her head. It was a very loud and large purr, but no fireside pussy could have done it better, and every one laughed at the sound.

There were pretty spotted leopards, panthers, and smaller varieties of the same species. I sat watching them a long time, longing to let some of the wild things out for a good run, they seemed so unhappy, barred in those small dens.

Suddenly, the lions began to roar, the tigers to snarl, and all to get very much excited about something, sniffing at the openings, thrusting their paws through the bars, and lashing their tails impatiently. I couldn't imagine what the trouble was, till, far down the line, I saw a man with a barrow full of lumps of raw meat. This was their dinner; and, as they were fed but once a day, they were ravenous. Such roars and howls and cries as arose, while the man went slowly down the line, gave one a good idea of the sounds to

be heard in Indian forests and jungles. The lions behaved best, for they only paced up and down, with an occasional cry; but the tigers were quite frantic, for they tumbled one over the other, shook the cages, and tried to reach the bystanders just out of reach behind the bar that kept us at a safe distance. One lady had a fright, for the wind blew the end of her shawl within reach of a tiger's great claw, and he clutched it, trying to drag her nearer. The shawl came off, and the poor lady ran away screaming, as if a whole family of wild beasts were after her.

When the lumps of meat were thrown in, it was curious to see how differently the animals behaved. The tigers snarled and fought and tore, and got so savage, I was very grateful that they were safely shut up. In a few minutes, nothing but white bones remained; and then they howled for more. One little leopard was better bred than the others, for he went up on a shelf in the cage, and ate his dinner in a quiet proper manner, which was an example to the rest.

The lions ate in dignified silence, all but my favorite, who carried his share to his sick mate, and, by every gentle means in his power, tried to make her eat. She was too ill, however, and turned away with a plaintive moan which seemed to grieve him sadly. He wouldn't touch his dinner, but lay down near her, with the lump between his paws, as if guarding it for her; and there I left him, patiently waiting, in spite of his hunger, till his mate could share it with him. As I took a last look at his fine old face, I named him Douglas, and walked away, humming to myself the lines of the ballad, —

"Douglas, Douglas,
Tender and true."

As a contrast to the wild beasts, I went to see the monkeys, who lived in a fine large house, all to themselves. Here was every variety, from the great ugly chimpanzee, to the funny little fellows who played like boys and cut up all sorts of capers. A mamma sat tending her baby, and looking so like a little old woman, that I laughed till the grey monkey with the blue nose scolded at me. He was a cross old party, and sat huddled up in the straw, scowling at every one, like an ill-tempered old bachelor. Half a dozen little ones teased him capitally by dropping bits of bread, nut-shells, and straws down on him from above, as they climbed about the perches or swung by their tails. One poor little chap had lost the curly end of his tail, — I'm afraid the grey one bit it off, — and kept

trying to swing like the others, forgetting that the strong curly end was what he held on with. He would run up the bare boughs, and give a jump, expecting to catch and swing, but the lame tail wouldn't hold him, and down he'd go, bounce on to the straw. At first, he'd sit and stare about him, as if much amazed to find himself there; then he'd scratch his little round head, and begin to scold violently, which seemed to delight the other monkeys; and finally, he'd examine his poor little tail, and appear to understand the misfortune which had befallen him. The funny expression of his face was irresistible, and I enjoyed seeing him very much, and gave him a bun to comfort him when I went away.

The snake-house came next, and I went in, on my way to visit the rhinoceros family. I rather like snakes, since I had a tame green one, who lived under the doorstep, and would come out and play with me on sunny days. These snakes I found very interesting, only they got under their blankets and wouldn't come out, and I wasn't allowed to poke them; so I missed seeing several of the most curious. An ugly cobra laid and blinked at me through the glass, looking quite as dangerous as he was. There were big and little snakes, — black, brown, and speckled, lively and lazy, pretty and plain ones, — but I liked the great boa best.

When I came to his cage, I didn't see anything but the branch of a tree, such as I had seen in other cages, for the snakes to wind up and down. "Where is he, I wonder? I hope he hasn't got out," I said to myself, thinking of a story I read once of a person in a menagerie, who turned suddenly and saw a great boa gliding toward him. As I stood, wondering if the big worm could be under the little flat blanket before me, the branch began to move all at once, and with a start, I saw a limb swing down to stare at me with the boa's glittering eyes. He was so exactly the color of the bare bough, and lay so still, I had not seen him till he came to take a look at me. A very villainous-looking reptile he was, and I felt grateful that I didn't live in a country where such unpleasant neighbors might pop in upon you unexpectedly. He was kind enough to take a promenade, and show me his size, which seemed immense, as he stretched himself, and then knotted his rough, greyish body into a great loop, with the fiery-eyed head in the middle. He was not one of the largest kind, but I was quite satisfied, and left him to his dinner of rabbits, which I hadn't the heart to stay and see him devour alive.

I was walking toward the camel's pagoda, when, all of a sudden,

a long, dark, curling thing came over my shoulder, and I felt warm breath in my face. "It's the boa!" I thought, and gave a skip which carried me into the hedge, where I stuck, much to the amusement of some children riding on the elephant whose trunk had frightened me. He had politely tried to tell me to clear the way, which I certainly had done with all speed. Picking myself out of the hedge, I walked beside him, examining his clumsy feet, and peering up at his small intelligent eye. I'm very sure he winked at me, as if enjoying the joke, and kept poking his trunk into my pocket, hoping to find something eatable.

I felt as if I had got into a foreign country, as I looked about me, and saw elephants and camels walking among the trees; flocks of snow-white cranes stalking over the grass, on their long scarlet legs; striped zebras racing in their paddock; queer kangaroos hopping about, with little ones in their pouches; pretty antelopes chasing one another; and, in an immense wire-covered aviary, all sorts of brilliant birds were flying about, as gaily as if at home.

One of the curiosities was a sea-cow, who lived in a tank of salt water, and came at the keeper's call to kiss him, and flounder on its flippers along the margin of the tank after a fish. It was very like a seal, only much larger, and had four fins instead of two. Its eyes were lovely, so dark and soft and liquid; but its mouth was not pretty, and I declined one of the damp kisses which it was ready to dispense at word of command.

The great polar bear lived next door, and spent his time splashing in and out of a pool of water, or sitting on a block of ice, panting, as if the mild spring day was blazing midsummer. He looked very unhappy, and I thought it a pity that they didn't invent a big refrigerator for him.

These are not half of the wonderful creatures I saw, but I have not room to tell more; only I advise all who can, to pay a visit to the Zoological Gardens, when they go to London, for it is one of the most interesting sights in that fine old city.

LITTLE PEARL.

CHAPTER I. — PLAYING MOTHER.

(*Continued from the February Number.*)

HY, it's Snip," she cried; "nobody but poor, dear, old Snip; and come quick, Agnes, I guess he has got another awful sick spell, — he is lying down on the piazza."

Snip was an old, kind-hearted Dutchman, whom Dr. Marsh had once hired to work in the woods; but Mrs. Marsh being without a servant at one time, and unable to get one, Snip, in gratitude for many kindnesses shown him, had made himself useful as cook, housemaid, nurse, and everything; for there was nothing but that he would do, for Mrs. Marsh and the children, — everything but leave off taking strong drink, and that, the poor fellow was far too fond of to renounce. After awhile, he became such trouble, that the doctor sent him away, and told him not to come back again; and he had not been there but once before since the mother died, and then he was his own true self, — now, he could not stand.

The children did not know what was the matter with him. Snip, not wanting to lose their confidence and regard, had begged that they might never know, that it was through his own weakness and wrongdoing, that he was so often sick.

"Oh, poor Snip!" said Agnes, as she quickly opened the window, and went to him. "Dear Snip, did you fall? — have you hurt you? — are you sick?" asked Agnes, all in a breath.

Snip smiled, but didn't speak.

"Don't you see, he's sick?" said Cassy; "and the best thing we can do, is to get him into the house before Miss Muggins comes, or she won't let him come in at all. It's no use to give him any-

thing to take, all he wants is to go to bed. That is what mother used to say."

"How are we going to get him into the house?" said Agnes.

"In the window, — there is no other way."

"Snip, don't you believe you can get up?" asked Agnes; "you'll get your death of cold out here. Come into the house, and lie down on the bed. Miss Muggins has gone off, and locked the door; but won't you go to the window, and try to get in? We'll help you, Snip. Please do, dear Snip?"

"Vot you vant?" murmured Snip; "you see vot I got here;" and the poor fellow felt round to find his pockets, for Snip always had some sweetmeats for the children.

"Oh, no matter about candy now, Snip," said Cassy, casting a pleased glance at the well-filled pockets; "all we want, is to take care of you."

And finally, after much coaxing and great trouble, they managed to get Snip on his feet and at the window. And there he stood, leaning forward on the sill, looking so smiling and free from pain, that they ceased troubling him for a while.

"I — got — someting — for — you — shilden," he said, finding his pockets, at last, and drawing out a great handful of nuts and candy, and giving it to Agnes, and another handful to Cassy, and a little box of figs and a paper of peppermints to Pearl; and when Bliss took his share, his little chubby hands couldn't hold all that was given, and more than half fell to the floor. And it amused Snip so much, to see Bliss pick it up, that he took another great handful out of his pocket, and threw it across the room; and then he laughed so heartily and so long, that Agnes and Cassy were afraid that he was "out of his head."

"I do wish that we could get him in," said Cassy. "Miss Muggins will be here pretty soon; you see if she isn't! Dear Snip, do please try to get into the window," she said; "just lean over, and try, and we'll help you."

But Snip was in a new mood now, — he was smoothing Pearl's long flaxen curls, and crying over them.

"Dear, how he does act!" said Cassy; "we'll never get him in, I know."

But Snip did try to get in at last. He tried, and fell headlong into the room; and the children were so afraid that he was hurt, that they all began to cry. But Snip blandly smiled away their fears, and after a few moments, they managed to get him into their little

bedroom and on the bed; and then Agnes gave him some warm ginger-tea, and bathed his head, and left him to go to sleep.

"Dear, I'm so glad that it is all over with," said Cassy, after they had gone back into the kitchen; "and now, let us put all of this candy and stuff out of the way, or Miss Muggins will want to know where we got them. And, Pearl, you had better stop crying, and put Noody upstairs, or she will want to know how she got hurt." (Snip, in getting on the bed, had fallen on poor Noody, and almost killed her; and Pearl was in great distress about it.)

"I'll wash up all the dishes," said Agnes, "if you will dress Bliss in his old clothes again, Cassy, and sweep the floor."

And they all began to work as hard as they could, that everything might be in order, when Miss Muggins returned; but, before they got half through, they heard her unlock the door.

"Now, Bliss, don't you tell that Snip is here," said Agnes; "we don't want her to know anything about it. Remember, now!"

"No, I vont," said Bliss; and Miss Muggins entered the room.

"Well, what have you been doing, turning everything upside-down? Did you eat all them eggs up? I haven't had my dinner, yet. Why didn't you wait till I got back? You little plagues, you!—if you have eaten them eggs, I'll—"

"Miss Muggins, I'll just tell my father of you!" said Cassy, her dark eyes flashing. "Go away, and stay all day, and then scold, because we got our dinners! We had a good right to the eggs; they wasn't yours. I'll tell my father, how you treat us!"

Cassy had never been so bold before, and Agnes trembled for the result. But Miss Muggins, though her face was red with anger, only said,—

"Don't you give me any of your sauce!" and then turned, and asked Pearl what she had been crying about.

"Noody brote her lade," said Bliss.

"Did Noody lay an egg today?" asked Miss Muggins. "I'll have Nood's egg for my dinner," and she started to go to the bedroom.

"Oh, there is no egg there, there is no egg there, Miss Muggins. Noody didn't lay an egg today!" cried Agnes, pale with fright, and catching hold of Miss Muggins's gown.

Miss Muggins looked suspicious. She pushed the children aside, and went directly to the bedroom.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, as she opened the door, "where did that beast come from?"—and the door was closed in great haste.

All explanations and excuses were of no avail. Miss Muggins raged in a fearful manner, and at last went softly back to the door and locked it.

"There!" she said, as she put the key in her pocket, "he won't get out of there till the doctor comes home, anyway, — the drunken old brute!"

As she entered the hall, she noticed that the sitting-room door was open.

"Well, sakes alive! how did that get opened?" she said; and then there was another great fuss, and she went in and put out the fire, and took Cress and the rosebush back into the kitchen.

"Now, you young ones, march upstairs; and don't let me catch one of you down here again till supper-time;" and she gave each a push into the hall, and shut the kitchen-door and fastened it.

"I never, since I was born, saw such a hateful, old wretch!" said Cassy; and she began to cry as hard as she could.

"Oh, don't cry, Cassy; you'll wake up poor Snip," said little Pearl. "Please don't, dear Cassy?"

Agnes was crying, too, but not aloud. She was thinking what she should do, if Snip should happen to awake and need anything.

"I don't care, we've got a good lot of nuts and candy, anyway, haven't we?" said Cassy, laughing out all at once, in the midst of her tears; "and let us go upstairs, and eat it all up. I ain't agoing to be good any longer; it's no use, where that bad old thing is."

"No, Cassy, we mustn't give up," said Agnes, "and we have eaten all we ought to eat now; let us keep the rest till tomorrow, and then have a good time with it. Come — come up into the playroom again!" — and she started to go ahead.

After the pleasant parlor, how cheerless the playroom seemed; the fire had gone out, and everything was in confusion.

"Oh, dear, dear!" exclaimed Agnes, looking disheartened. "There is nothing in this world but trouble!"

"Yes, here is some sugar-plums, and sticks of candy, and nuts and raisins, and apples and figs!" said Cassy, — spreading her niceties out on the floor in most tempting array. "Have you got as much as this, Agnes?"

"I don't know," said Agnes, sitting down on the floor beside Cassy, and displaying her share.

"Bliss has got more than all! Bliss, it will kill you, if you eat all that!" said Cassy; "let me put some of it away with mine, till tomorrow?"

"No, I vont," said Bliss; "I des you'd tate it all yerself!"—and he crammed it into his little pockets as fast as he could.

While Agnes and Cassy were trying to make Bliss put his part away, and not eat any more, they kept tasting and tasting of theirs, until finally, they began in earnest to eat all that they wanted; and in a short time, they had nothing left but a few pieces of broken candy, which they put aside, to give to Lule and Susy Fenwick.

Everything went wrong now. They had eaten so much, that they were almost sick,—and there is nothing that so clouds the mind and deadens the heart, as overeating; this, the dear mother had often told them; and now that Agnes had wilfully done one wrong thing, she was ready to do another. So, when Bliss had fallen asleep on the floor, and Pearl was busy over Noody in one corner of the room, and Cassy had gone downstairs after some water, she put on her hat, and crept softly out of the house, and ran as quickly as she could to the grove.

"Why, what's the matter, child?" said Mrs. Fenwick, as she met Agnes at the door; "you are all out of breath, and your face is as red as a piny! What made you run so?"

"I came to see Lule," said Agnes, "and I didn't want Cassy to know."

"Well, come in, dear; but I reckon you won't find a place to set down. The boys have ben out huntin', and have jest come in to their dinner; and Sarah is washing today!"

Agnes did, indeed, find things in confusion; and Lule was sitting in a corner, taking care of the baby, and looking as cross as cross could be.

"Goin' to have great times to our house, tomorro'," said Ben, Lule's oldest brother; "Sal is goin' to be married. Did you know that, Miss? She's goin' to marry that old man you've seen hopping round here so much lately."

"Hold yer tongue!" said Sarah; "or I'll give yer face a washing with these here suds!"

"He's had two wives already!" Ben went on; "and what he wants another one for, I don't see. And he's got about forty-two children, Miss; and so, tomorro'—"

"Marm," said Sarah, "make Ben shut up, will you?"

"So tomorro', at this time, Miss Sal will be Marm Sykes, and I'll be Uncle Benjamin. Sal, if you don't make them boys call me uncle, I won't come to see you."

"Lule," whispered Agnes, "is Sarah agoing to be married tomorrow?"

"Yes, she is," said Lule; "and we've got a lot of good things cooked, and dad has bought her a splendid dress to stand up in; it's all covered over with silk flowers. I'll show it to you, if this young one ever gets to sleep. And oh, Agnes! Uncle John and Aunt Maria, and my little cousins, are all comin' tonight! Oh, I tell you,—my little cousins have got some awful nice clothes! Uncle John is awful rich; they've got lots of white aprons, all trimmed with edgin', and silk dresses, and everything! I want you to see 'em. You and Cas will come to the weddin', won't you?"

"May I?" asked Agnes; "oh, I'd like to!"

"Yes, of course. Sha'n't she, marm,—she and Cas come to the weddin'?"

"If they want to," said Mrs. Fenwick, "and their father's willing."

Agnes forgot all her troubles in a moment; her face beamed with delight.

"Fix up nice, won't you?" said Lule.

Agnes turned away, and looked out of the window. As she did so, she saw Cassy coming, running with all her might, and Miss Muggins after her.

"Holloa!" exclaimed Ben, looking out at the same time; "that young one is a runner, I tell yer!"

"Oh, dear, do let me hide?" cried Agnes; ("Go under the woodshed," said Ben,) and she ran out of the back-door, just as Cassy reached the house.

"Go, hide under the woodshed, with Agnes!" said Ben, opening the door for Cassy; "the old lady won't find you there!"

But Miss Muggins did find them, and drove them from their hiding-place, and then they ran out on the prairie, and dared her to catch them; and being in very high temper, she chased them round and round, until at last she did succeed in catching Agnes; but Cassy ran back to the grove, and waited there until she saw her father pass, and then ran and jumped up behind the carriage, and rode home.

THE LOGGERS; OR, SIX MONTHS IN THE FORESTS OF MAINE.

ST. CROIX, OR SCHOODIC RIVER.

(*Continued from the February Number.*)

"WHENEVER you go to insinuatin', Jim," said the old Deacon. "I've kinder taken that young chap, sleepin' over there, into my hands; an' I know, when he gets well, he'll make an out-an-outer. No shammin'—I tell you!"

"He won't get well!" said Sacker.

"But he will!" replied Deacon, with much emphasis. "I know it, for he gets stronger every day; and what's more, he's 'tarmined to get well hisself, an' that helps 'mazingly. Afore the 'drivin'' is over, he'll lick Jim, if he wants to—I tell you!"

Another shout went up with the smoke and steam, at Jim's expense; but of course, I didn't allow it to disturb me.

"Shet up! can't ye, an' not wake him; sleep is good as medicine for weak folks."

"Faith, an' wasn't he the wake one when we brought him on the slid?" said irrepressible Jim. "Indade, an' I thought he'd go home a corrups on that same, before this day, sure! In me breast, I called his uncle a murtherin' fool, to send the likes o' he to the wilderness!"

"You see, his uncle knew something, don't ye? Lend us yer needle, Pat, to sew the buttons on my breeches; and then I must strengthen them on my vest, afore the big moose an' deer get along, that ye intend shooting. Nothing fats a feller faster;— lend us your needle, Jim?"

"It's lint intirely; Tom Clelan's got it — making a 'gum-bag' for his sweetheart, sure! No; Tom is lying on his back, smoking. Hollo, there! who's got the needle?"

The needle is found at last in the hand of Sacker; who, finding he couldn't write, has made four little bags out of the lining of his vest, and filled them with clear spruce gum, for his children at home.

Bang! goes a book against the side of the camp; and a boy near me jumps up, saying, —

"Confound the choking thing! What's the use writing books that way? Makes a feller tremble like a popple-tree, or an ager fit, — drizzling at the eyes. I never did try to read that 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' without making a blubberin' fool of myself. And now, if I really did believe the slaves were treated in that way," — standing erect and stretching forth his brawny arms, — "if I really did, I'd desert this camp before sunrise, and join the army, to put down slaveholders!"

"Goodness gracious!" cried out another, with a comical drawn-down face; "the child is taking the Patriotics, and must have a good dose of pennyroyal to drive it out, for it might strike to his vitals, an' kill him quicker than the measles. He's gitten delirious now, talking of leaving this camp afore sunrise, when there's e'en a'most a foot of snow."

"Shut up! will you?" exclaimed the youth; his bright, excited face losing much of its enthusiasm. "You make fun of everything out of your track; but there *is* a bigger world than ever you conceived of, and I mean to know something about it yet. If there is fighting to be done for a good cause, I'm the boy to help do it, — that's all, — laugh much as you may."

From my soul, I could say "Amen!" — and longed to hug the youth to my heart; but chose to remain quiet, and listen to the crude, original remarks.

"By St. Patrick!" said our Irish friend, coming in from the door, "but this is the storm intirely; an' I'd give half me wages for a good drink of 'Jamaky'!"

"Take a sip from the teakettle," said Cook, as he passed him a tin dipper.

"Niver a drap of tay goes into me stomach, that's longin' for the cratur, sure!"

"What'll ye do?"

"Do? I'll remimber the taste of the Jamaky till I get some more. Why, the remimbrance of that same is better nor all the tay in Amiraky!"

"Now, Pat, you know what a curse rum has been in your family."

"In me breast, I know it; but, faith, there's a spot here"—touching the pit of his stomach—"that tell's anither story. Me head says 'Nay, nay, Jim,' an' me stomach 'Yes, yes,' intirely."

"But, Pat, you can leave off, and will leave off, if ye try hard," said Sacker. "I've been over the whole ground, an' should have been dead now, God knows, if I hadn't stopped drinking. Why, I had sich a hankerin', I couldn't sleep nights, thinkin' on it,—sich a burnin', cravin' feelin', that many's the time I've got up nights for a drink of water, and made it black with pepper! The doctor said my stomach was all inflamed, an' I couldn't live a year, if I kept on drinkin' liquor. My face looked red, and swelled up; an' I was techy, and couldn't bear to see my wife look pale. If she was awful still, an' looked like for to cry, I was mad at her, cos I knew she was thinkin' of my failins'. An' then I was cross with every one; an' one time, struck my wee girl! Yes, I did, sir!"—the perspiration in large drops starting all over his rough, but kindly face. "I struck her, a little child, a heavy blow,—and shook her,—and sent her out of my sight,—drunken puppy, that I was; but it cured me!"

"How—how?" was the anxious inquiry.

"Well, you see, the little thing was scared, and run away to her aunt's, an' wouldn't come back; it's a fact, all the coaxin' I could do wouldn't bring her. Her mother's face grew white nor whiter, an' I began to think,—'Well, John Gray; which'll ye have, liquor or love?—they can't go together, that's plain!' An' so I wheeled right square round, an' I tell you, there's no other way. I had a hard time of it, for the hankerin' was awful; but I conquered! Thank God, I conquered; an' my wife is the happiest woman in Schoodic; an' my little gal clings to me like a burr. She's most

nine year old, and she sits in my lap of evenings now, kissin', an' tellin' her little yarns. Bless her! — I wish I had her here now, or that I could have writ that letter!"

"Have you no other child?" I asked, lifting my head from under the paper.

"Sartain — yes — three tearing smart boys; but none of 'em seems like my little gal, — so thoughtsome-like, an' loving!"

The stormy day, and the chat of the backwoodsmen, are nearly ended. The "Teamster," who has just come in from his cattle, says there's a stiff Scotch mist, and the night is dark as Egypt. Most of the men are sleeping; but a few are near the fire, strapping, and fitting snow-shoes, in anticipation of a crust for hunting.

11*th*. Glorious! glorious! — clear and cold today; snow just enough stiffened, to make travelling on snow-shoes easy!

Now for the moose-hunting I have longed for! Hurrah! hurrah! for the American elk! — hurrah! for the reindeer!

Four or five of our men are ready, — with guns, ammunition, and food for several days.

Am I going? Are you well enough? I seem to hear you say. Of course, I'm going. I believe I should die, if I didn't — or try to, anyway. Why, I am so excited, I can scarcely stand on my feet; my cap is up in the air, — and occasionally, my heels, too. Whoop — whoop — hurrah! Why, just think of it, Frank, — a real moose-hunt! Isn't it worth living in the woods a year for? Come on, boys, come on!

14*th*. We got him, Frank, — a noble fellow, weighing at least eight hundred pounds! — and I am to have the hide, my uncle says; and then you can see what game we have in these forests. But I must go back, and tell you the whole story.

We started on the 11th, four men, with your humble servant. The novelty of running on snow-shoes was great, almost realizing my childish ideas of seven-leagued boots, they took you so rapidly over the snow. They are three or four feet long, and rather narrow; ash-wood bows, and woven across, with leather or moose-hide thongs, like basket-work, with straps for the feet. Two or three pairs of stockings, and moccasins, are worn with them. The great surface they cover so lightly prevents our sinking through; while the sharp small hoof of the game causes them to slump through the crust continually.

Until noon, the second day, we saw nothing that interested us; then we heard the tinkling of sleigh-bells. We followed up the

sound, and found ourselves out on the road, in full sight of a "pung," and my good uncle with an Indian by his side! I assure you, he looked glad when he saw my improved condition, and told me, "he came up to take a look at me, and some moose, too, if he could get the chance."

A consultation was held, and it was decided to send one man back to camp with the horse, while we continued the hunt as long as the provisions held out. One or two buffalo robes were strapped and slung over the backs of the strongest men.

My uncle, and "Pete" (the new Indian), arranged their snow-shoes, and away we started. Before night, it became certain, by Pete's curious manner, that we were on the track of moose; and when darkness came on, I expressed my disappointment. "Never min — we have 'em yet," said the Indian, snapping his fingers. "Mooses neber go off that way," — throwing his hand forward in a tangent; "always come round — this — so — sartain," describing a circle. No camp being near us, it was decided to build a large fire, and scoop out the snow in some way, to make us comfortable for the night.

The men worked diligently in digging our bed; and with snow piled high all around us, and the buffalo robes over us, we managed to pass the night very comfortably. At the earliest dawn we awoke, and eating part of our food, and fastening on our snow-shoes, before a great fire, we started. To our great joy, we soon found that Pete was right; we were within the circle of a "moose beat," and should soon come upon them. It seems, a few moose congregate together and tramp the snow around in a circle, sometimes of a mile or less, within which they browse upon the young trees and undergrowth. There are various cross-roads within the circle, and many of them had the appearance of being tramped down by horses' hoofs.

The sun had hardly risen, when we discovered one of these noble animals, looming up magnificently, as he roamed about the forest in search of his breakfast. Like an epicure, he tasted of one green, then of another, daintily shaking his head, and elevating his nostrils, quite unconscious of the bullets waiting for him.

I was delighted with this opportunity of seeing the natives of the forest perfectly at home. No museum can give us their peculiar movements and appearance half as well as one glance at them in this manner. Pete says, "he hear 'em soon — soon smell 'em!" — and so he seems to be scenting us, or his danger; and the grand chase commences.

The report of the first gun — failing to hit him — has started him off in a peculiar rapid trot, head protruded. Away we fly, over the crust; now catching glimpses of him through forest-aisles, again losing all sight of our noble game.

Toward noon, and just as we were despairing of our morning game, we came upon the track of a pair of these grand animals.

The greatest excitement prevailed; my graduating-day won't be a circumstance to this one, Frank; even my uncle, so very dignified at home, hallooed and shouted like a boy.

In less than an hour, we had run down, and shot one of them. The exertion and excitement began to tell upon me, and my uncle insisted upon my return to camp. Two or three men were detailed to skin and dress the moose; and as much as possible, we took along with us.

I never enjoyed a steak more, than the one we broiled before starting. It much resembles beef, and is highly esteemed by

epicures. The exercise and pure cold air made me enjoy it more than a porter-house steak under cover.

Before we left the "beat," I stumbled over a protruding moose-horn, and, by digging a little, I found the most splendid specimen of the kind you can imagine. And I mean to have them fixed up in our room at college; perhaps the skin stuffed and set up, antlers and all, "ship-shape;" for I am almost sure *I* shot the fellow, although several others took aim at him.

Five or six men have gone for the meat, and to assist in the chase, feeling almost sure they will take one or two more moose on that "beat."

16*th*. Uncle, and all the rest, have come back, completely tired out. They succeeded in taking one more moose, which is probably the first one we saw. He is immensely large, and is to be taken home whole. The men say he will weigh fully nine hundred, dressed. As he lies stretched upon the sled, I can hardly help feeling pity for the monster. Such a huge, strange animal, — evidently formed to feed upon trees, like the cameleopard, — the head and fore-shoulders setting so high, and the hinder-parts drooping.

A gentleman in C———, it appears, succeeded in partially taming a pair; harnessed and drove them as a span a few times, but finally sold them to go west, where they only lived a few months.

My uncle tells me, "that he once started early in the morning for wild pigeons, and saw a moose come rushing forward, over fences, and almost into the very village. If my uncle had been cautious, and taken bullets, he might have shot the animal, not an eighth of a mile from his own door."

Such instances were very rare, however, even in the early settlement of the country, and never occurred unless the game was driven in by the Indians.

MY DOVES.

OPPOSITE my chamber window,
On the sunny roof, at play,
High above the city's tumult,
Flocks of doves sit day by day.
Shining necks and snowy bosoms,
Little rosy, tripping feet,
Twinkling eyes and fluttering wings,
Cooing voices, low and sweet, —

Graceful games and friendly meetings,
Do I daily watch to see.
For these happy little neighbors
Always seem at peace to be.
On my window-ledge, to lure them,
Crumbs of bread I often strew,
And, behind the curtain hiding,
Watch them flutter to and fro.

Soon they cease to fear the giver,
Quick are they to feel my love,
And my alms are freely taken
By the shyest little dove.
In soft flight, they circle downward,
Peep in through the window-pane ;
Stretch their gleaming necks to greet me,
Peck and coo, and come again.

Faithful little friends and neighbors,
For no wintry wind or rain,
Household cares or airy pastimes,
Can my loving birds restrain.
Other friends forget, or linger,
But each day I surely know
That my doves will come and leave here
Little footprints in the snow.

So, they teach me the sweet lesson,
That the humblest may give
Help and hope, and in so doing,
Learn the truth by which we live;
For the heart that freely scatters
Simple charities and loves,
Lures home content, and joy, and peace,
Like a soft-winged flock of doves.

L. M. Alcott.

BUNNY.

TOMMY was a bright boy, and very fond of pets. As a reward for conquering a bad habit, his father gave him a pair of pretty young rabbits. He loved them, and watched over them, and fed them very carefully. But suddenly, from some unknown cause, one of them died. Tommy was sad enough about it; and took great pains to bury his little favorite under a tree on the lawn. He got a bit of marble for a head-stone, and asked his older brother, Ned, for an epitaph. Ned was a waggish fellow, and, quizzing poor Tommy, he wrote this:

Reader, here a rabbit lies;
White was his fur and pink his eyes;
His little mate deplores his loss,
And Tom, the money that he cost.

Tommy didn't like either the poetry or the sentiment; and so he only scratched on the stone,—

BUNNY, AGED 3 MONTHS.

THE LITTLE DYKEMAN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME EUGENIE FOA.

LONG time ago, a very long time ago, a man and woman lived in the city of Harlem, in Holland. The man was a dykeman, that is to say, a man who takes care of the dykes. Do you know what the dykes are? No!

I am going to tell you. Holland is a country

surrounded by canals, rivers, and rivulets. If the water were not held back by the dykes, Holland would be more frequently under the water than over it, and that would be neither healthy nor agreeable to the inhabitants. Now this flood is kept in its place by immense wooden doors, which are set a great distance from each other, and shut off the entrance to the reservoir which holds the water. When the land needs moisture, the dykeman raises the gate a little, or much, — if it is necessary to have much water, — just as you would move the handle of a pump! But he always closes the gates before he goes to bed, for fear the water should run in the night, and overflow the banks, or flood the country, and destroy the inhabitants. That is well known, even the children are aware of that.

But I must tell you about the dykeman. He had a little boy eight years old. One day, this little boy asked permission to carry a cake to a poor old man, who lived near the floodgates.

"Go, but do not stay long," said his father.

This, the boy promised, and went away. The blind man was pleased with the cake, for he was poor, and did not have such a treat every day. The boy was glad that he had made the blind man happy; and as soon as he had seen him eat the cake, he said "Good-by," and obeyed his father, by returning home immediately.

All along the borders of the canals, — filled with water, because it was in October, when they are flooded by the autumn rains, — the boy sang, and stopped to gather flowers, — little blue flowers, — which his mother dearly loved. And gaily, thoughtlessly, like any child of his age, he stooped and rose again, sang and threw his sweet, fresh voice out on the air, and at the same time, cast to the winds, the same pretty little blue flowers, that he cared for no longer. The path became still more lonely, and the country seemed deserted; for you could no longer hear the footsteps of the cottager going to his home, or the voice of the wagoner shouting to his mules. The little boy very soon saw, that the blue tint of the little flowers could not be easily distinguished from the green leaves of the larger bushes. He looked at the sky; night was approaching. Not like a dark, winter night, but a clear, serene, and beautiful one, in which objects could be seen distinctly, not quite so plainly as in daylight, but still very clearly. The boy thought of his father, and of his advice; and he began to climb out of the hollow, into which he had descended, and to ascend the hill. Suddenly, the faint sound of water, trickling over the stones,

arrested his attention. He was near one of the great floodgates of the dyke. He looked about, he searched for the place where the sound came from, and soon discovered a crack in the wood; and through the crack, the water was running.

I have told you before, that there was not a child in Holland, who did not understand the mischief this would make. The stream of water, which was no bigger at first than your finger, would soon enlarge the hole, — increase, become a cascade, a great sheet of water, a torrent, then a terrible inundation, which would cause the ruin of the inhabitants, and perhaps, their death. The little Hollander did not hesitate a moment; he threw away the flowers that he held, and climbing from stone to stone, until he reached the crack, boldly pushed his finger into the hole, and saw, with delight, that the water ceased to run — it could not get out.

It was all very well at first; the boy was rejoiced at his stratagem; but the night grew darker, and with night and darkness came the cold. The boy looked about — he called — no one came; nobody heard him. He determined to wait until the day dawned. But alas! the cold became more and more intense, and the finger, that was placed in the hole was quite benumbed; from the finger, the numbness spread to the hand, then to the arm, and reached the shoulder; but the boy did not stir from the spot. His distress became more intense, and more and more intolerable. The little dykeman cried; he thought of his mother's anxiety, and about his father, and his little bed at home, where he could sleep so soundly; but he did not stir. For if the water had burst through the restraint, which his little finger opposed to its fury, he would have been drowned; and not only him, but his father, his mother, and even the whole village. So he wept; but he did not stir.

Daylight found him in this perilous position, without his courage having failed for an instant. At that time, the curate — who was returning from passing the night by a dying man — came that way, on his return to the parsonage. As he heard groans in the pit, he looked down, and saw a child seated upon a stone, with a pale face, eyes filled with tears, and almost writhing in pain.

"What are you doing there?" inquired the curate.

"I am keeping the water from running out," replied the little boy, innocently, who had displayed in a night, the courage and fortitude of a hero.

Can you believe, that history has not preserved the name of the little dykeman who saved his country? S. W. L.

THE STORY OF MY CHICKENS.

ONE day, when I was very sick, an old Irishwoman, who wanted to be very kind to me, and had nothing else to give me, brought me a live hen! In a day or two, Biddy began to cluck about the yard; and I made a nest for her, and put an egg in it, hoping she would take the hint, and lay me some eggs for my breakfast. But she did not. She took her seat on the one egg, and there she sat, so long, that I knew she did not mean to come off until a little chick should grow in the egg.

"So," said I, "old lady, if that's your game, I'll get some more eggs for you to sit on; and if you won't lay eggs for my breakfast, you shall hatch chickens for my dinner." Then I bought thirteen beautiful, great white eggs, and put them under Mrs. Biddy, and she pretended to sit on them three weeks; but she did not behave very well. She broke some of the eggs before the chickens were grown, and she strayed away from the nest pretty often; and so the little chickens in the eggs were chilled with the cold, and died before they were born.

At last, one day, I heard a great noise in the yard, and looking out, saw Mrs. Biddy strutting about, followed by four little black chickens. She was very fierce, and scolded a great deal, and was altogether a cross mother, who did not seem to know how to manage her children; for she flew about so carelessly, that she crushed one little Blackie before he could walk much, and his poor little sister was drowned in her own porringer, before she was a week old. So, I had left, of my thirteen white eggs, only two tiny black chickens.

They grew, and scratched in my garden all summer; and when the snow came, I shut them up with their mother in a warm house, hoping that they would lay me eggs enough in the spring to pay me for all my trouble.

But alas! when spring came, young Blackies began to crow with all their might; and by this, I knew they were cockerels, and that

every time they said "Cock-a-doodle-doo," they *meant* "I'll lay no eggs for you."

Then I bought four nice white hens, and fed them all I could; and at last, one day, when I had quite forgotten that I expected any eggs, I found a nest full.

I was as glad as if I had found six gold dollars; so glad, that I thanked the good hens, and gave them more nice food, and they gave me every day, four lovely eggs, — not white eggs, as you would think white hens would lay, but dark brown, speckled with white.

But one day, when I went to bring in my eggs, I found only a nest full of broken shells. I was pretty angry for a moment. "You bad hens," said I, "do you eat your own eggs, after all my care?" "Cock-a-doodle-doo," answered Blackie Rooster, — which meant, I suppose, that if they did eat them, it was no business of mine, — and he puffed himself up, and looked very big, and put on airs when he said it, as if he wished to add, "I rule here, and I won't stand any meddling with my family affairs." But the good hens seemed ashamed of his crossness to me, and they stammered out, "Cut-cut-cut-cut-cut-dah-cut," which meant, "don't feel so badly about it, we'll go right to work, and lay some more." And so they did; but before I could get them, these too were all broken, but in such a way, that I was sure the good hens had not done it, but a bad rat.

Rats love eggs, and they often steal them from the nests; and how do you think they carry them off? I never saw them, but I have heard that Master Rat takes the egg in his four paws, turns over on his back, and cries, "Squeak, squeak." Then in comes his brother, and seizes Master Rat by the tail, and drags him off, egg and all, just as a boy would drag his sled by a rope. This rat did not carry my eggs off, but ate them in the nest; so I played a nice trick on him by giving him china eggs, which were too hard for his jaws to crack, and after that, he troubled me no more.

One day, I said to the largest of my good hens, that I would give her her own eggs to sit on, if she would only hatch me some chickens. "Cluck, cluck; I'll try," said she. So I made her a soft nest in a basket, which I put in a warm place, near the furnace, in our cellar. In this nest, I put eleven brown eggs, speckled with white ("there's luck in odd numbers," thought I); then I took Mistress White in my arms, and set her gently on the eggs.

She bustled about in a very important manner, laid the eggs all

over in a different way, and talked, in her hen language, to me all the time, saying, I suppose, "You did the best you knew how, and I am much obliged to you; but you see, you never laid any eggs, and, poor thing, you can't be expected to know much about it." After she had fixed them all to her mind, she sat down, and I covered her up with another basket. It was the fourth of March when she took her seat, and I remembered it, because it is the very date on which the President of the United States takes his seat, or begins to be President.

Well, I fed her every morning, and took her off her nest to let her walk about a little; but, for days and days, there were no signs of chickens. One Sunday morning, — when I lifted her off as usual, — I said, rather impatiently, "Old Biddy, I do believe you are fooling me, and that you never mean to turn those eggs into chickens." Then I covered her up and left her; and now comes the strangest part of my story.

The next morning, when I went down to feed her, I took hold of the upper basket, when "Cluck, cluck — don't touch," said Mrs. Biddy, in warning tones. Then I heard a soft little peep, and before I could imagine what it was, there stood the dearest little Yellow-legs on his mother's back, chirping away at a great rate. "Cluck, cluck," said Biddy; "don't fall." "Peep, peep," whistled Yellow-legs, "who's afraid?" and fell to eating corn-cake, as if he had been fed on it for years.

"Cluck, cluck, — see here!" said Biddy to me, and pushed out from under her broad wings another little Yellow-legs, as like the first as could be. I hurried on the cover of the nest, and ran away, for I did not know but rats liked chickens as well as eggs, and I did not like to have the hen talk so much about her children, for fear the rats might hear; and besides, I was a little afraid my great cat might put his whiskers into the basket.

In about an hour, I thought to myself, "Now, I cannot wait any longer; I must go and find out how large a family Biddy has got." I took off the basket, lifted the mother-hen carefully off her brood, and such a beautiful sight as met my eyes! My eleven dark brown eggs, speckled with white, all turned into eleven soft, little yellow balls, each little ball with two snapping black eyes, and two yellow-legs! Each little yellow-ball blinked at me with his little black eyes, and started off at a round trot on his little yellow legs.

The old hen cluck, clucked, and winked at me in a knowing way, as much as to say, "You thought you were very wise when you scolded at me yesterday, but I knew what I was about; such chicks as those are not hatched in a hurry."

I got some pudding, and the eleven little yellow down-balls ran at it, and ate great mouthfuls, and "peeped" away, as if they said, "Oh! we never tasted anything half so good before."

They grew large and strong very fast. One day, I found old Lady White sitting in the sun, with two of her children fast asleep on her back. "Cluck, cluck — get down," said she, and shook them off, when she saw me. I gave her some worms, and you should have seen the chickens play at bobcherry for them with the old hen. One smart little chap, that could not jump high enough to reach his mother's bill, climbed up over her back to the top of her head, and seized the worm in that way. "Cluck, cluck — shame! shame! — rude boy," said Mrs. White; and all his brothers and sisters chased him, crying "Shame! shame!"

But with all their mischievousness, I saw they meant to be very good, for in the midst of their fun, their mother called them, — "Cluck, cluck! that will do, children," — and they all stopped playing, and ran and cuddled down quite still under her wings.

COUSIN ALICE.

UNCLE ROBERT'S LETTERS.

No. I.

VENICE, *May* 5, 1867.

MY DEAR LITTLE BESSIE, — I am writing you this letter from Venice. Now, Venice is the queerest place you ever saw or heard of. It is a city, where men and women live, just as they do in Boston; but it is built all in the water, and the streets are all the time full of water, like little rivers. When I tell you that it is built in the water, I don't mean that it is a city built on a large island, and water all around it; but it is like this: Suppose you should take your box of houses I gave you last Christmas, and stand the houses all together, and the two white churches, with the red roofs and tall spires, alongside of the houses, and put them all in a tin pan. Now, if you should pour a little water in the pan, the houses would all be standing in the water. Well; that would be like Venice. It is built on seventy-two little islands, all close together, and the islands have little bridges across from one side to the other. Now all these seventy-two islands contain a great many houses, and their cellars are always in the water. The houses are built of marble, and stone, and brick; because, you know, if they were built of wood, it would soon become rotten, and the houses fall down. Green seaweed, such as you find at Nahant on the rocks, grows around all the houses. "Well," you will say, "that must be a funny city." So it is; for there are no horses and carriages there, and the little boys and girls can't play in the streets, as you see them do at home. Some little boys and girls grow up to be men and women, and have never seen a horse nor a cow, nor sheep. They can't go out snow-balling, because there is never any snow there; and they can't go skating, because the water never freezes. The boys don't know what base-ball is; and the little girls never heard of a croquet set. I wonder how you would like to live

there? You would have to be very careful, for if you dropped your thimble out of the window, it would sink down into the water, and you could not find it again; or, if you should drop your beautiful Paris doll, she would get a cold bath, with all her fine clothes on. Winnie, too, would have to be very careful, for he is very fond of dropping his penknife and his marbles. But they don't have marbles here to play with, for they have no streets to play them in.

Now, I will tell you what I have seen in Venice that's very odd. In the first place, there are two round, granite columns, very high, that stand near each other. On the top of one of these is a large stone lion, with great big white marble eyes. He is a very fierce-looking lion, with his mouth open, and his front paw lifted up; and he has great big wings too, like a large bird. Now, will you remember what I tell you about him? When you are reading in the Bible some day, you will learn of four great beasts that St. John saw in a dream. One of them was a lion, and had wings. They were supposed to represent the four of our Saviour's apostles who wrote the Gospels, — Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. The lion was supposed to represent St. Mark. Well, when Venice was a flourishing city, many hundred years ago, the people prayed to St. Mark, and asked him to be the guardian of their city, and keep off all kinds of diseases from them, and preserve them from war. They built a very large church, too, and called it after St. Mark. So he is the saint of the city, and every one prays to him. I do not think this is right, for they can have no one but God to help them. But the people who live in Venice believe St. Mark will always protect them. So they put a great stone lion on this pillar, where every one can see it, and it is called the Lion of St. Mark. You know, we have the eagle on all our shields, and on the gold and silver money. That is because the eagle is the American emblem, just as the winged lion is the emblem of Venice.

Then, on the next tall pillar by its side is a large crocodile, and a man standing on his back, with a spear in his hand. This is St. Theodore. These two tall granite pillars stand about twenty feet apart, and the space between them has become very noted, as I will tell you in the next letter I send you. The only land in Venice is a large square, covered with flag-stones, like our street pavements. On three sides of this square are all the stores; there are jewellers, and bookstores, and restaurants, and photograph stores, and plenty of others. At one end, where there are no stores, there is a large and curious old church. This is the Church of St. Mark, and

is very, very old. It is not like any church you ever saw in America. It has three round domes like the cupola on Boston State House, only not so high. It has five doors, and the tops of the doors are all rounded. The middle door is higher than the others, and over it are four horses, made of bronze. These are very curious old horses, and were brought from Constantinople. The Venetians had a very peculiar way of building their church; and because it was built to worship God and the saints, they thought it would not be wrong to steal all the fine things they could get, to put in it. Venice was a great seaport, and vessels came in there from all parts of the world,—from China, and Africa, and Asia,—and then sailed away again, for another cargo. Now, the Venetians said that no vessel could come into their port, unless they brought some curious and costly present to the church. So then, the sailors, when they were in a foreign country, used to get what they could find; and sometimes they were not very honest, and took whatever they could lay their hands on, and even robbed other churches, to build the cathedral at Venice. So some brought columns of marble from Syria and Armenia; some carried away from Jerusalem the alabaster columns of the Temple; some brought pictures, made of little bits of different-colored stones; and others brought bronze figures, and slabs of colored marble for the floor. One of the funniest-looking things that I saw, was this. On one of the outside corners of the church, are four little men, all holding hands, and made of red marble. They represent four kings, who were called the four Cæsars. These four red men were stolen from a place called Acre, and have stood here, on the corner of this great church, for many hundred years, joining hands, and holding tight on to the column. Here they stand now; and, like other men, have had their photographs taken. But what do you suppose was stolen, besides these mosaics, and marbles, and bronzes? You could never guess. Why, they even stole the very bones of the holy apostle St. Mark. St. Mark had died about nine hundred years before this church was built, and his bones were carefully preserved in Alexandria, in the temple there. One day, two wicked sailors said they would steal his bones, and bring them away to Venice. They tried very hard to get into the church at night, but it was always locked up. So they went, one Sunday morning, when service was being said, and hid themselves in the church; and when the people had all gone, they went behind the altar, and opened the tomb, and there lay the bones of St. Mark. But when the tomb of the

good apostle was opened, there came out a sweet smell of spices and incense. This smell filled the whole church; and the sailors were afraid they would be discovered by it. So they went away. But after a while they went back, and took the bones out, and put them in a bag, and covered them up with pork, so they would not smell, and carried them to the ship. Then they set sail in the ship, and after many long days, arrived in Venice once more. Oh, how the people rejoiced, when it was known what a present they had got. How they shouted, and prayed to St. Mark, and sang hymns, and danced. Then they carried the bones to the new church, and put them in a new tomb, and sealed it up; and there they say they are now. But I don't believe all the people say and think here; and you must not. I can't tell you whether this is true or not; but the Venetians say it is.

Outside of this church are two large red flagstaffs, and the colors of Italy float from them now. Besides, there is a tall square tower, with a pointed roof, in which is a large bell. A man lives in the tower all the time, and every half-hour he rings the bell. Then, too, near by, is a large clock. On it is a statue of the Virgin, and another gold lion of St. Mark. The clock is painted blue, and has gilt stars on it, to represent the heavens at night; and it has a gilt moon, which rises and sets whenever the real moon does. Two black men, made of wood, stand on each side of the great bell, — above the clock — and whenever it is a full hour, they beat with hammers on this bell. You would be greatly pleased to see them.

UNCLE ROBERT.

This is Bessie's reply to her Uncle's first letter. She is only seven, and I rather think her mother must have told her how to spell all the words: —

DEAR UNCLE, — I got your letter. I like what you said about Venice. My doll has broke her arm, and the sawdust came out. Papa will mend it. Did you see the big lion with wings? Winnie put it near the stove, and her eye melted out. I have got a kitten with a bell on her neck. She drinks milk; when are you coming home? I should be afraid of losing all my playthings, if I lived in Venice. Could my kitten live in Venice? Old Billy is lame. Papa won't whip him, and he won't go fast. I put my houses in the bath-tub, and all the paint came off. Does the paint come off in Venice? My doll is sick. Mamma sends her love, and I send a kiss; it has got the measles. Good-by. BESSIE.

THE ORIGIN OF MANY THINGS. — The sources of our familiar food are various indeed. A small part of the catalogue of vegetables borrowed from foreign regions, runs through half the globe. Among breadstuffs, — wheat and buckwheat come from Asia, rye from Siberia, and rice from Ethiopia. Amongst greens, — the cucumber comes from Spain, the artichoke from Sicily and Andalusia, cresses from Crete, lettuce from Coos, onions and parsley from Egypt, cauliflower from Cyprus, spinach from Asia Minor, asparagus from Asia, shalot from Ascalon, beans from India, horseradish from China. America has given us the potato and Jerusalem artichoke. Amongst fruits, — we owe the filbert, pomegranate, walnut, quince, and grape, to Asia, the apricot to Armenia, the lemon to Media, the peach to Persia, the orange to India, the fig to Mesopotamia, the hazelnut and cherry to the Euxine, the chestnut to Lydia, the plum to Syria, almonds to Mauritania, and olives to Greece. Amongst plants which are used for various purposes, are coffee from Arabia, tea from China, cocoa from Mexico, tobacco from the New World, fennel from the Canaries, cloves from the Moroccos, the castor-oil plant from India. Amongst trees, — the horse-chestnut tree comes from India, the laurel from Crete, the elder tree from Persia. Amongst flowers, — the narcissus and carnation come from Italy, the lily from Syria, the tulip from Cappadocia, the jessamine from India, the nasturtium from Peru, the dahlia from Mexico.

A CURIOUS SENTENCE. — The following curious sentence, "Sator arepo teret opera rotas," is not first-class Latin, but may be freely translated, "I cease from my work; the sower will wear away his wheels." It is, in fact, something like a nonsense verse, but

has these peculiarities: 1. It spells backward and forward all the same. 2. Then, the first letter of each word spells the first word. 3. Then, all the second letters of each word spell the second word. 4. Then, all the third; and so on, through the fourth and fifth. 5. Then, commencing with the last letter of each word, spells the first word. 6. Then, the next to the last letter of each word; and so on, through.

How to Preserve Ice. — Dr. Schwarz has communicated the following simple method of preserving small quantities of ice, which he has practiced with success: Put the ice in a deep dish or jug, cover it with a plate, and place the vessel on a pillow stuffed with feathers, and cover the top with another pillow carefully, by this means excluding the external air. Feathers are well-known bad conductors of heat; and, in consequence, the ice is preserved from melting. Dr. Schwarz states, that he had thus preserved six pounds of ice for eight days. The plan is simple, and within the reach of every household.

Good Advice. — When you make an appointment, you contract an obligation, a debt; therefore, be not a minute late. Why should you wantonly squander the time of another, by keeping him waiting? Would you like to be so treated?

"Count that day lost, whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done."

Jacob Bobart, Oxford, Eng., 1700.

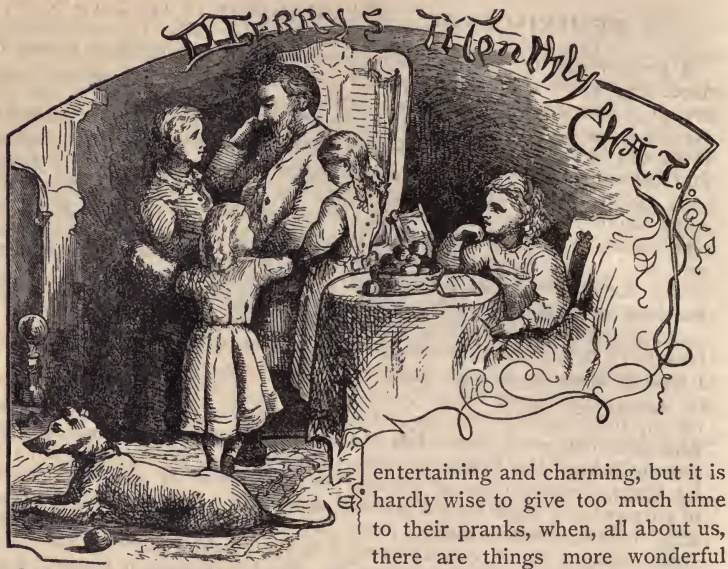
The $800,000,000 of gold, which the California mines have produced in the last eleven years, would weigh 1,327 tons, and occupy a space 12 by 15 feet, and 12 feet 4 inches high.

A judge, in Indiana, threatened to fine a lawyer for contempt of court.

"I have expressed no contempt of court," said the lawyer; "on the contrary, I have carefully concealed my feelings."

A Favorite Air. — One of a party of friends, referring to an exquisite musical composition, said, "That song always carries me away when I hear it." "Can anybody sing it?" asked a wit in the company.

Many run around after felicity, like an absent-minded man hunting for his hat, while it is on his head.



SPRING has come; though we find it hard to believe, with snow and ice all about us, bleak winds howling overhead, and Jack Frost nipping our noses. Nevertheless, it is a pleasure to think that winter is over; and, in spite of the cold, we find our spirits rising as the sap rises in the trees, pleasant hopes and plans begin to bud as the leaves do, while we wake and watch for balmy winds and the first green grass, as eagerly as the flowers underneath the snow.

One of the plans which have sprung up, at the first breath of spring, is a desire and purpose to show our young readers some of the lovely and wonderful miracles which take place around them in the summer world. Children are continually demanding fairy tales, and as the old folks dearly love to please them, they get rather too many, I'm afraid. Giants and elves are very entertaining and charming, but it is hardly wise to give too much time to their pranks, when, all about us, there are things more wonderful than giants, and little creatures more charming than fairies.

In the April number of "Merry's Museum," we shall try to prove this, by giving all who choose a peep into "Willy's Wonder-Book."

"Lulie C." wants to know what has become of the photograph which she sent Uncle Merry nearly a year ago, and is troubled by not receiving a reply to her last letter. In answer, we can only say, that the new editor knows nothing about the matter, and fancies that, in the confusion of the late changes, both picture and letter have been mislaid or forgotten. We don't know the addresses she wishes sent her.

If "Northern Light" will look in the February Chat, she will discover the cause of the silence of her cousins.

In place of letters, we give a pleasant Reminiscence from one of Merry's old friends.

A REMINISCENCE.

A good while ago, may be, — indeed, *long* ago, I suppose, the readers of "Merry's Museum" would esteem it; and yet it seems a short, short way to travel back, to me, in that beautiful time "when I was a little girl," — I can remember some stray numbers of "Parley's Magazine" about the house. Probably I was too young to know anything about them; the most I recall, is the look of some of their outline-drawing pictures, and the impression that they had no covers. Doubtless, I was, in those days, more engaged in expressing gooseberry cordial for my dolls, and putting away the wild strawberries I gleaned in the pasture behind the house into jam for them, — manufacturing packets of garments for paper babies (which, alas! babies, dresses, and a', were, some unhappy times, washed in my dress-pocket!), than in any literary pursuit. I suppose, when school was done, I played, as little girls ought, and visited, at frequent intervals, the smallest kittens in the world, out in the deacon's kitchen-chamber, — so beautiful and soft, in the basket with their purry mother!

But, after these small days, when the craving for stories began to develop, I well remember, one red-letter day, my father came home from the city, with a "Merry's Museum" for me and my brother, and told us we were to have one henceforth every month.

Dear old "Merry's Museum!"

Peter Parley and Robert Merry were henceforth heart-friends, one and indivisible, in my own mind; in whose proper existence thus blent, I had no more doubt, than of the good deacon's across the yard, where we breakfasted Christmas mornings.

Those days, and their incidents and belongings, are all connected in my mind, and harmoniously, — although they may seem vague, and possibly fictitious; yet what I am recalling, is true to memory.

Then I had "The Girl's Book," and my brother "The Boy's Book;" and we had "The Parent's Assistant," — its beautiful tales bound in yellow, with scarlet figures all over the covers, and on each, in the midst, inscribed "The Parent's Assistant," which sentence I could never understand, — although I loved all the rest of the book so, — and have studied it wistfully, and then wished it were not there! I believe Miss Edgeworth herself regretted it, as unsuitable.

We had "Frank," too, in one volume, and "Harry and Lucy," in two, each with fine steel vignettes. We followed these good children in many a wise experiment and invention; and I can recall some imprisoning, and mountainous snow-storms, when Harry and Lucy seem to be as real as ourselves. Then there was "Sanford and Merton," my own; with my name inscribed on the bright yellow fly-leaf.

But "Evenings at Home," I privately detested and despised in my own heart; and did not feel sorry when the thick, short book, "complete in one volume," cracked midway, and Jehu was sent from the fellowship of fable, wisdom, and verse!

Then, from the Village Library came a few prized children's books. Mrs. Howitt's; Mrs. S. C. Hall's; Miss Sedgewick's; and wonderful, delightful "Swiss Family Robinson;" always on the wing, and never to be kept long enough, any of them.

One of our schoolmates — not too old to swing us, and play blind-man's-buff and puss-in-the-corner, and help us make molasses candy, in our respective homes — took the "Youth's Companion:" the most concerning which I remember, is, that he kept them in file, in a deep, square box, on the top of his books; and that when I held them, I thought they smelt very much like his father's red and black cattle which W. used to drive to and from pasture. Perhaps I was a fastidious little miss, for my brother never appeared to think of the thing.

These are about all our reading I recall, as we come back to dear old Merry again; for I have not said my say concerning that, by any means. There was nothing to be compared to it in all the others; for it was new and fresh, and constantly recurring. It was the "golden mean," the *juste milieu*, — meeting all the others lacked, and leaving all that was in them distasteful.

Then it was "*our magazine!*"

There were not then, two for every week, and a satiety of choice, enough to make what was common despicable to an indulged race of juveniles.

Indeed, it is all the one I heard of then, — the best one, and the only one, in *our* world, at any rate; and its continued stories became happy families, in progressive existence, to us. We adopted them unquestioningly, and speculated upon their monthly visits to us in *propria personæ*, between whiles, discussing their deeds, and rejoicing in the world they saw and brought to us.

Three volumes, bound in calf, and fawn mottled paper, and some odd numbers unbound, remain to me of those bygone times. I have been looking at them today, and my judgment is the same the child's verdict was. They are sensible, life-like, interesting, good.

Perhaps the good should have come first; I place it last, because it comprises all the others. Stories, Travels, Adventures, Fairy Tales, Descriptive and Miscellaneous Papers, Verses, Music, Correspondence, and dear mysterious little Puzzles. I see it is wise, beyond what our years then knew; and doubtless this was a great part of the charm to thoughtful childhood.

It would surely indicate that children's masticating powers had deteriorated painfully, to judge from the infinitessimal mince their serial-makers now provide them; and its analysis, I fear, discovers nutrition in homœopathic proportion. Or is it, that the youth has become dyspeptic in mind from the serial surfeit, and that kindness requires the fashionable diffusion to have been diluted?

Strong old Merry's motto was — "Educate up." He never stopped and stooped to explain a thing to death. In each of these volumes there is a score of papers, sensible, well constructed, thougthtful enough for an adult to thoroughly enjoy. And every time the child read them, his liking grew; for the fruit was ripening for him on the trees of knowledge old Merry had planted; and well wise Robert knew the principle of such growth, and goodly was the choice he made in his pleasant, profitable nursery.

Years have gone by since I held a number of "Merry's Museum" in my hand. I do not even know if it has been sustained through them. My impression is, it has not, in unbroken issue. But yesterday, taking up "The Journal," I saw the announcement of "Merry's Museum" for February, new series, vol. i., No. 2," and it struck me very pleasantly; and, as I laid down the paper, it seemed but turning my head gently, to gain a happy retrospect of my childhood, and all that "Merry's Museum" was to it and us.

I cannot but trust it still is to other children, — companion, playmate, story-teller, judicious friend; educating while delighting them, as is Nature's world with wisdom developing their faculties by the law of growth.

Kind Peter Parley sleeps.

I was grave when he died, for I knew we had not looked upon his like. It is due to him, and to my own desire, to pay this tribute — true, and yet not full — to the *old* Museum; and to bid the present new God-speed among the children and youth.

May it be to you what the old one was to three children once, who have lived to appreciate it.

Most kindly yours,

MAY HAWK.

Florian

answers correctly twenty-two out of the thirty puzzles in the January number, and wins the prize (her second) for that month.

QUESTIONS, ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

60. I am composed of 17 letters:
My 1, 16, 14 we all do.
My 3, 5, 15, 10 is a coin.
My 9, 16, 6 is an edge.
My 7, 8, 12, 17, 2, 4, 10 is to try again.
My 6, 13, 11 comes in the spring.
My whole is the motto of one of the United States. *Ada S.*

61. I am composed of 17 letters:
My 6, 10, 9, 17, 3 is a girl's name.
My 12, 2, 7 is a vehicle.
My 11, 14, 5, 8 is a lake.
My 1, 13, 15 is much worn by ladies.
My 16, 4 is a preposition.
My whole is the name of one of Mr. Merry's chatterers.

NAMES OF FLOWERS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

62. A vain, silly fellow — a fop superfine.

63. A brilliant perennial, a very dull wine.

64. A musical tube, what bees do all day.

65. A fidgety thing, call it "hands off," you may. *S. F.*

66. Curtail a tree, transpose, and leave another. *G. T. McKinney.*

67. Change a letter in the name of a bird, and make a plant. *Cis.*

68. A waterfowl, an excrescence on the oak, a musical insect, and an edible plant: the four initials form the name of a monkey. *Forrest.*

69. Niwe si a cormek, gnorst krind, si gingar. Showeover si vicedede byheret si ton swie. *Eddie E. Perkins.*

70. I am a word of seven letters, containing 1, a part of speech; 2, a woman's name; 3, a man's nickname; 4, went fast; 5, a kind of feed; 6, an organ; 7,

fearless; 8, to rage; 9, poison; 10, two animals; 11, a vegetable; 12, a building; 13, at no time; 14, part of a church; 15, not far from.

S. Harp.

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

71. Sentence a people. *Comet.*

72. Peter, draw near. *A. R. T.*

73. One of the nine. *Rena.*

74. Briny boy. *Auntie.*

GEOGRAPHICAL.

75. Paint trouble.

76. Excellent expectation.
Hal Bowles.

77. A title and two pronouns.
Hickory.

ANAGRAMS.

78. Sure leaps. *Fred.*

79. Trim a tin saint in air. *Sigma.*

80. Trip Eva! *Double you see.*

81. Hide police. *Tommy.*

Fill the following blanks with the same words transposed: —

82. — you should — free of —; it was — to steal the —
Alice Tipton.

83. Joe, run to the ——, and bring me a quart of ——. *B. B.*

84. — —— – from ————.
Minx.

Correct the following sentences:

85. I sent to Paris for a dozen pair of gloves.

86. A variety of amusements are delightful.

87. I saw all kind of animals at the show.

☞ *Answers must reach me before the 8th of April. Those received later will not be credited.*

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER.

1. Camel.

2. Gymnosophist, Syncategorematic.

3. Commencement.

4. Violet.

5. Tendril.

6. Siren, serin.

7. Cheat, atche.

8. Rock, cork.

9. Alcove, a clove.

10. Winifred.

11. Crave, fight, mend, ply, work.

12. Gig, I, gig.

13. Uncle William.

14. Read this and study it,
And solve it as you may.
If you get the puzzle prize,
Then you will have your pay.

15. Alphabet: 1, halt; 2, hat; 3, hate; 4, heap; 5, heat; 6, heal; 7, bat; 8, lap; 9, pate; 10, peal; 11, tap; 12, pet; 13, Pat; 14, beat; 15, tea.

16. Capering (cape, ring).

17. Matrimony.

18. Playmate.

19. Lonesome.

20. Bream, bear.

21. Sword, word.

22. Fear led, federal.

23. Inelegant, eglantine.

24. Sent, tens, nets, nest.

25. His rap, — parish.

26. Prior.

27. Young.

28. You *mistake.*

29. "He *did* read but one book," or "he read but one book."

30. Who s hames ace crib bler B rake one cobweb through, He s pins the s lights elf pleas in G thread an ewe. D s Troy his fib or sophistry in vane, the Crete ewer sat his dirty-work egg N. ———

"Who shames a scribbler? Break one cobweb through,
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew,
Destroy his fib or sophistry in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again." — *Pope.*

Of the above puzzles, —

Florian answers all but 2, 11, 12, 16, 22, 23, 25, 30.

Belle answers all but 2, 5, 6, 11, 12, 16, 20, 22, 23, 30.

F. R. S. answers all but 2, 6, 12, 15, 16, 22, 23, 25, 27, 30.

Max answers all but 2, 5, 6, 11, 12, 15, 20, 22, 23, 25, 30.

C. W. J. answers all but 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 11, 12, 15, 16, 23, 25, 30.

Wolverine answers 1, 10, 13, 14, 16, 17, 18.

Minnie answers 1, 10, 14, 17, 18.

D. S. W. answers 14, 29.

Notices to Correspondents.

Lorain Lincoln. Your contribution was *multum in parvo.*

D. S. W. Our prizes are given to those who answer the greatest number of puzzles each month.

Florian. Is your present address the same as in 1863?

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to L. E. E., Lorain Lincoln, F. R. S., and Max.

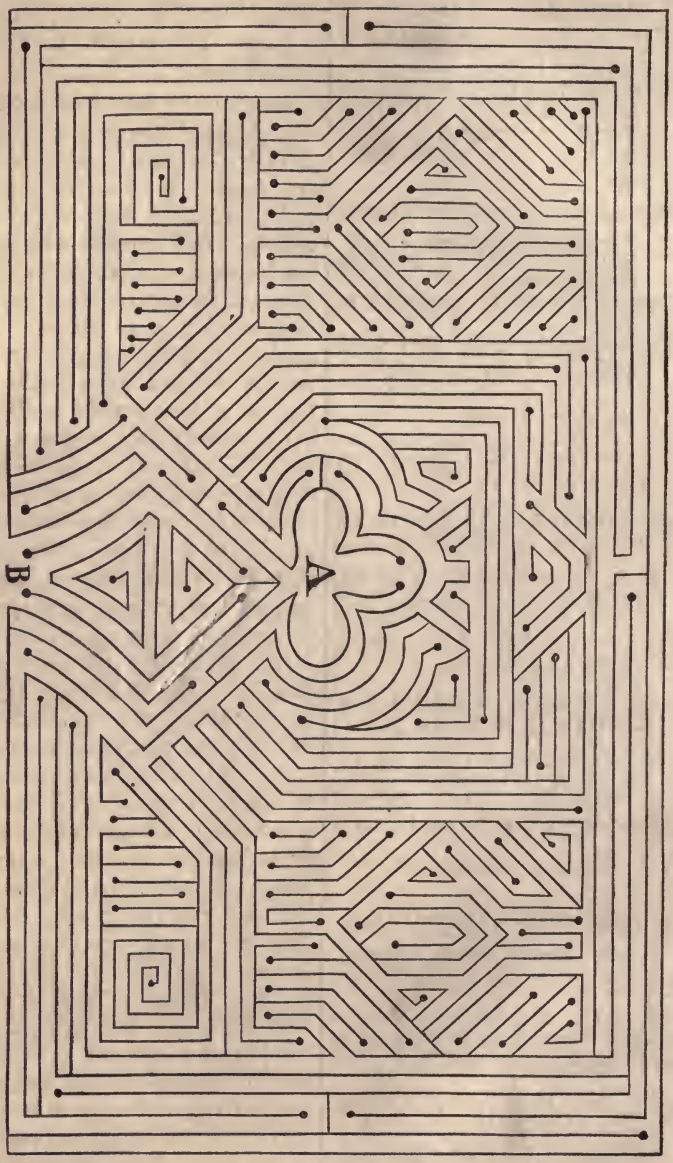
Book Notice.

Morning Glories, and Other Stories. By L. M. Alcott. Price, $1.25. Boston: H. B. Fuller, Publisher.

Miss Alcott's little book, with its vine-wreathed cover and frontispiece, is a delightful mixture of fact and fancy. Many of the stories which it contains are new and suggestive. In "Shadow Children," for instance, children follow their shadows for a day, doing all the work which they see them do. The shadows lead their pupils into the garden, to pick peas, — into the kitchen, to help a tired mother in her household cares, and to keep a fretful baby quiet; when the children are at play, the shadows keep them from going into dangerous places, and lead them safely home at night. "I shall be very careful where I lead my shadow," says the youngest of the three children, as he lies in bed; "'cause he's a good little one, and set me a righter 'zample, than ever I did him."

There are pretty stories of seashore life in the book; and, drollest of all, an account of a visit to a "Strange Island," where dwell many famous people, — many of whom are passed over in silence by the author of the "Dictionary of Fiction," but who are quite as well known, as any who are mentioned in that book. "Why, it's all 'Mother Goose,' from beginning to end!" said a little girl, to whom we read it, opening her eyes very wide. And so it is, for the island is inhabited by all the heroes and heroines of the works of that wonderful old woman.

The Clover Labyrinth. — Designed by Aunt Sue.



The puzzle is, to get from the entrance (B) to the centre (A), without crossing any of the lines.

MERRY'S MUSEUM

VOL. I.] *APRIL*, 1868. [NO. 4.

THE DOLLS' MASQUERADE.

FOUR o'clock, on a July afternoon! The old-fashioned clock on the landing, halfway up the broad stairs, struck, and one of the little girls at the nursery window said,—

"Oh! only four o'clock! I wish it were teatime!"

"What's the matter, Trot?" said one of the two, who were exchanging whispered confidences at the table. "What is it? Tired?"

"I want something to do," answered Miss Trot, somewhat sulkily.

"Why don't you read?" replied the other. "Look at Flossy; she hasn't taken her eyes off her book since dinner."

"Oh! I've read all my books," yawned the little girl. Then, in a more cheerful tone, she said, "O Gret! Do you know, that Flossy's birthday will be three weeks from next Wednesday?"

"No! Will it? How old, Flossy?"

"What?" said the little child in question, just raising her eyes from her story-book. "What did you say?"

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by H. B. FULLER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

"How old shall you be, next birthday?"

"Ten. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. What are you going to do?"

"I don't know, exactly; I'm tired of parties."

"So am I," said Trot, very decidedly; "they're all alike. And whatever you do, Flossy, don't ask any boys."

"Why not?" laughed Gret.

"Oh, because they're such bothers, — always teasing, and playing 'Post-office,' and 'Pillow.' And when I went to Katie's, last time, that great rude Bert pushed me down."

"I can't have a girl's party very well," said Flossy. "And, besides, most girls like to play with boys."

"I'll tell you something nice," said Gret. "Do you know what a masquerade is?"

"I do," said Flossy.

"And I," said Bessie, who had not spoken since the conversation began.

"But I don't," said Trot, piteously.

"Well," answered Gret, drawing a long breath, "a masquerade is a party, where everybody 'dresses up' and wears a mask. Emily went to one, last winter, as somebody out of a book. I believe it was the 'White Lady of'—— something or other. At any rate, she was all in white, veil and all, and had her hair down. And I went —"

"Oh! I know who it was!" interrupted Flossy; "the 'White Lady of Avenel.' Papa let me read the book last winter. Wasn't there a 'Halbert' with her?"

"Jamie was a Highlander," said Gret; "but I don't know what his name was. I was going to say, that I went to Nell Craigie's, — she's my very particular friend, you know, — to see her sister dressed for it. She was a peasant."

"What! like the one in your hat?" exclaimed Trot. "How funny she must have looked."

"No, dear, that's a pheasant, — I said a peasant; one of the pretty little girls who come in on the stage, with their bright skirts and black bodices. I believe people dress so in France; don't they, Flossy?"

"I don't think they do every day, at least," answered Flossy. "They have to work, and would spoil their clothes very soon."

"Never mind," said Gret. "What I was going to say, is, that we might have great fun dressing your dolls for the birthday. To be

sure, I'm too old to play with dolls myself;" and the little maid of thirteen drew herself up with great dignity. "But I like to dress them. How many have you?"

"I have four," said Bessie.

"And I, six" — "and I, eight," cried Flossy and Trot, in a breath.

"Whew! Eighteen in one house," said Gret. "Oh, and mamma's coming, you know; and I'll write to her for Fergus."

"Who's he?" said the others.

"My old Edinburgh doll. Uncle James brought him home, years ago. His name is "—— she took up a pencil, and wrote "Fergus Mac Ivor Vich Ian Vohr," saying, "I can't pronounce it, and I don't believe you can. He's in full Highland dress, and used to be very handsome."

"I think it will be very nice," said Bessie; "for we know ever so many girls who have six or eight dolls apiece. We needn't invite more than half a dozen, and then nobody will feel slighted; because, it isn't a party, you know."

"But Trot and I can't make the dresses," said Flossy, doubtfully.

"You can; or, if you can't, you ought," answered Gret; "and I'll make Trot's."

Just then, Bessie said, "There's mamma coming," and rushed downstairs to meet her, and to tell her of Gret's plan. Before long, "mamma" was comfortably established in her sewing-chair, listening to the plans of the four girls.

"You may have your masquerade on one condition, Flossy," she said, at length.

"What is that?" said all the children.

"That every one makes her own dresses. You may consult me as much as you like; but you must not ask me to sew for you."

Bessie, who was a wonderful little needle-woman, said, — "I shall like that, mamma;" but Flossy, who, as she said, "hated sewing," looked somewhat disconsolate, until her mamma said, "You don't know what you can do, till you try, little girl." Then she brightened a little, and grew quite cheery when Bessie said, — "You know ever so much more about book-people than I do, Flossy, and you can pick out nice characters for your dolls. I'm afraid, though, all mine will be peasants or nuns."

"You have time enough for sewing," said her mother, "now vacation is so near. Are many of the girls going away?"

"Yes, a good many."

"Who are to be at home on the birthday?"

"Let me see — Katie, and Molly, and Sue, certainly; and perhaps Mabel and Lina."

"They, with their thousand dolls, more or less, will be enough, I think," said her mother.

"Yes, indeed," answered the children. "Let's ask them now."

"If you like," said their mother. "But be sure to explain about the masks; and say that no one is to let the others know what her dolls are going to wear."

The children put on their hats, and went down the lane which led toward the village, chattering all the way about peasants, monks, and fairies, until Gret told them to keep their ideas, if they had any, to themselves.

Gret, although not many months older than Bessie, felt quite aged; for her home was in New York, while her cousins lived in a pretty village near Boston, and did not very often go away from it. She had seen so many wonderful sights, and had been at so many places, that she seemed to the little girls, a young lady of vast experience. She had come to the old house early in June, and had been a very pleasant companion for her cousins; for she could sew and embroider as neatly as Bessie, had story-books in her trunk for Flossy, and made a pet and plaything of Trot, when she was not teaching or learning wonderful new "Afghan" and crochet stitches, or singing, or playing duets.

The four girls were very happy for the next three weeks. Trot no longer complained that she had nothing to do; for all her spare moments were spent in Gret's room, dressing dolls. Bessie was always busy about her usual work; and how she found time to design her costumes is a mystery, unless she did it in her sleep. Flossy succeeded quite wonderfully, her mother said; and frequent whisperings with her "big brother" Fred, helped her in her search for "book-people," whom her dolls could personate. "Mamma's" old bandboxes were overturned, and many were the treasures which were found in them. Fred laughed, at first, at the whole affair; before long, however, he told Flossy that he had some ideas of his own for the masquerade, but that she was not to say that he would do anything, since he wished to surprise the other children.

"Theodora!" said he, one day.

"What?" answered Trot, looking up from gilt paper which she was cutting.

"What are you making, my dear?"

"Oh, something for the dolls' party."

"Indeed! Is one of the dolls to appear in a gold suit? — or why do you dazzle my eyes with so much brilliant paper?"

"Shan't tell you," said Trot, decisively.

"Oh, I have it! Mademoiselle Rosalinda is to appear as the 'Fair One with Golden Locks;' and this, I suppose, is the hair. Isn't it somewhat coarse, though," he continued, taking up a long strip of paper.

"Shan't tell you," repeated Trot.

"Margaret — Elizabeth — Florence! Do you see the fine moral effect of your masquerade? It has impressed the necessity of secrecy upon the infant mind of Theodora! I suppose that she'd rather be drawn at the heels of eight, sixteen, two-and-thirty wild horses, as somebody in Dickens says, than tell what she is going to do with those bits of paper."

"Frederic!" said Gret, "you know you wish you were a girl, that you might dress a doll for the party."

"My dear Peggy," answered Fred, solemnly, "it is much better to be a boy, and have a kind cousin to dress such relics as these," holding in one hand a battered rag "Dinah," — whose wool, made of ravelled yarn, had been torn off by rough hands, and whose few remaining locks were in a very dishevelled condition, — and in the other, a large tailless and earless lamb.

"Where did you get those things, Fred?" cried Gret and Trot, in a breath.

"Out of my cabinet, of course. Haven't I kept them, with tender care, ever since they used to sleep with me every night? Shan't they go to the masquerade? Behold!" and, striking a theatrical attitude, he placed the doll upon the lamb, and held her up to the admiring gaze of his sisters and cousin, saying, "She's going as 'Little Bo-Peep,' don't you see? There's no need of amputating poor Nanny's tail, either; for it's already left behind her. By the way, Peg, your uncle's going to New York tonight, and if you want any finery for your ball, now is your time. You have twenty-five minutes to write, and he has only a valise; so that you can't be very extravagant in letter or trunks."

Gret flew to her own room, and wrote: —

"DEAR PAPA, — Flossy is going to have a dolls' masquerade next week, and I want some things for it. Please, go to my closet,

if mamma left the key, and take the green bandbox on the second shelf; also, the long box, in the third drawer of my bureau. Don't make a mistake about it, and send my furs, or something absurd. I am well, and growing fat, and hope you are. Haven't time for 'dutiful regards,' or anything of that kind. Therefore,

"I am your GRET."

"P. S. Don't forget that the bandbox is" ——

"Time's up," shouted Fred, on the landing.

Gret sealed her letter, gave it to her uncle, and awaited the results, which appeared, at the end of the week, in the shape of a large box, containing the Scotch doll, and a Parisian lady, with a wonderful wardrobe. So far, so good; but—— "Where's the other box, Uncle Robert?" said Gret.

"Oh, I left it in the wagon."

"Here 'tis," said Fred, running in with a large blue bandbox.

"Oh, how could he?" cried Gret, opening the box, and displaying — her last winter's hat.

"Too bad!" exclaimed Bessie! "What made him?"

"I don't know; I'm sure I wrote *green*. Did you see him take it, Uncle Robert?"

"No; I didn't go to the house. Your father takes his meals out, and gets on as he can, now your mother and Emily are away. I'm sorry about it, I'm sure. I suppose it's hardly worth sending for by express?"

"No; it's only a box of silks and ribbons. I suppose that I can get on without it; but Eugenie won't be as fine as I should have made her."

"Never mind, Gret," said Flossy; "mamma will give you something, I know. And you can have anything of mine."

Gret went to her aunt, and, finding that she had finery enough to make up for all that was lying in her closet at home, begged of her what she needed, and worked early and late.

At last, the birthday came, and was welcomed, as a birthday always should be. It was bright and cool, after a heavy shower in the night; and the garden was never so charming, the little girls thought, as they went to gather flowers for their playroom, of which Fred had taken possession, early in the morning, — telling the girls that, if they knew what was good for them, they would stay in another part of the house, until he requested them to return. The great baskets of flowers which they brought from the garden were

placed at the locked door, and taken in by Fred, who had a quick eye for effects of color, and a skilful hand for arranging wreaths and bouquets.

At three o'clock, the girls, in their pretty muslins, knocked at the door. Fred opened it, with a low bow, saying, "Enter, ladies; the ballroom is ready."

They went in, uttering exclamations of surprise and delight; for Fred had made out of the large, bare room, a real bower.

"It's like Fairyland," cried Flossy.

"Like the ballroom where Cinderella danced," shouted Trot.

"Like the Arabian Nights," said Gret and Bessie, together.

The windows were darkened, so that not a ray of daylight came in. The walls were draped with dark cloth, except at one end, where, on the white wall, the word "Welcome," in letters made of bright flowers and trailing vines, greeted those who entered. Around the dark walls were hung Chinese lanterns, whose gay colors and fantastic forms had reminded Gret and Bessie of the Arabian Nights; and, around and among them, were more bright flowers, grouped together with careful regard to contrasts of color. From the middle of the ceiling hung a basket, filled with mosses, ferns, and ivy; and at each side hung smaller baskets, from whose sides drooped delicate maidenhair and the tiny leaves and blossoms of the partridge-berry vine. At the end opposite the "Welcome," were placed chairs for the "live" guests, overhung by eleven lanterns, in honor of Flossy's age. Around the sides of the room were placed low seats for the dolls; and, in one corner, stood Fred's violin-case.

The girls rushed at Fred, and hugged him until he declared, that, if they didn't stop, he would not come near them all the afternoon.

"Boys aren't so bad, after all;" said Trot, "I wish we had asked some."

"Nonsense!" replied Bessie. "They would'nt come to such a party. But — there's a ring at the front-door bell. We must go for our dolls."

In half an hour, all the guests had come; and the masquerade was ready to begin. All the dolls had been left in a large closet, under the charge of Gret, who was to act as mistress of ceremonies. At last, when Fred had "opened the ball," by an air on his violin, and when his father and mother had been seated under the lanterns, Gret appeared at the door, and gravely announced —

"Her Majesty, Queen Marie Antoinette!"

The royal lady, in full court-dress, — with hoop, powder, and feathers, carrying in one hand a large fan, — was made to enter the room, and to take her seat, while Gret, who assisted her, said, "All the guests will be presented to Her Majesty. I announce —

"'The 'White Lady of Avenel,' and 'Halbert Glendinning!'"

A doll, all in white, veiled so that her figure was not visible, arm-in-arm with the Highlander, approached the throne (?), and bent as low as their jointed bodies would permit. Gret seated them, and brought in Little Mabel, with her "gown of blue,"—

"Her little kerchief on her head,
And her tidy little shoe;"

— supported, on one side, by an Indian Chief, and on the other, by a dashing Zouave; all of whom kissed the queen's hand, or rather touched it with their masks. After they had been placed, silent and stiff, on the low seats, the brightest "Little Sunbeam," — all in white and gold — danced in, and stood before the queen; while Gret said, in a very small voice, supposed to proceed from under the doll's gilt mask, "Please, your majesty, there's no need of me here; it's so light, that a poor little ray such as I am can do nothing."

"Stay with me, Little Sunbeam," answered the queen. "I need you; for I see dark times coming, and I want something bright by my side."

And the Sunbeam was made to glide into the seat next the queen, and sat there during the whole afternoon, greatly to the delight of little Trot, who had worked for days on the costume of her favorite doll, fearing that she would not look as well as the others, and who could hardly believe her own eyes when she saw her seated in state by the queen, who was Gret's beautiful Eugenie.

One after another, came in, peasants of every nation, — a pretty Norman girl, with her high cap; a German, with two long flaxen braids; and a Roman woman, in holiday-dress.

"Aunt Jessie told me how to dress my doll," said Molly to Flossy. "She used to see the girls come in from the country on holidays, when she was in Rome."

"Oh, how nice," answered Flossy; "papa told me about them once. But, who's that coming in?"

"Little Red Riding Hood, and her Grandmother. Don't you see the wolf behind them? What is he made of?"

He didn't look very ferocious, to be sure, for he was only cotton-flannel; but he was a very respectable and well-behaved wolf — for a masquerade.

Then there were "Cinderella," and the "Prince," and the "Fairy Godmother," side by side with "Beauty and the Beast;" and many another from the dear old books, that are always young. And a "Daughter of the Regiment" came in, with a military salute, and offered her canteen to a "Sister of Charity," who turned away, in a fit of mild indignation, and went to the peasant-girls, who bowed before her. And fairies sat by witches, never caring whether the old creatures with broomsticks could do them harm. "Prince Bulbo" and the "Fairy Blackstick" seemed to be talking together, while Giglio and Rosalba were looking at little Nell and her grandfather, who walked in wearily, and were placed in a corner.

At last, when all the dolls had been brought from their hiding-places, Fred whispered something to Gret, who went away, and presently came back with an immense elephant, who walked around the room, and caused the frightened dolls to scream violently. That is, screams were heard; and, as the dolls' mouths were under their masks, it is but fair to suppose that the sounds issued from them.

"Now," said Flossy, "you must all go around, and look at the dolls. Mamma, I want you to see how nicely the dresses are made."

They were, indeed, made with great skill, considering the youth and inexperience of the costumers, who had shown great ingenuity in making bits of silk and lace and ribbon produce very fine effects. Of course, no masquerade is ever complete without an "Evening News;" and Katie — Flossy's "intimate friend" at school — had dressed her wax doll very neatly in newspaper, with a fan and head-dress of the same material. Mabel had brought a "Butterfly" and a "Spanish Lady," both of whom had been arrayed by her own little fingers; and very pretty they were. "Night" and "Morning," of course, were there; and the "Evening Star" was seen in one corner, seated next "Croquet," who seemed to ask her to join her on the grass, before it grew too late.

"Now, mamma," said Bessie, "don't you think we've done well?"

"Yes, indeed," said her mother. "And it has kept you all busy too, I know."

"Why," chimed in Lina, "my mamma says that I haven't sewed so much in a year, as I have this week."

"I'm sure I've done more, this week, than I have in six months," said Flossy; "I don't know but I might say a year, too."

"I think you might," added her mother, smiling. "Now, if Fred will play for you, perhaps you will like to dance. It will be hard work to move the dolls, and I would let them look on."

Fred played waltzes and polkas, and the little girls danced until they were quite tired; when tea was announced, and they went downstairs, leaving the poor dolls to their own thoughts, if they had any.

After tea, the girls unmasked their dolls, handed them around for each other's inspection, and went home very happy.

Flossy's masquerade had kept nine little girls busy for three weeks of vacation, — the weeks which sometimes drag so wearily, when children are at home. It had taught some of them to sew neatly, and had given others many pleasant hours among books. It had, therefore, been the cause of much good to nine little heads and eighteen little hands. K. E.

THE LOGGERS; OR, SIX MONTHS IN THE FORESTS OF MAINE.

ST. CROIX, OR SCHOODIC RIVER.

(*Continued from the March Number.*)

EBRUARY 17*th*. Again he has gone, and taken the giant moose, which he will have stuffed for a trophy, it may be possible, for me, and our menagerie; for this good uncle is capable of all generous things.

Would you believe it, he has left me Pete, "to show me something about deer-hunting." Bless his splendid soul, for giving me such a joy!

A live Indian — a hunter — to show me all the wonders of forest life!

Look in "Arabian Nights," or any book of wonders, and see if you can find anything that reads like that?

Better than the key to the enchanted palace, this red man is to me. Better than all living uncles, is this one with the large, large heart. I could almost bow down and worship him, for bringing me out of the "slough of despond" where you last saw me.

I often think how you would enjoy this forest life, with your fine constitution; how you would rejoice in nature and fine deer-hunting.

The air is almost always sharp and cold, but exhilarating. I eat my coarse, early breakfast with a relish, and go regularly to work now, without fear or feeling of indigestion.

I can swing the long-helved axe quite handsomely, although not yet an accomplished chopper.

Sometimes I mark the logs, by cutting through the sappy part; sometimes trim the branches; and a few times I have helped lay the monarchs low. All I do is done with a will! I love it, as I did our first feats in the gymnasium, and find myself a great admirer of nature.

Last night, it smoked badly in camp, and Pete and I went out into the clearing, sat down on a log, — with our backs against the cattle-camp, — and told stories! Some of his droll accounts of Indian life I shall repeat when I see you.

This clearing of ours is about an acre, in a circular form, surrounded by lofty pines and hemlocks, black and white spruces, arbor vitæ, — firs, black and funereal, others brilliantly green; — *all* glittering with frost in the rays of moonlight, as though the Good Father delighted to add this crowning, crystal beauty to the works of His lavish hand.

I never was accused of being religious, Frank; but, within this grand amphitheatre, whose walls seem as impervious, and far more beautiful than sculptured Grecian temple; with the bright stars and moon sailing over us, I thought of Him who had given me such keen enjoyment with moistened eyes. For, surely, such desires are not given us for a day; but the beauty we enjoy here is but a foretaste of the greater glory that we may enjoy in eternity.

18*th*. Perhaps I was dreaming before I went into camp last night; for I remember Pete gave me a great shake, saying, "No sleep; then no get 'em deer. Go, sleep so many," — counting five on his fingers, — "then maybe start early, find 'em; one, two, — good many deers — s'pose — maybe!" Quick as thought, I hurried in, throwing myself under my quilt, Pete smiling grimly — saying, "Guess 'em much hurry when me speak 'em deer. S'pose nebber catch much that kind, — he! he!" Pete and I were soon asleep.

20*th*. Another snow has fallen, followed by just such a sprinkling of rain, as to give the desired crust. Away we go, — hurrah!

hurrah! — Pete and I, and as many more as can find snow-shoes. Over the crust, over the snow, — faster than ever you thought you could go. Really, Frank, this is like the fabled travelling with "seven-leagued boots." It is really astonishing what strides you can take, and how rapidly you can get over the ground.

We were not long in reaching a "deer-beat." Some six or eight timid, beautiful creatures rushed from us, terrified and trembling; but sure to be taken at last.

Pete made us lay aside our guns, saying,— "Much hebbe — no use — catch 'em this way!" closing his arms together, and looking complacently at the large knife hanging at his belt.

Poor things! — scattering here and there, struggling in the crust, legs bleeding, and soft, brown eyes looking up, so piteously, when fairly tired out, — I could not kill one! I would not cut their beautiful throats like a butcher.

Five were slain within a short distance. (Enough, surely, for all domestic purposes.) There I stood, holding the sixth, trying to get my courage up to *sticking* point! What could I do? Pete was laughing, — and, I am afraid, some of our men.

"Much great hunter, him! S'pose no sleep — one, two night — talk 'em so much 'bout 'em deer. How scared! see 'em blood-run! He! he! Stick 'em, boy — no be coward."

"Boy! coward!" — wasn't my blood up? But a bright thought flashed through my mind.

"I will keep this, Pete," I said, "to take to Boston — show folks — no good in dead ones," — contemptuously kicking the warm body of one lying at my feet. "Take this to Massachusetts — show 'em 'bout Maine game!"

Wasn't this a grand *coup d'etat?* Did ever strategy equal it? Pete at once saw I was no "coward," and jumped about to make a halter for my deer, of a pliable twig.

We will own this beautiful pet together, you and I, Frank; for I am determined to bring him home, if it takes my half-yearly allowance. (Between you and me, I could not have killed him, looking up at me so piteously, even if they had thought me a coward;) but a happy thought has removed all suspicion of that.

Each man dragged along his trophy, as fast as the weight allowed. Pete and I led ours; and when we came in sight of camp, we were met by pleased faces, and vociferous cheering. Cook was in great glee, handling the venison with all the interest and minuteness of an epicure. "Let's see," he said, throwing his

head on one side, and squinting an eye, as though deep in mental calculation; "let's see,—five or six hundred weight, sure,—that's it," bringing his hand down with a heavy slap upon his person; "that's the figure! Fresh meat enough, and to spare, as long as we stay here."

Leaving Cook dissecting the game, Pete and I went to work making a coop for the pet deer, by the side of the cattle-hovel. Before we had finished to our satisfaction, and initiated the timid darling into the mysteries of civilization, we smelt the savory odors of our dinner; and, I assure you, I enjoyed it exceedingly. Tell it not among the intellectual; but I tell you, Frank, I rushed toward it with more eagerness than I ever did toward any lecture-room!

As I entered the camp, Cook was sifting into the huge boiler his last spoonful of black pepper. To my laughing remark, that "I longed for the glory inside," he said, complacently, "There's

all the difference in the world betwixt moose an' deer; as much as 'twixt goose an' chicken." After the peeled potatoes and onions were well cooked, the savory mess was served up.

"Irish Jim," who had thirsted so, on that stormy day, for "Jamaky," could not stand the pressure, and took himself off home about that time. His place has been supplied by a queer genius, — a fellow that sings psalm-tunes, and never goes to sleep without reading a chapter in the Bible, aloud, if the boys will let him.

Without the ceremony of shaving, he was called "Parson," the first day he came among us; his tall, dignified presence, and iron-gray hair suggesting the title. No man is earlier at his work or more diligent than he. He writes sometimes, of evenings, and the men say, "is making sermons;" talks but little, but always cheerfully, excepting when they indulge in coarse jokes or profanity; then he speaks out. "Boys, boys! that don't pay; there's no sense in speaking lightly of One we've got to cling to, sooner or later." Sometimes words of advice follow, so kindly spoken, that I notice the good effect for many days.

After all our laughing, Frank, there *is* something grand in a truly religious man, — one pure in life and speech, — free from all cant and pretence. I often feel my whole nature uplifted by this simple, earnest backwoodsman.

Last night, he impressed me strangely, and created quite an episode in my rather coarse life. I went out, as usual, about nine, to take a look (or rather a hearing) of my pet deer. It was very windy, and our lantern unfortunately had lost some of its glass. So I crept along cautiously in the darkness, occasionally looking at the clouds sailing above our amphitheatre. I heard a clear, distinct voice, repeating the words of the Psalmist, "Great is the Lord, and of great power! His understanding is infinite. He covereth the heavens with clouds, and prepareth rain for the earth. He giveth to the beasts their food, and the young ravens when they cry. The Lord takes pleasure in those who fear him, — in those who hope in his mercy. While I live, I will praise the Lord. I will sing praises to my God while I have being!"

Every night, at some time, we had missed the Parson, — probably his time was spent in adoration. As I heard the deep, earnest voice, and saw the kneeling figure, — head bare, and thrown back in the dim, winter light, the dark forest for a background, and the sighing of the pines for an undertone, — I concluded it was one of the most sublime scenes my young eyes had ever met.

March 5th. Large loads of provisions are daily arriving; not for us, but for the use of the "log-drivers," when the spring freshet opens the brooks.

This forelaying is indispensable; as, after the snow has left, transportation is almost impossible, until after the lakes open, which is seldom earlier than the second or third week in May. The brooks and streams, or wherever there is quick water, are much earlier; and if there is sufficient quantity, the logs are driven down to the lakes, ready to be rafted when the ice shall disappear.

15th. The sun is very warm today, — snow rapidly sinking. Soon, the logging-road will be impassable for loaded teams. The men are in high glee, longing for their homes. They say, "We have done a smashing winter's work." And they are "going home in style." I do not ask how; but wait for time to show.

Everything is in commotion, packing up for our retreat. I am not sorry to get into civilized life again, and long to show the folks my improved condition. Everything readable is read; and, so far as "log-culling" is concerned, I believe I have "seen the elephant."

My pet deer is fat, brown, and glossy — a great beauty! We have made a nice pen, and screwed on to the sled; but I fear she will fret and chafe on the journey.

Think I forgot to tell you that I shot one deer, when out on a regular hunt — a fair hunt — for the crust was so stiff, they could outrun us; and it did'nt seem so much like murder. With an even chance, these animals are magnificent game. But you must see them, and judge for yourself.

17th. ("St. Patrick's Day in the morning!") A jolly crew are fitting out the sleds,— singing, capering, and antic as school-boys. A most grotesque appearance they make, unshaven through the whole winter, and many with scarlet flannel outer-shirts, — no overcoats, but about as many shirts each, as "Harry Gill" wore waistcoats.

Stakes are driven all around the sleds; and a teakettle, coffee-pot, dipper, or frying-pan, hung on each "in style." I find means to make everything as ridiculous as possible. Sometimes remnants of beef and pork are suspended in sight, and upon entering the town, the men hurrah and shout before their employer's house, and appear more like Calathumpians than sensible, reading men, as the most of them are.

Uncle told me what to expect. That it "was merely an ebullition of joy at getting home again, and in entire accordance with their unwashed winter gear; not half so boisterous, as when liquor was allowed."

One or two men are to remain, and take charge of the provisions until the "drivers" come up; for bears, hungry from their winter sleep, often destroy large quantities. The question has come up quite often, "Who is to stay?" Many have families, and cannot; and some have sweethearts, and will not.

"I will stay alone," said the "Parson," gravely. "With dogs and guns, there is nothing to fear, but bears; and I am as near my family here, as anywhere."

Struck by his looks, and the peculiar pathos of his words, I asked quickly, "Are your family all dead?"

"All; every one! There is no one to look for me — no one to care for me now — but God!"

And so we left him, alone in the wilderness, and started for town.

The deer-pen occupied the whole back-part of our sled. Along the front, we piled our clothing, and as much cooked provision as we should need on our journey. "Sacker," the man who owned the "little nine-year-old gal," drove. Pete sat on one side, and your humble servant on the other.

Rabbits and squirrels were very plenty this bright spring morning, the latter chattering and scolding; while flocks of crows are sailing above us, telling, as the men say, that "rain is soon coming." Ground-sparrows are about us everywhere, and many little birds that make my heart glad with their merry chirping.

I love to gaze upon the vast expanse of forest scenery, as we come upon the brow of some high hill, and look before us. The road winds over many such; and it is almost sublime to take in such a stretch of green, unbroken solitude, where Nature has worked out her own curious designs without interruption from man.

Take the map, and look over Maine and New Brunswick. You will find that more than half of each is covered with forests; and if you find "Monument Brook," on the dividing-line, you will know where I have lived the past winter.

It is not pleasant to think, that, sooner or later, the woodsman's axe will level all. But this must be, as it is the country's wealth, — the mine which is to supply the wants and give labor to the people.

Pine is already scarce in many districts; spruce, eagerly sought after; hackmatack, a species of larch, much used in ship-building; and hemlock, grand old hemlock, — with a body like a giant, and foliage, wavy and graceful as the drapery of a ballroom belle, — even that must be despoiled of its beauty, for the benefit of the tanner.

20th. Frank, dear Frank, everything comes out just like a well-written story-book! Mother and father were here to receive me when I reached my uncle's, anxious to see their sick boy! *Such* looks! Why, my father really capered with joy, as he slapped me on the shoulders; and my mother, — oh, my darling mother! — didn't the smiles and tears fight for mastery? Didn't I see a drop in my good uncle's eye? But, never mind; I'm not good at scene-painting. Only, we had a great old time; and I felt sort of gladdish there were such things as fathers and mothers.

My uncle insists upon my going "back on the 'drive,' to make a sure thing of my health;" and so, the matter is settled. I shall be away from you and college another three months. "Too bad!" you will say; but, look out for a Samson when I do come! I shall move the gates of our "Gym-gaza-ium," and everything within them. Wo be unto the weakly ones, when the stripling from the forest gets among them! His arms are strong from using the lengthened helve; his breath long and heart large from inhaling the pure breeze and the delicious green-wood aromas. But, enough of nonsense.

Our pet is truly a "thing of beauty." My mother rejoices over it, and calls it "Lulu." There is no danger, I think, of losing her now; she seems better contented, and does not fret and chafe.

My companions in camp-life come frequently to see her, and are so much improved by their holiday-dress, that you would hardly know them.

Until the time to go on the "drive," they rest, or attend to little family matters. The young man who got so excited over Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom," borrows many books from me, and, I am inclined to think, will yet make his mark in the world.

Sacker and his "little girl" stood watching "the deer" when I went out this morning. It is amusing, to see his devotion to the child, and pleasant to think, that, through her — or his love for her — his reformation was brought about. She is a puny, frail little thing, whose life-mission, I fear, is a short one.

April 10th. Have just returned from a pleasant jaunt to St. John and Frederickton, parting with father and mother at Eastport, where they took passage for Boston. We went through to Frederickton by land, and enjoyed a few days at the Seat of Government finely. The House of Assembly was in session, and the forms and rules are like those of the British Parliament precisely. Some of the paintings in the Council Chamber were very fine.

I can imagine Frederickton to be a delightful, quiet summer residence, situated as it is upon the bank of the St. John River, — the houses having a comfortable English look, and surrounded by trees and shrubbery. There is a fine cathedral, college, and many rare private gardens.

The sail down the river was delightful, and the distance ninety miles. No other that I have seen equals it, excepting the St. Lawrence. Broad, clear, and at times almost enchanting, as it stretched out over intervals, or bathed the borders of sweet little villages, that nestled cosily within their wealth of shrubbery and rural beauty. A few miles before it reaches the harbor, it is rapid and romantic. The view of the falls and the rapids from the suspension-bridge is wonderfully beautiful, and would well repay you for a journey there.

Many huge ships and several steamers were afloat in the fine harbor. The city of St. John itself has many points of interest, and a population of fifty thousand; but attracts me less than Frederickton. The 15th Regiment is on parade, and makes a fine appearance in their scarlet uniforms. Their band played finely nearly every evening in King's or Queen's Square.

Left the wharf in steamer "New England," in a thick fog, which soon lifted, showing us all the beauties of the bay, and its wonderful islands. My father was strongly tempted to remain at Grand Minan, as it is a place of resort for naturalists. But as it was rather early in the season, he consoled himself by a long talk with some gentlemen on board concerning Agassiz and other scientific men. I only listened long enough, to hear "that the rock-waves in New Brunswick were more wonderful than in Maine."

OUR LITTLE NEWSBOY.

HURRYING to catch a certain car, at a certain corner, late one stormy night, I was suddenly arrested by the sight of a queer-looking bundle lying in a door-way.

"Bless my heart, it's a child! O John! I'm afraid he's frozen!" I exclaimed to my brother, as we both bent over the bundle.

Such a little fellow as he was, in the big, ragged coat; such a tired, baby face, under the fuzzy cap; such a purple, little hand, still holding fast a few papers; such a pathetic sight altogether, was the boy, lying on the stone step, with the snow drifting over him,—that it was impossible to go by.

"He is asleep; but he'll freeze, if left so, long. Here, wake up, my boy; and go home, as fast as you can," cried John, with a gentle shake, and a very gentle voice; for the memory of a dear little lad, safely tucked up at home, made him fatherly-kind to the small vagabond.

The moment he was touched, the boy tumbled up, and, before he was half awake, began his usual cry, with an eye to business.

"Paper, sir? 'Herald!'—'Transkip!'—Last——" a great gape swallowed up the "last edition;" and he stood blinking at us like a very chilly, young owl.

"I'll buy 'em all, if you'll go home, my little chap; it's high time you were abed," said John, whisking the damp papers into one pocket, and his purse out of another, as he spoke.

"All of 'em?—why, there's six!" croaked the boy, for he was as hoarse as a raven.

"Never mind, I can kindle the fire with 'em. Put that in your pocket; and trot home, my man, as fast as possible."

"Where do you live?" I asked, picking up the fifty cents that fell from the little fingers, too benumbed to hold it.

"Mills Court; out of Hanover. Cold, ain't it?" said the boy, blowing on his purple hands, and hopping feebly, from one leg to the other, to take the stiffness out.

"He can't go all that way in this storm, — such a mite, and so used up with cold and sleep, — John."

"Of course, he can't; we'll put him in a car," began John; when the boy wheezed out, —

"No; I've got ter wait for Sam. He'll be along, as soon's the theatre's done. He said he would; and so I'm waitin'."

"Who is Sam?" I asked.

"He's the feller I lives with. I ain't got any folks, and he takes care o' me."

"Nice care, indeed; leaving a baby like you, to wait for him here, such a night as this," I said, crossly.

"Oh, he's good to me, Sam is; though he does knock me round sometimes, when I ain't spry. The big fellers shoves me back, you see; and I gets cold, and can't sing out loud; so I don't sell my papers, and has to work 'em off late."

"Hear the child talk! One would think he was sixteen, instead of six," I said, half-laughing.

"I'm most ten. Hi! — ain't that a oner?" cried the boy, as a gust of sleet slapped him in the face, when he peeped to see if Sam was coming. "Hullo! the lights is out! Why, the play's done, and the folks gone; and Sam's forgot me."

It was very evident, that Sam *had* forgotten his little *protege;* and a strong desire to shake Sam possessed me.

"No use waitin' any longer; and now my papers is sold, I ain't afraid to go home," said the boy, stepping down, like a little old man with the rheumatism, and preparing to trudge away through the storm.

"Stop a bit, my little Casabianca; a car will be along, in fifteen minutes; and while waiting, you can warm yourself over there," said John, with the purple hand in his.

"My name's Jack Hill, not Cassy Banks, please, sir," said the little party, with dignity.

"Have you had your supper, Mr. Hill?" asked John, laughing.

"I had some peanuts, and two sucks of Joe's orange; but it warn't very fillin'," he said, gravely.

"I should think not. Here! — one stew; and be quick, please," cried John, as we sat down, in a warm corner of the confectioner's, opposite.

While little Jack shovelled in the hot oysters, — with his eyes shutting up now and then, in spite of himself, — we looked at him, and thought again of little Rosy-face at home, safe in his warm

nest, with mother-love watching over him. Nodding toward the ragged, grimy, forlorn, little creature, — dropping asleep over his supper like a tired baby, — I said, —

"Can you imagine our Freddy, out alone at this hour, trying to "work off" his papers, because afraid to go home till he has?"

"I'd rather not try," answered brother John, winking hard, as he stroked the little head beside him, which, by the by, looked very like a ragged, yellow door-mat. I *think* brother John winked hard, but I can't be sure, for I know I did; and for a minute, there seemed to be a dozen little newsboys dancing before my eyes.

"There goes our car; and it's the last," said John, looking at me.

"Let it go, but don't leave the boy;" and I frowned at John, for hinting such a thing.

"Here is his car. Now, my lad, bolt your last oyster, and come on."

"Good-night, ma'am! — Thankee, sir!" croaked the grateful, little voice, as the child was caught up in John's strong hands, and set down on the car-step.

With a word to the conductor, and a small business transaction, we left Jack coiled up in a corner, to finish his nap as tranquilly as if it wasn't midnight, and a "knocking round" might not await him at his journey's end.

We didn't mind the storm much, as we plodded home; and when I told the story to Rosy-face, next day, his interest quite reconciled me to the sniffs and sneezes of a bad cold.

"If I saw that poor little boy, Aunt Weedy, I'd love him lots!" said Freddy, with a world of pity in his beautiful child's eyes.

And, believing that others also would be kind to little Jack, and such as he, I tell the story.

When busy fathers hurry home at night, I hope they'll buy their papers of the small boys, who get "shoved back;" the feeble ones, who grow hoarse, and can't "sing out;" the shabby ones, who, evidently, have only forgetful Sams to care for them; and the hungry-looking ones, who don't get what is "fillin'." For love of the little sons and daughters safe at home, say a kind word, buy a paper, even if you don't want it; and never pass by, leaving them to sleep forgotten in the streets at midnight, with no pillow but a stone, no coverlid but the pitiless snow, and not even a tender-hearted robin to drop leaves over them.

L. M. ALCOTT.

LITTLE PEARL.

CHAPTER II. — GOING TO THE WEDDING.

BY the next day, the weather was fine. To Agnes and Cassy, there was a new charm in the sunshine, and the fresh, sweet air, for they were going to the wedding. They had said nothing about going, either to their father or Miss Muggins; but, right or wrong, and in defiance of every obstacle, they were determined that they would go.

So, during the forenoon, they behaved unusually well, and staid with Pearl and Bliss; but as soon as dinner was over, they went up into the playroom, to get ready to go, for Lule had told them to be at her house at two o'clock.

"Oh, dear! what shall we do with the children?" said Agnes. "I wish they'd go to sleep, and not wake up till tomorrow morning. They'll be over there after us; you see if they are not!"

"Just what I expect," said Cassy; "and the best thing we can do, is to tell Pearl we are going, and make her promise that she won't come. We'll tell her that we will bring her a lot of good things, — how much we want to go, — how we will never run away from her any more, — and I guess she won't cry."

Pearl soon came into the room, and they told her.

"And you are willing, aren't you, darling?" said Agnes, kissing her.

"We will stay just a little while," said Cassy. "We only want to see how they get married; and then, we will come right home."

Pearl consented; she would not be selfish, and take away their joy.

Agnes and Cassy did not see the grief of the little paleface; nor did they see it, when, a short time afterwards, Pearl went into the garden, and kneeling beside her brother's grave, cried as though her little heart was broken.

"Agnes, — wasn't it very rude of Lule, to tell us to 'slick up,'" said Cassy, trying to put on an unmended stocking in such a way, that holes would not show. "I guess she will find that we will 'slick up,' and look a great deal better than her little dowdy cousins; won't we?"

Agnes did not hear; she was trying to unlock one of the trunks where her mother's clothes were kept.

"There, Cassy," she said; "we might as well give up going, we never can get this old thing open, in the world!"

"Well, it's got to come open!" said Cassy, jumping up from the floor, and trying her strength. "After having such a time to get the key, I won't be cheated out of it!" — and making one great effort, with all the force of her will and the strength of her arm, she turned the lock. If the sight that met their view, when the trunk was opened, gave them a little thrill of pain, it was soon forgotten.

"I'm going to have that little blue silk shawl!" said Cassy.

"No, you mustn't; it's too old for you. I am going to wear that!" said Agnes.

"Too old!" repeated Cassy; "I suppose you think you could wear your grandmother's cap. Well, I'll have this cape, then," she said, snatching at an old-fashioned, wrought-muslin cape, which she had always greatly admired; "and I'll have this parasol, too!"

"How it would look — a little girl like you," said Agnes; "you better wear the veil, so as to cover up your old hat."

"I suppose you want the parasol," said Cassy. "Well, I don't care; I rather have the veil — oh, here is something better than all!" she exclaimed, taking up a small bottle of cologne; "I guess my little cousins won't have anything like this!" and she began pouring the cologne on her neck and handkerchief.

"Well, you needn't take all of it," said Agnes; "I guess I want some!"

Any way they may have looked, when dressed, they were certainly well pleased with themselves.

"If my frock was only a little nicer," said Agnes, — turning, to take another look in the glass. "Does it show where I let the tucks out, Cassy?"

"Yes;" said Cassy, "and it's too long — it's way down to your heels; you look like an old woman!"

"I don't, either! I should think 'twas you who looked like an old woman, with that cape on!"

They had no time to waste in words; the clock struck two. So they crept softly out of the house, and ran as swiftly as they could, until they reached a place where they thought Miss Muggins could not see them.

When they arrived at the grove, they found that they were late. Every one was in the parlor, the bride and bridegroom were standing up before the minister, and the room was so crowded, that there was no place to sit; so they waited at the door until the ceremony was over, — Cassy, with her veil over her face; and Agnes, with her parasol still open.

"Oh, cracky! — look out in the entry!" they heard Ben whisper to Lule, just as the minister was saying the last words.

Lule hurried to the door, taking her little cousins with her.

"Where did you get that good-smelling stuff?" she asked, smiling slightly, and looking with great curiosity at Agnes and Cassy. Neither noticed the question nor the smile, for they were looking at the little cousins.

Just then, a loud "ha, ha!" from Ben attracted their attention; and, turning, they saw every one in the room looking at them.

"Is Ben laughing at us?" said Cassy, with a proud toss of her little, curly head.

"No, I ain't," said Ben, coming to the door; "I'd like to see a fellow laugh at you, Cas!"

"Lule — hain't you got no manners?" said Mrs. Fenwick. "Come in, my little dears; the bride wants to see you; it's too bad you was so late."

The children walked into the room, with such an air of dignity, that it was hard even for kind Mrs. Fenwick not to laugh.

"Marm — what have they got on 'em? — they smell better than cloves," said Lule, standing close to Cassy, and snuffing.

"It's cologne?" said Agnes.

"Co-log-ne?" repeated Ben; "what in time is that?"

"Tad, what is it?" whispered Susy.

Tad, was Lule's youngest brother; he was the scholar of the family, and Tad knew everything; but Tad did not know what cologne was.

"It is perfumery," said Cassy; and she took out her handkerchief, and passed it to Lule.

The children appeared to receive quite as much attention as the bride, and they were so delighted with it all, that they quite forgot their promise to Pearl, and remained late in the afternoon, until the bridal party were ready to leave.

"Let's go and take a walk on the road, and see 'em out of sight," said Lule, as the bride was bidding her friends good-by.

Agnes and Cassy could not refuse the invitation, for Tad said he would go too; and it was always great fun to go anywhere with Tad. They were never afraid of anything when he was with them; and he always had so much to talk about, for he went into town to school every day.

"We mustn't go very far," Agnes whispered to Cassy, when they were ready to start; "the sun is almost down, and we may meet father."

But Tad told her of a beautiful grape-vine swing that he had found in the woods, and planned how she and Lule should go with him to see it, the next Saturday afternoon, and not let Cassy and Susy know; so Agnes never thought of turning back until all had gone some distance, and "Jero" bounded into the road before her.

"Why, how did Jero come here?" she exclaimed, turning pale with fright; for she knew that Jero never ran away from Pearl.

Jero began to act in a strange manner. He ran backward and forward, from the road to the woods, whined and barked, and seemed to want them to follow him somewhere. They understood, and followed him to a tree, a little way from the roadside, and there they found Pearl and Bliss lying on the ground, fast asleep, and looking as though they had cried themselves so. Their faces were still wet with tears, and flushed to a burning-red; their clothes were covered with dust, and Pearl had lost off one of her shoes.

"Oh! my poor little sister — my poor little sister — my poor little brother!" cried Agnes and Cassy. "Oh! what shall we do? — what shall we do?"

The noise soon awoke Pearl, who, finding Agnes bending over her, threw her arms around her sister's neck, and fairly screamed with joy.

"Aggie!" was all she could say; "O Aggie, Aggie!"

At last, she told them how it all happened. Noody died, Pearl said; and so she went into the woods, a little way from the house, to bury her under some leaves, and when she came back, she found that Bliss had run away. He had gone down the road, and was almost out of sight. She ran after him, but couldn't get him back. He said he was going to see his papa, and have a ride home. Finally, he got frightened, and began to cry, and run all the faster. She couldn't get to him till he fell down and hurt himself, and then she was so tired, that they went there and laid down.

"Why didn't you come to us?" asked Cassy; "you went right by the grove."

"Because, I said I wouldn't go after you; don't you know I did, Cassy?"

Agnes and Cassy bowed their heads in shame. Had they been as true to their word?

"Come, little Pearl; I will carry you home in my arms!" said Tad, bending low, to hide the tears in his eyes.

And Bliss, no longer wilful, was very glad to have Agnes and Lule carry him home, too.

THE HYLAS.

In the crimson sunsets of the spring,
Children, have you heard the hylas pipe, —
Ere with robin's call the meadows ring,
Ere the silver willow-buds are ripe?

Long before the swallow dares appear,
When the April weather frees the brooks,
Sweet and high, a liquid note you hear,
Sounding clear from damp and quiet nooks;

Rich and sweet as any bird can sing,
Fine as fluting of a fairy host,
Hinting all the rapture of the spring, —
In the single note the hylas boast!

"What are hylas?" ask you. Only toads!
Little tree-toads, brown and green and gray;
Not like those that hop about the roads, —
Smaller, slenderer, prettier, than they.

All the winter long, they hide and sleep
In the damp earth's bosom, safe and fast;
When the warm rains find them, out they creep,
Glad to feel that April's come at last.

Glad and grateful, up the trees they climb, —
Pour their cheerful music on the air,
Crying, "Here's an end of snow and rime!
Beauty is beginning everywhere!"

Listen, children, for so sweet a cry!
Listen, till you hear the hylas sing,
Ere the first star glitters in the sky,
In the crimson sunsets of the spring.

CELIA THAXTER.

WILL'S WONDER-BOOK.

I.

"I JUST wish I had another story as good as that," exclaimed Will, as he turned the last page of "Gulliver's Travels."

"I dare say I can find you something as interesting, and more profitable, perhaps," said grandma, looking down at the young gentleman lying in the grass at her feet.

"I know what you'll advise, — 'Sandford and Merton,' 'Harry and Lucy,' or the 'Sequel to Frank.' I'm tired to death of 'em all, 'specially that prig of a Harry, with his everlasting barometer. I like 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Swiss Family,' and 'Gulliver,' — all about queer places, and people, and the way they live," answered Will, with his boots higher than his head.

"I could tell you about places, and creatures as curious and interesting as the Liliputians, whom you like so much, if you cared to hear of them," replied grandma, placidly.

"Can you? Where are they?" asked Will, surprised.

"You are lying on one of them; and there is another just behind Polly."

"Hullo!" cried Will, rolling over to look, while Polly stared about her, with a wild expression.

"Yes; there are two wonderful cities, full of busy, brave, and accomplished little people, about whom you know nothing; though you see them every day," added grandma, nodding wisely.

"I know what she means! I see 'em!" cried Polly, who "sat on a tuffit, like Miss Muffit," — not eating curds and whey, but making a pepelum for her doll Seraphina.

"An ant-hill and the beehive are all I see," said Will, following Polly's quick eyes. "We know about them, of course."

"Do you? Tell me how much?"

"Well, ants live in the ground, and get in sugar-buckets, and bite; and bees make wax and honey, and buzz, and sting like fury," replied Will, briskly.

"And how do they make their houses, and live, and work, and raise their little ones?" asked grandma.

"Oh, they — that is, I believe — well — really, I don't know," was Will's rather unsatisfactory answer.

"Shall I tell you?"

"If you please, grandma;" and, feeling somewhat abashed by his failure, Will meekly composed himself to listen, chewing grass meantime, like a ruminating calf.

"Tell about the bees first. I found out quickest; and I always liked bees, ever since I was a mite of a girl, and used to say about the 'Little biddy bee,' and 'How skittly she builds her cell,'" said Polly, — sewing away like a matron of forty with a large family to provide for, instead of a ten-year-older, with only one doll, a cat, and canary, dependent upon her.

"We'll try a bit, and see how you like it;" so, settling her knitting, grandma began. "If we could enter that little door, we should find a city full of busy inhabitants, — a kingdom which has been prettily described by a certain famous William, who knew more about them than our Will, though he uses the word 'king,' instead of queen, to suit the character who speaks: —

"'They have a king, and officers of sorts;
Some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make raid upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage, they, with merry march,
Bring home to the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons, building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic-porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at the narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale,
The lazy, yawning drone.'"

"Why, do they do all those things *really?*" asked Will, looking at the hive, as if interested already.

"Yes; there are workers of all kinds, and each does his part faithfully. When put into a new hive, the bees at once begin to lay the foundation of their combs, which they prepare with astonishing quickness. Then, they make the wonderful little cells;

which, being six-sided, waste no room. They are of thin wax, polished and smoothed by the bees' jaws, and finished with a ring round the edge, for strength, like the threshold of a door. The combs are generally arranged with streets between, so the bees can go up and down: they are just wide enough for two bees to pass one another. They often have cross-streets, which are covered. They stop up all cracks in the hive with what is called bee-glue, which they collect from poplars, willows, and other trees. If a snail, or any creature too large for them to manage, gets in, they seal it up in a thick covering of glue; and so keep the air pure, and render the invader harmless.

"You know how they get the honey, by running their long tongues into flowers. This honey goes into a little bag, or stomach, which they fill, and empty into the cells, the mouths of which are closed up with waxen lids. Some honey-pots are left without covers, for food in bad weather; but they never touch these when the weather is fine, and fresh food can be got."

"Dear me! — think of living among hundreds of honey-pots, and not touching them! I shouldn't make a good bee," said Polly, thinking of the lumps of sugar that daily tempted her in the china-closet.

"They are taught obedience, and are not gluttons," replied grandma, with a little shake of the head, which Polly understood perfectly well.

"Please, go on, ma'am," said Seraphina's little mother, pricking her fingers, and puckering the pepelum, in her flurry.

"The queen-bee is larger than the others, and lays all the eggs, — many thousands, sometimes. These eggs are laid in the cells, and, a day or two after, the grubs are born, — little worms, rolled up in rings. The common bees turn nurses, and take care of the babies with the greatest tenderness, feeding and tending them for about six days, — when they are fully grown. Then they shut them up, to keep them safe; and they line the walls of the cells with silken tapestry, in which they undergo the last change. When they first come out winged insects, they are very weak; but, in a few hours, they become strong enough to fly off and go to work."

"Don't you wish our babies grew up, and got useful, as quick as that? What lots of trouble it would save," said Will, — who, boylike, didn't see the charms of "little squallers," as he called very young men and women.

"Mothers and grandmas would lose a deal of pleasure, if they

did," said the old lady, who had petted both children ever since they were born. "Well, my dears, these little friends of ours are loyal to death, and cling to their queen through everything. If she happens to die, all work stops till a new queen appears. If she is taken away, they follow, if they can, and will not leave her. A man tried the experiment of cutting off a queen-bee's wing, and keeping her where the rest could follow. They gathered round her; and, as she could not fly away, they preferred to stay and starve, rather than quit her. For five days, they lived without food, but not one left her; and, at last, all lay dead, with the dear queen still in their midst."

"They rallied round the flag like good ones, didn't they? I like 'em for that;" and Will sat up, to watch a burly brown bee hard at work in a dandelion close by.

"I heard of a man who had the power of charming bees, so that they obeyed him, and never hurt him in the least. They would swarm all over his head and shoulders quite harmlessly, and let him do what he liked. He played general with them, arranging them on a table, in regiments and battalions, where they waited till he uttered the word of command, when they began to march, rank and file, like regular soldiers. He taught his liliputians politeness also, for none ever stung the people who came to see the curious show."

"I'd like to have seen that!—it must have been fun. Wonder if I could do it?" said Will, eyeing the beehive, wistfully.

"I advise you not to try, till you learn the charm. There are various kinds of bees, you know. Polly would like the poppy-bee, who makes her nest in the ground, burrowing down about three inches. At the bottom, she makes a large, round hole, and lines it splendidly with the scarlet leaves of the wild poppy. She cuts and fits the pretty tapestry, till it is thick and soft and warm, then partly fills the cell with honey, lays an egg, folds down the red blankets, and closes up the hole, so it cannot be distinguished; and there, in its rosy cradle, with food to eat, and a safe nook to rest in, she leaves her baby-bee to take care of itself."

"How cunning! I'll line Phena's cradle with red flannel right away," cried Polly, who *did* like the poppy-bee.

"The leaf-cutting bee makes her cells of green leaves, shaping them like thimbles. These little jars she half fills with a rose-colored paste of honey and pollen from thistles, lays her eggs, and covers the pots with round leaf-lids, that fit exactly. The mason-bee

makes its nest of mud or mortar. It looks like a bit of dirt, sticking to a wall, but has little cells within. The mother-bee does all the work, sticking little grains of sand and earth together with her own glue. The carpenter-bee bores holes in posts, and makes her cells of sawdust and glue. The carding-bees live in holes, among stones and roots, making nests of moss, lined with wax, to keep the wet out, with a long gallery by which to enter. They find a bit of moss, and several bees place themselves in a row, with their backs toward the nest; then the foremost lays hold of the moss and pulls it up with her jaws, drives it with her fore-feet under her body as far toward the next as possible. The second does the same; and in this way, tiny heaps of prepared moss are got to the nest by the file of four or five, and others weave it into shape."

"They must look as if they were playing leap-frog. Here, old fellow, give us a back!" cried Will, with a laugh, and a leap over the brown bee still tumbling about in the dandelion.

L. M. ALCOTT.

THE FLOWERS OF SPRING.

FROM THE GERMAN.

WHERE are all the flowers today?
Sleeping in the ground are they,
Covered in their snowy bed —
(Lest you wake them — softly tread).
When our loving Lord, in spring,
Doth the golden sunshine bring,
The snowy blanket off he'll take,
And say — "My children must awake!"
Then their little heads peep, shy,
As they come out cautiously;
Then springs forth each flower-cup,
And their tender eyes look up.

S. W. LANDER.

GEORGE STEPHENSON, THE ENGINEER.

YOU must take George Stephenson's motto, and *persevere*, Rob, if you ever expect to succeed. It ended in most wonderful results to him."

"Who was he, auntie? What did he do? Will you please tell me about him?"

"But that lesson, which you say you cannot learn."

"Perhaps, auntie, I can study better, if you just tell me about him."

"I have but a short time to spare now; sometime, you may read about him yourself.

"George was the son of a very poor man, a fire-man of a pumping-engine at the coal mines, near Newcastle, England. All the children, as soon as they were old enough, had had to work. When the older brothers went to the mines with their father, George, at eight years old, earned three cents a day by taking care of cows, and shutting gates after the coal-wagons had gone over the road. He was very fond of birds, and used to amuse himself with watching them and their different habits, nests, and eggs. He made whistles to imitate their notes, and built little water-wheels on the brooks. As he grew older, he led the plough-horses, and had six cents a day. He was very anxious to work at the mines with his father and brothers, and had one employment there, after another, till he was made assistant fire-man. His wages were twenty cents a day. At seventeen, he was an engine-man, and studied all the parts of the machine, till he could take it to pieces, clean, and put it together again; and was never weary of watching its movements. It was his *pet*. He was honest, patient, and persevering, anxious to learn, and laying the foundations of his future skill and success. He was eighteen years old before he began to learn to read; but he was determined to be able to read of all those wonderful machines and discoveries, that he heard were described in books. He went to a school, three evenings in a week, where he learned to read,

spell, and write. At nineteen, he was very proud, because he could write his name. Then he began arithmetic, and worked his sums by the engine-fire. After this, he was brakeman, and had more leisure, and earned money by mending and making shoes for the workmen. He saved a guinea of this money, and felt himself quite a rich man. When he was twenty-one, he married a pretty, pleasant girl, who made his home very happy while she lived, which was only three years. He had one little boy, Robert, who become as celebrated as his father, and built the bridge over the Menai Straits, the Level Bridge at Newcastle, and the Victoria Bridge, over the St. Lawrence, I believe, also. George Stephenson learned how to take clocks and watches apart and clean them; and gained money in this way, to send his little boy to school. He was determined his child should never suffer, as he had done, for want of education. He read all the books he could get, that described machinery; and made useful improvements in the pumping-engines used at the mines, and tried to study out the locomotive engine, which was then thought to be of no practical use.

"The railroads then were unlike those we have now, — some were made of wood, others of iron; and the wagons used were drawn by horses. They were somewhat like the horse-railroads, and were called *tram-ways*. Stephenson studied, thought, and decided, that a steam-engine could be made to do the work of horses, draw heavier loads, and with greater speed. Some ridiculed this idea; but he had good friends who assisted him in his plans, and after twelve years of patient labor, he took out a patent for a locomotive steam-engine in 1815. All the splendid engines since built are after this model, with, of course, improvements and additions he made afterwards. He also invented a safety-lamp for the miners, called by them 'The Geordy,' which is still used. This was made and used before Sir Humphrey Davy invented his; but people then were very unwilling to believe that a common engine-man could do so much, and said he had stolen the idea from Sir Humphrey; but it was proved that George first made the 'Geordy.'

"The Stockton and Darlington Railroad, twenty-two miles long, was the one on which a locomotive was first run. Mr. Stephenson wished to have carriages for passengers attached to the wagon-trains, and they were used the day this road was opened. The engine, with a long train, went at the wonderful speed of *twelve* miles in three hours. Mr. Stephenson drove the engine, and was quite satisfied with the result. He made all the survey for the road himself, and the engine, too.

"There was all manner of opposition made to railroads and steam-engines. People said the land would be worthless all along the road; that horses would be no longer useful; that hay and oats could not be sold; all the inns would be ruined for want of customers; people would be blown to pieces; the steam would kill the birds as they flew over it, and the foxes all be driven away. But after all these complaints, they said 'Railroads *never* could be used with *steam power*.'

"Then the road between Liverpool and Manchester was surveyed; but the owners of estates were bitterly opposed to it. The surveyors were driven away, their instruments broken; people came armed with clubs and scythes, and set the dogs on them.

"There was great trouble and expense to get Parliament to allow the act to be passed, and the most foolish objections were made. Engines and carriages could not run on a *smooth* track, there must be friction; they could never go on a *curve*, they would run off; as to going *ten* miles an hour, it was impossible. One gentleman said if an engine could be made to run *ten* miles an hour, 'he would eat a stewed engine-wheel for his breakfast.' But George's friends persevered through all obstacles and discouragements, and the Liverpool and Manchester road was opened September 15th, 1830.

"Eight locomotives, built by the Stephensons, were on the track. George Stephenson had a right to be a proud man that day. A poor, ignorant collier-boy, by his industry, patience, perseverance, and energy, had conquered difficulties, and done what wise, learned men had said was *impossible*. Instead of *ten* miles an hour, they went *thirty-six*.

"Stephenson, with two of his brothers, and his son Robert, had a large factory for building locomotives; and they were sent to all countries where railroads were used. They made some which have been running thirty years. Some of their engines are in the United States. I should like to see one of them.

"George Stephenson was now consulted upon laying out new roads, he had pupils, and was constantly occupied for many years, and was considered the best informed man in England, in all that regarded railroads and locomotives. When he became a wealthy man, he retained all his simplicity, honesty, and industry. He was very kind to all young men who applied to him, and anxious to have them succeed. He would say to them, 'Persevere, as I have done. Learn for yourselves, think for yourselves; be industrious; make yourselves masters of principles; and then

there is no fear of you.' He encouraged all that came to him with new inventions; telling them wherein they would fail, or how to succeed, if the invention was worth anything. He was a devoted son and brother, very generous. The last years of his life he lived quietly, and devoted himself to farming, raising fine cattle. He had large hot-houses for melons, pears, and grapes; and was very proud of his large cucumbers, which he was at great trouble to make grow straight. He was loved, respected, and appreciated.

"The King of Belgium sent for him, to give his opinion upon a line of railroad in Belgium. He was treated with great attention and respect, dined with the king and queen, who were delighted with his conversation, so simple and earnest. When some great road was completed to Brussels, he was again invited to Belgium by the king; and at a great dinner, a model of his first locomotive, the 'Rocket,' was one of the ornaments of the hall.

"I could tell you a hundred anecdotes about him, but you have heard enough to understand why he should always say 'Persevere; see what it has done for me.' He was always eager to learn, and there is always something ready for one who is.

"George Stephenson died the 12th of August, 1848, sixty-nine years old. There is a statue of him, in St. George's Hall, Liverpool; and one at the Eastern Railroad Station, London. When we go to England, we will be sure to see them."

"Auntie, I wish I could invent something. Do you think I ever can?"

"Very likely, if you are attentive, industrious, and persevering, like George Stephenson." COUSIN MARY.

A GREAT NATURAL CURIOSITY. — The *Sentinel*, published at Jacksonville, Oregon, of the 12th ult., says: "Several of our citizens returned, last week, from a visit to the Great Sunken Lake, situated in Cascade Mountains, about seventy-five miles northeast from Jacksonville. This lake rivals the famous Valley of Sinbad, the Sailor. It is thought to average two thousand feet down to the water, all round. The walls are almost perpendicular, running down into the water, and leaving no beach. The depth of the water is unknown, and its surface is smooth and unruffled, as it lies so far below the surface of the mountain, that the air-currents do not affect it. Its length is estimated at twelve miles, and its breadth at ten. There is an island in the centre, having trees upon it. No living man ever has, and probably never will, be able to reach the water's edge. It lies silent, still, and mysterious, in the bosom of the 'everlasting hills,' like a huge well, scooped by the hands of the giant genii of the mountains, in the unknown ages gone by; and around it, the primeval forests watch and ward are keeping. The visiting party fired a rifle several times into the water, at an angle of forty-five degrees, and were able to note several seconds of time, from the report of the gun until the ball struck the water. This seems incredible, but is vouched for by some of our most reliable citizens. The lake is certainly a most remarkable curiosity."

CURIOUS ZOOLOGICAL SPECIMENS. — The French Consul-General in Shanghae has just sent to the Garden of Acclimatization, in Paris, two unknown animals. The one is a mollusk, called "Thou-no-Dza," which is used by the Mongul Tartars, for the preparation of vinegar. When the animal is put into a certain quantity of fresh water, it changes, in a few days, the liquid into good strong vinegar. Pater Hue, the celebrated missionary, over fifty years ago, gave a description of this animal and its strange qualities, but was laughed at and sneered at by the scientific world. The present of the Consul-General corroborates now his statements in every particular. The second is a turtle, also sent from China, covered with green hairs. These are hardly visible, until the animal is put into water; but then they become expanded like little flowers, spreading in every direction.

SYMPATHY. — Our little two-year-old fell, the other day, striking her head, and cried at the top of her voice. In the height of her grief, she chanced to cast her eye out of

the window, to where a worn-out, spiritless horse stood, with drooping head. Instantly drying her tears, she stepped to the window, and, in the most sympathizing tones, said:

"What's ee matter, hossy? bump oo head?" — *Burke's Weekly.*

THE following account of a curious experiment, we clip from an English paper: — "Take a piece of pasteboard, about five inches square, roll it into a tube, with one end just large enough to fit round the eye, and the other end rather smaller. Hold the tube between the thumb and finger of the right hand (do not grasp it with the whole hand); put the large end close against the right eye, and with the left hand hold a book against the side of the tube. Be sure and keep both eyes open, and there will appear to be a hole through the book, and objects seem as if through the hole, instead of through the tube. The right eye sees through the tube, and the left eye sees the book, and the two appearances are so confounded together, that they cannot be separated. The left hand can be held against the tube, instead of a book, and the hole will seem to be through the hand.

AN American business house, a few months ago, sent out a cargo of five hundred hoop-skirts to Japan, as a venture. The Japanese put covers on them, and used them for umbrellas.

DEATH OF A REMARKABLE HEN. — The *Buffalo Commercial* says: — "Everybody knows that the gallant Weidrich's Battery (which did such good service during the rebellion) accompanied Sherman on his 'march to the sea;' but everybody don't know, that during the march, somewhere in South Carolina, one of the soldiers of the battery captured a hen, — he having determined, we presume, that Sherman should go through, if it took every hen along the whole route. This hen was not killed, but was tamed, and became a great favorite and pet with the men. Sometimes she would ride on a caisson, and sometimes on one of the horses. When a halt was called, and the soldiers ate their meals, she would forage about in quest of food, always returning to the battery 'to roost.' By way of requiting the kindness shown her, she laid an egg every week-day, in a nest prepared for her on a caisson — and we are not sure but that, 'on Sundays, she laid two.' She went safely through the long march to Savannah, thence to Richmond, and on to Washington, and was brought home with the boys of the battery to Buffalo. She was claimed by Private Jacob Dishinger, who doubtless, loved her for the dangers she had passed, and took the best possible care of her. She lived, honored and respected, until a few days ago, when she died at the residence of Mr. Dishinger, on Genesee Street. She was tenderly cared for during her illness, was deeply mourned, and interred with all due respect."

A GENTLEMAN in Pittsburg, Pa., has whiled away his leisure hours in training four chickens to draw a small wagon in which the rooster is perched. They come, when called by name; and when harnessed, rattle over the lawn with great speed, while the rooster looks grave and dignified.

A PROVIDENCE boy, five years of age, having stolen a can of milk, his mother took him to task with moral suasion, and wound up her discourse by exclaiming: "What in the world was you going to do with the milk, anyhow?" "I was going to steal a little dog to drink it," was the crushing reply.

A WALKER'S Dictionary — The mile-stones.

WHAT KINDNESS WILL DO.—How the wheels of the old cart creaked! The Road was quite tired of hearing their complaints; when lo! suddenly they became quiet, and went smoothly on, making no doleful sound.

"How now?" cried the Road; "what has happened, that you take things so easily, today? Has the master taken off half your load?"

"No," said the Wheels; "he hasn't done that; our burden is, if anything, heavier than before; but *this* he has done, he *has oiled us*, so that whatever we may have to bear, we have no longer the heart to say a word against it."

THE HABIT OF READING.—The young should always cultivate a habit of reading, for it may be to them, not only the means of information, but the source of many of the finest enjoyments of life. They who make good books their constant companions will never want good and faithful friends in their prosperous days or their seasons of reverse. There can be no blank in the lives of those persons, who, from active love, hold daily fellowship with the wisest and best of their race. We think we could hardly be tempted to exchange our habit of reading for any other friend it may be our fortune to find on earth. And we are sure that any who will make this habit a friend, will ever esteem it among the wisest steps of their lives; and so we counsel the young, from our own experience, among all their gettings in this world, to get the habit, the love of reading—and always to have *a good book* with which to fill up every leisure hour. In this way, they may come to know that the gems of life are found in its waste places.

THE merit of our actions consist not in doing extraordinary actions, but in doing ordinary actions extraordinary well.

A GOOD CHARACTER.—A good character is to a young man, what a firm foundation is to the artist who proposes to erect a building on it; he can well build with safety, and all who behold it, will have confidence in its solidity—a helping hand will never be wanted; but let a single part of this be defective, and you go on a hazard, amid doubting and distrust; and ten to one, it will tumble down at last, and mingle all that was ever built on it in ruin. Without a good character, poverty is a curse—with it, scarcely an evil. Happiness cannot exist where good character is not—where it is not a frequent visitor. All that is bright in the hope of youth, all that is calm and blissful in the sober scenes of life, all that is soothing in the vale of years, centres in, and is derived from a good character. Therefore, acquire this as the first and most valuable good.

A LADY, out with her little girl and boy, bought the boy a rubber balloon, which escaped him, and flew up in the air. The girl, seeing the tears in his eyes, said: "Never mind, Neddy; when you die and go to heaven, you'll dit it."

THE man who can make his own fire, black his own boots, carry his own wood, hoe his own garden, pay his own debts, and live without wine and tobacco, need ask no favor of him who rides in a coach-and-four.

OLD RACE.—It has just been decided by one of our learned bodies, that the honor of being the Primitive Race of Mankind undoubtedly belongs to the A-B-Cynians.

"PA, they tell us about the angry ocean; what makes the ocean angry?" "Oh, it has been *crossed* so often."

A WORTHLESS Bond—A *vagabond*.

SNARLIE

takes the head of a very respectable class this month, and answers correctly twenty-seven out of the twenty-nine puzzles. He wins his second prize.

QUESTIONS, ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

88. I am composed of 17 letters:
My 10, 2, 15, is a bird.
My 15, 8, 11, 12, is a bird.
My 5, 16, 7, 9, 4, 14, 17, 12, is a fish.
My 8, 3, is a pronoun.
My 1, 13, 6, is the name of a goddess.
My whole is the name of a toy.
Cis.

89. I am composed of 10 letters:
My 1, 8, 3, is to permit.
My 4, 2, 7, is a metal.
My 6, 5, 10, is a measure.
My 4, 8, 9, 10, is a verb.
My whole is one of Dickens's characters. *Fritzchen.*

90. I hope the dear Merry's won't question the fact, if I venture to tell how remarkably active some parts of our alphabet are:
(1) One letter is singing;
(2) Another is joking;
(3) Another is eating;
(4) Another is cooking;
(5) Another just lights a cigar.
(6) Two letters are taking their part in a play,
(7) And one is on horseback, fast riding away.
(8) Another is roaming afar;
(9) Another is planing,
(10) One, lining a cuff—
But this, for the present, is surely enough—
Now, who will explain what they are? *A. S.*

91. There is some good advice contained in the following letters, if you can only get at it:

O R T U N E S B Y
F N T T H E M U I
S U O M R U S T E
I M O T T O N D L

92. Find a word of five letters, out of which you may make the nine parts of speech.

93. I am a word of five letters, containing (1) four pronouns; (2) an article; (3) to inclose; (4) to collect, and (5) to divide.
Ixia.

Anagrams.

94. Pa, rob a pet. *Northern Light.*
95. Cry pinch toes. *Belle.*
96. Coral rope. *A. O.*
97. Panic ties a cat. *Joe Kose.*
98. Can I see Bo? *F. R. S.*
99. Titus tans one. *Alice Tipton.*

Words enigmatically expressed.

100. Fish it skilful. *Auntie.*
101. Fix intended. *Pearl.*
102. Show contempt for Ann, the tory. *Rena.*
103. Illuminate dwelling. *Violet Forest.*
104. Emma continue to flame. *A. R. T.*
105. Indefinite article upon a temporary dwelling superior animal is definite article negative benefitted occupation of Divinity.
106. Transpose a perfume into a fish. *Fred.*
107. Transpose a language into a coin. *Sigma.*
108. Behead a ruler and leave a bird. *Florence.*
109. Behead one animal, transpose and leave another. *Franc.*
110. Behead a weapon and leave a fruit. *Double You See.*
111. My first should be my second, and does belong to my whole. *Geo. T. McKinney.*
112. Half of a fruit and half of a vessel make a young lady. *S. Harp.*
113. My first is a cake, my second an order, and my whole is a vessel. *Cis.*
114. I I C Y. *H. A. D.*
115. Write the following with only two figures: —

51160250250900.

116.

Aunt Sue.

☞ *Answers must reach me before the 8th of May. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send all communications intended for the Puzzle Drawer to "Aunt Sue," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

31. Phonography, or short-hand-writing.

32. Detroit, Michigan.

33. Andover.

34. Greenwood.

35. New York.

36. Buffalo.

37. Work, play, bounce, rent, fish, tie.

38. Pond Lily.

39. Tulips.

40. Snow-drop.

41. Lady's Slipper.

42. Stone: (1) toe; (2) ten, one; (3) tone; (4) sent; (5) so; (6) sat; (7) son; (8) set; (9) not; (10) no; (11) note; (12) nose; (13) ton; (14) nest; (15) to; (16) net; (17) onset; (18) on.

43. Gastronomy, astronomy.

44. Colt, lot.

45. Horse, rose.

46. Medin, dime; ("temin, mite," credited).

47. Pitiless.

48. Caterpillar.

49. Pumpkin.

50. Exitable (XI-table).

51. Fore-paws.

52. Dixie.

53. Tenon.

54. Coriander.

55. Snowing.

56. Ecclesiastes.

57. Of two evils, choose the *less*.

58. He walked *back* and *forth* (or to and fro). It did not seem to occur to many of the cousins, that the man was not likely to walk "*backward!*"

59. I aspire to be independent of the world.

Of the above puzzles,—

Snarlie answers all but 44, 46.

F. R. S. answers all but 31, 50, 58.

Max answers all but 46, 50, 58.

Belle answers all but 31, 43, 46.

Daisy answers all but 46, 53, 58.

Florian answers all but 31, 43, 44, 46.

Jennie M. answers all but 43, 46, 50, 59.

Ixia answers all but 46, 50, 51, 59.

Forest Rose and Laurel answer all but 31, 41, 46, 49, 50.

Keystone answers all but 37, 41, 50, 53, 58.

Robbie Eddows answers all but 31, 43, 44, 46, 59.

C. W. J. answers all but 37, 40, 44, 46, 49.

Hero answers all but 31, 43, 50, 52, 53.

Northern Light answers all but 31, 37, 41, 46, 49, 50, 52, 53.

Gilbert answers all but 33, 43, 44, 46, 51, 52, 53, 58, 59.

Willie answers all but 31, 37, 41, 44, 46, 48, 51, 52, 53, 58.

Freddie answers all but 31, 33, 35, 36, 37, 43, 44, 46, 48, 52, 53, 59.

Meteor answers all but 37, 43, 44, 46, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 56, 58.

Cicero answers all but 31, 33, 37, 43, 46, 49, 50, 51, 50, 53, 56, 58, 59.

Myron answers 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 42, 45, 47, 55, 57, 59.

F. B. C. answers 32, 34, 35, 36, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 57, 59.

Lou answers 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 38, 39, 40.

Carrie Hoof answers 32, 39, 40, 41, 57, 59.

Millard F. Richards answers 36.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Keystone. One of your verbs was spelled incorrectly.

Freddie. You have made a very good beginning.

Meteor. You are very welcome. Do you have thunder-storms in February?

Carrie Hoof answers No. 39 with "Sweet William." I credit the answer, and give the Sweet Williams, in her neighborhood, notice.

Myron. I am always glad to welcome back again the dear old correspondents.

Pertine. Many thanks for your kind letter and invitation.

Cicero. Certainly, you have the "right."

Snarlie. I have sometimes wondered why we did not hear from you; but I see now, that you do not care to send answers, unless you have the whole list. Your answers to 44 ("Sea-horse ashore"), and 46 ("Pistareen piastre"), were very good; but there are certain rules in puzzles, to which we have to conform. "Behead" means take *one* letter from the commencement; "curtail," *one* letter from the end of a word.

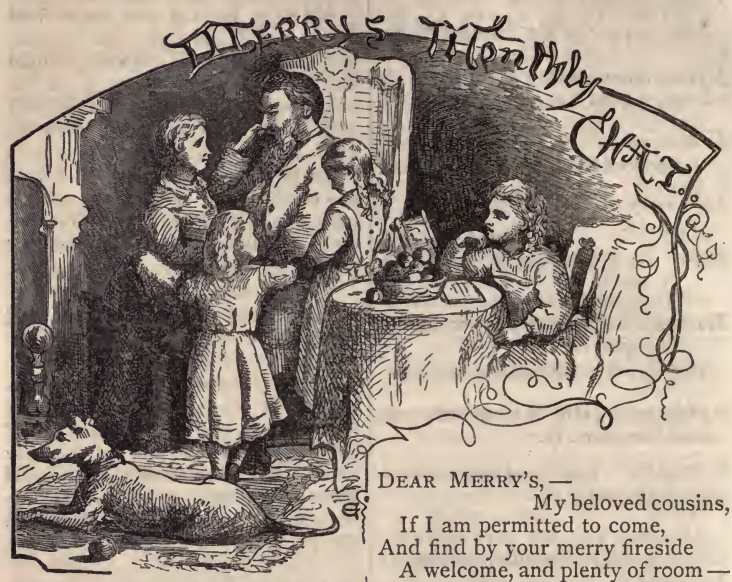
Ixia. Did you receive your gold pen safely?

Hero. The record of your occupation on the 4th of March, was a pretty good one; "breaking road" for sleighs in the morning, candy frolic in the afternoon (I should like to have had a *taste* of that performance), and solving puzzles in the evening.

A goodly list of answers from "Bridgewater" has no signature.

The number of verbs sent in answer to Puzzle 37 was quite amusing. Many lists lacked the requisite letters to make all the words, and, of course, were faulty.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to Keystone, F. R. S., Hero, Auntie, Lou, Max, Belle, Florian, Jennie M., Northern Light, and Millard F. Richards.



FINDING that a good deal of disappointment is felt by some of our readers at the discontinuance of the correspondence, we have decided to set apart a few extra pages for such letters as are printable.

The "Chatter-Box" will be devoted to the chatterers, with the hope that, in return for this accommodation, they will make their letters not only lively, but sensible, — remembering that such correspondences may be both instructive and agreeable, and that a magazine is not the place for trivial gossip or personal communications.

A selection from such letters as we have on hand has been made for the April number, and the best of those sent hereafter will find a place in the new "Chatter-Box."

DEAR MERRY'S, —

My beloved cousins,
If I am permitted to come,
And find by your merry fireside
A welcome, and plenty of room —
Oh! give me a kindly greeting,
From your merry hearts and true,
And the same good feelings for me
That I shall give to you.

I hear in my dreams sweet singing
Of your charming "Nightingale,"
The ripple of "Laughing Water"
Doth my spirits oft regale,
The notes of the "Silver Bugle"
Bring thoughts of the sweetest kind,
The songs of this pleasant dreamland
Oft steals o'er my waking mind.

And when I sleep not, I'm dreaming
Of wand'ring in "Forests" cool,
And plucking the modest "Violet"
That grows by the limpid pool.

I turn; and lo! just before me,
Are a pair of "roguish" eyes, —
And "Kate," with an honest greeting,
Comes forward in glad surprise.
"Oddity" joins in the laughter, —
"Jolly jingling," free and clear.
Lo, the depths of the grand old forest
Is glad with the Merry's cheer.

'Neath a cloud of circling smoke-wreaths
Just borne by the breezes away,
Lo! "W. A. R." smiles, smoking
His pipe of *peace* today.
"Bitter-Sweet" is an artful Merry,
But wiser than many the rest;
At first, he is bitter, distasteful,
But leaves for the last — the best.
I should know, by glancing at "Sigma,"
He is merry, but manly and true;
And "Euclid," if you'll be *my* cousin,
I'll be a cousin to you.
There's a shout among the merry cousins!
'Neath the boughs of a "Linden" tree
Standeth the form of a maiden,
And her name is — "Liberty."

Slowly the evening shadows steal
Over the earth and sky, —
I dream of our dance, while the moon
Sits queen of the summer sky.
Our music is rippling waters and
Crickets and night-bird's song;
Our lights are lit by the glow-worms,
In the emerald branches hung;
The flash of the fiery "Comet,"
And the darting "Shooting Star,"
Light with a flash our earthland —
From their home in the heavens afar.

Do you ever have dreams, my cousins?
And when they are pleasing to you,
Do you ask, as the little maiden did,
That your "dreams might all come true?"

If wishing could bring but a kind thought
From the depths of your hearts for me,
So I knew you welcomed the stranger
In truth and sincerity;
And Aunt Sue was *my* aunt, and "Merry"
Was *my* Uncle Merry, too, —
I would sign myself "Yours, merrily,"
And ever be *true* to you.

I am composed of 8 letters:
My 4, 2, 7, 1, 4 is an article of food.
My 8, 6, 1, 4 is what often brings good news.
My 3, 7, 5, 4 is Young America.
My whole is my *Merry* name.

DEAR MERRY'S, — Shall I tell you of the great snow-storm of the season, as experienced in the country? Doubtless most of you have felt it, but not, perhaps, as I have.

When I arose on Monday morning, the snow was falling thick and fast, accompanied by a gale of wind. I made my way to the barn with some difficulty, and found things snowed under. No one passed all day, except (God pity him) a crazy man, called "The Old Traveller" by some, "Happy-go-lucky" by himself. He will not speak to any one, or accept aught but a crust of bread. He sleeps in barns. But passing over the storm proper, let me speak of the next morning. In front of the house, the walk was *inundated* to the depth of four and a half feet. Other drifts, larger and smaller, were to be seen in all directions. Promptly we did battle with the mementos of Boreas. Suddenly, we heard a shout, and saw an ox-sled coming toward us, engaged (that is, the sled, oxen, and riders) in "breaking road." We instantly joined the party, and were soon digging in drifts over one's head. Oh! it is glorious, this working in the snow! The exercise — the plunging, the bandyings of the men, the sudden pitching head-first into the snow when the oxen stop suddenly — is glorious, at least to a boy, and that is my *profession*. There was plenty of work, too, for all. But scarcely had we finished, when the wind again began its work; and tomorrow will doubtless bring more labor. Have I been tedious, Uncle Robert? If so, I will try to write a shorter letter next time.

How much the Museum is to me! I think its value is greatly enhanced by its improvement. Success to its

editors and to its contributors, is the wish of HERO.

March 3d, 1868.

We are glad to hear from you, "Hero." Your letter reminds us of *old times*, when, —

"Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about;
Content to let the North-wind roar,
In baffled rage, at pane and door.
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.

* * * *

"What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the North-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow." — WHITTIER.

How many of the Merry's have read Whittier's charming poem, "Snow-Bound?"

PARKVILLE, MISS.,
Feb. 20th, 1868.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY, — I have finished reading your magazine for this month. I am always *so glad* when it comes. I love to read the letters which the other girls write, and I thought I would try tonight and see if I could not write you a letter, too. This is my first attempt. I am a little girl, ten years old, a Missourian. We had hard times here during the war; the rebels were very bad. My father had his printing-press thrown into the Missouri River, and he was driven from his home. Our town was robbed several times by the guerrillas. On the 7th of July, 1864, seventy of them came in here by daylight; they shot at my father, but he got away from them (God preserved him from harm). The guerrillas did look so savage, dressed in their red shirts with revolvers around their waists. They killed a good Union man, and wounded a man and his wife, in this town. My father, mother, and myself, with many other friends, had to leave our home, and camp out on the opposite bank of the river in Kansas. I tell you, dear Merry's, our hearts did beat with joy when we saw the Federal soldiers coming into town. One of the officers gave me a dollar for a present, and I sent it for your good magazine in 1862; I think I have been taking it ever since. And now, Uncle Merry, hoping this, my first letter, may be interesting enough to publish, I will bid you a kind "good night," as I am getting sleepy. Perhaps I will write again some day. COUSIN MISSOURI.

We bid you welcome to the Merry Circle, Cousin Missouri.

BANGOR, ME., *Feb. 28th*, 1868.

DEAR MR. MERRY, — I want to tell you how delighted some little folks away down east are with your new "Merry's Museum," and how much enjoyment it has afforded them during the long winter evenings, which I think have never seemed quite so long and so cold before as during the winter now just passing away. The kind mamma who presides over the household where I am at present staying, remembering the happiness which her own childhood found in your delightful stories, poems, puzzles, and friendly chats of long ago, no sooner saw by the papers that you were again in the field, at work for the little ones, than she said at once, that her children must be introduced to you; and she immediately sent Mr. Fuller a letter, which soon brought the Magazines to our fireside, and very attractive and charming do we find them in their daisy-wreathed covers, which seem to give us bright little glimpses of summer every time we

look at them, and which seem to remind us, that however cold and dreary the season now seems, a little more patient waiting, a little more cheerful courage, and all the greenness, and beauty, and sunshine of June will be about us. Beautiful June, when we can wander out into the green fields and woods, plucking the sweet wild flowers which a dear Loving Hand scatters abroad so bountifully every new summer, listening to the glad songs of the birds, and drinking in fresh life and joy at every step, until, tired with our rambling, and perhaps overcome by heat, we seek the refreshing shade of some great maple or oak or breezy pine, and quite forget ourselves in listening to the mysterious whisperings of the woodland neighborhood.

Yes, courage and cheerfulness will carry us safely through almost any darkness or dreariness which is not of our own creating, and bring us out into the clear light beyond. And as they will help us to bravely bear, if we cannot conquer, the chilling storms and keen blasts which a boisterous March and a changeful April may have in store for us, so will they prove blessed helpers in all the disappointments and stormy experiences which life may bring to us; for, you know,

"A *merry* heart goes all the day;
A sad one tires in a mile."

And now, dear, good, kind Father Merry (your very name has a winsome sound), I bid you good-by, hoping that all your young readers may grow old as gracefully, and spend life as usefully, as your honored self. AUNT MILLY.

NORFOLK, *March 1st*, 1868.

DEAR MERRY'S, — Perhaps you may remember, that in the February number of this Magazine, I promised to tell you more about the visit of the little Boston boys, Henry and Willy Otis, to my dear old State of Virginia, and especially about the "fat-backing" frolic.

When it began to grow very warm, in the latter part of June, the boys asked, one day, "What are these lights we see from our chamber-window every night, all over the creek, for miles?"

"They are the lights of the negroes, mostly, — some white fishermen among them, — catching fat-backs," Mr. Stith said.

"Fat-backs? — what are they?" the boys asked, with wide-open eyes and curious air.

"A kind of fish we have here in the South," the gentleman answered; "and, by the way, as we have little dew now, and as the thing will be altogether a novelty to you, I'll let Uncle Mingo take you along in his canoe tonight and show you the fun."

The boys were full of it. They were to go, in the afternoon, in the woods and fields with their sister and two little girl-cousins, to get wild-flowers. Indeed, the morning was to be gaily spent too, where they could ride on the great threshing-machine, getting out wheat, — but no matter what came, the frolic Mr. Stith had promised them was better than all, as they thought of it.

In the after-dinner walk, they gathered garlands for the girls of beautiful scarlet Virginia Creeper, which winds in the trees and hangs its red trumpet-flowers to shake like little bells in the breeze.

Well, there are lots of lovely blossoms in our Southern woods, and the children went home full-handed.

Mrs. Stith had tea ready by the time they got back, and the children took their fresh milk and corn *cookies* out on the front porch.

Pretty soon after dusk, Uncle Mingo came laughing (he was fond of children), his paddle in his hand, and told the young masters to come along — that his canoe lay at the shore — that there was no moon, and they'd have a nice time, he reckoned.

All down the creek, two or three miles, sure enough, were the little canoes, with their lights, — knots of

pine-wood, set on fire at one end and placed in the head of the boat. This light seems to attract the fish in the first instance, as the candle does the moth; then it blinds — then it is the poor fellow's bane, at last. He jumps and jumps, not knowing where he is going, until finally, the fisherman's boat is laden almost to the water's edge, and he comes paddling home. Some few of the fish jump out into the water again, but this is by chance, and the fisherman has little to do except to throw an old sail, or, maybe, set a basket upon the heap.

It is really a pretty sight, though, to see these queer-looking lamps burning in the water, as it were, and, if you are near enough, the silvery-looking fish fluttering up by hundreds around them. Some call them jumping-mullets, but I prefer the old name I used to hear when I was a child. Willy and Henry wanted to ask a great many questions when they set out, but Uncle Mingo whispered they must keep quiet, or talk very low, or they would "skeer" the fish away. Everything around was silent, indeed, except the sound of distant voices, — talking and laughing on shore, and now and then the subdued note of some quaint old Methodist hymn, sung in soothing tones by the old darkee proprietor of one of the little craft far down toward the Broadwater, it might be.

Uncle Mingo's canoe, "The Fiddler," as he called it — after the queer-looking small crabs that run along the sea-shore sand when the tide is low, — hauled up at the foot of the garden at about ten o'clock, with dozens and dozens of nice, fresh fat-backs to fry for breakfast. The embargo had been taken off the little boys' lips, though, long before; and they had been shouting, laughing, and singing, and listening to Uncle Mingo's stories until they thought they should never feel like going to bed and asleep again.

"Can we go with you every night, all summer long, Uncle Mingo?" they asked, — (they had learned to say Uncle Mingo, too, from the little Southern children, their cousins). "About August, or last of July," Uncle Mingo said, "they get so fat and heavy, we don't catch 'em this way. — you may go down with me to Whale *Pint*, here, though, and see 'em hauled in the seine. Now, they aint hardly long as my hand, you see; and they can cut capers till you can't rest."

My next letter will be about the "Great Dismal," which, to see written, looks as if it must be a dreary thing to come out of Merry's Museum, — it won't be, though, any more than the tales about the great Ogres and the Fairy Queen.

FANNY FIELDING.

J. O. DeF. Thanks for your kind words and suggestion.

L. A. S. "Collector's notices" are not served on those who pay up, as you have always.

Blue Bird. It is too late for your Christmas letter. We cannot tell you where you can find that magazine; its publication has been suspended.

K. E. P. Certainly. Any number lost by "Uncle Sam" will be supplied by the Publisher. If any of the Merry's fail to receive the Magazine regularly, we hope they will notify us. We trust that you will be pleased with our new "Chatter-Box."

F. L. writes: — "The Chat was the best part of the Museum to me, but I must admit that the reading matter of the Magazine is much better and much more interesting than formerly. You have improved the book much, and I could but be fully satisfied; only, we have no Chat." We hope the Cousins will make our new Chat more interesting than formerly, if possible.

Number Two of "Uncle Robert's Letters" was received too late for this month.

MERRY'S MUSEUM

VOL. I.] MAY, 1868. [NO. 5.

WILL'S WONDER-BOOK.

II.

"TELL about the ants, grandma. I've looked into a bee-hive, and seen the busy folks at work; but I never saw the inside of an ant's house," said Polly, as Will lay down again.

"It is a city, my dear, full of little houses, or cells, streets, bridges, galleries, and gates, built of earth, rushes, grass, and tiny twigs, in the most wonderful manner. There are many roads leading up to the air, and on fine days, the gates stand open; at night, the sentinels shut them, also in rainy weather; and so keep all safe and snug. In the lower rooms, they keep their young when it is cold; but whenever the sun shines, the faithful nurses carry the ant-babies up to the warm, light rooms above, just as our babies are taken out in sunny weather."

"Really?" cried Will.

"Yes, really; and many other things do these interesting creatures do very like us. The mother-ant has pretty gauze wings at first, and flies about in the open air very gaily for a time. But when the little ones are born, she pulls off her fine wings, stays at home, and takes care of her family, like a wise and faithful mother. She can't take all the care, because she often has several thousand children; so, a great many nurses are needed; and Mrs. Ant is more fortunate than we often are in getting good ones. So

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by H. B. FULLER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

devoted are the attendants, that they guard the eggs, from the time they are laid till the perfect ant flies away. They put the eggs in heaps in the cells, moving them to warm or cool places, as they think best, and often brood over them in damp weather. When the little grubs are hatched, they feed, wash, and tend them carefully. Not a very easy task, you may see, to take care of four or five thousand babies at once."

"I hope they don't all cry at once," said Will. "Wouldn't there be a racket, if they did?"

"No; they are good babies, and don't worry; because their nurses give them simple food, plenty of exercise, and don't spoil them as we spoil our babies," answered grandma, shaking her head, for she thought the old ways best.

"What do they eat and do?" asked Polly, forgetting to read, in her interest in the ant-lings.

"The nurses feed them, at first, with a sweetish fluid from their own bodies, and afterward with various things, putting the food into the little mouths, as birds feed their young. If any one disturbs the nests, these devoted nurses think only of saving the young, and may be seen running away with the tiny white eggs, or grubs, in their mouths. I read of a faithful nurse who got cut in two during some accident which happened to the nest; and so bent on saving her little charges was she, that the half of the body on which the head remained actually carried ten eggs to a place of safety before it died."

"Well, that ant was a regular brick!" cried Will. "You don't like slang, grandma; but I *must* say 'brick' this once, for no other word is good enough for that plucky little nurse."

"I hope Betsy would do as much for us, if our house tumbled down," began Polly, soberly; but went off into a giggle, at the idea of old Betsy's head trotting away with the baby.

"Let me tell you one more thing about the nurseries, and then we will go on to the battles and language and games of our friends," said grandma, watching the two attentive faces before her with the kind old eyes that twinkled behind her glasses. "After a while, the grubs spin themselves into cocoons, and stay there till they are perfect ants. When it is time for them to come out of their yellow cradles, the nurses help unfold the silken covers, as mamma undoes baby from his blankets, and take the young ones up from their long naps. They wash and brush them, spread their wings, lead them through the winding streets, as if teaching them to walk; and when

they are strong enough, the nurses follow them to the plants outside, feed them for the last time, kiss, and say good-by. And as the young ones fly away, the faithful creatures linger, as if they found it hard to part from the nurselings they have loved so well."

"Polly's crying!" said Will.

"No I ain't," returned Polly, winking more than was necessary; for she *was* rather touched by the tenderness of the little creatures whom she had never known, or cared to know, till now.

"I shan't walk on ant-hills any more," she said, with a small sniff.

Will said nothing, but lay leaning over the busy workers in the grass, thinking of the happy little homes below, and privately determining that he never would disturb his small neighbors again.

"I forgot to tell you," continued grandma, "that there were three sorts of ants, — the males, the females, and the neuters. The first two are kings and queens, and live in state; the others are the workers and soldiers. The first have no wings; but the workers have strong legs and feelers, for building, pulling, and running errands. The soldiers have large, sharp jaws for biting, and stings, also; beside little poison-bags, from which they throw a venomous fluid when attacked. Each sort do their parts, and all goes smoothly. The fathers soon die, or fly away; the mothers lay the eggs, and oversee the housekeeping; the workers take care of the babies, build, find food, and wait on the queen; while the soldiers guard the gates, defend the city, and march out to fight the neighboring tribes when wars occur."

"Tell about the battles. I like that part," said Will, like a true boy.

"They are very brave; for these little fellows will attack ants much larger than themselves, and fight gallantly, till they win or die. When they once take hold, they will be torn limb from limb before they let go; and after a battle, the victors may be seen with their enemies' heads fastened to their feelers, or legs, for they can't get them off; and, proud as they may be of them, they must be very inconvenient. To these brave and bustling mites, a foot of ground is a territory worth fighting for; the body of a beetle, a cargo of straws, or a drop of honey, are possessions of great value. The males and females don't fight; but the neuters have great battles with their neighbors, and sometimes with each other. Idle ants are driven out of the city, and have their heads cut off before the people, as a warning. But the famous battles are between

different communities of the same species. Rival cities, like the Rome and Carthage you read of, Will, send out their armies to settle some dispute; and one may see them meet half-way on a battle-field of two or three feet square. Led by their generals, some seize each other in their powerful jaws; some make prisoners, who are afterward used as slaves in the cities of their enemies; others, joined together by legs or jaws, in long strings, pull and drag in opposite directions, till one side gets stronger than the other, when the chain breaks, and all fight again, two and two. These battles last for days, and at night, each army retires to its own city, only to march out again with fresh courage in the morning. So they keep it up, till one side yields, or a rain quenches the feud, when they go home, and forget all about the quarrel."

"I'd like to see an ant-battle, if it was a good lively one, and the generals didn't get the men into scrapes," said Will, who sometimes read the newspapers.

"I pity the poor ant-slaves, and hope they got away after a while," added Polly, who had given a dollar to the Freedmen's Aid Society.

"British and American ants don't make slaves, the books say, and I am glad of it," replied grandma. "One curious thing I must tell you; and that is, that the ants not only have slaves, but cows, or rather another species of insect, from which the ants get a sweet fluid, of which they are very fond. I don't know whether all ants do this; but Huber tells us that some ants haunt the trees where the aphides go to get sweet sap, and as fast as the little tubes on the bodies of the aphides are full of honey, the ants draw it out, and carry it home for their young, as we do milk."

"Well, that's the funniest thing I've heard yet. Cows, with wings; and ants going a milking, up trees!" Will lay back in the grass, and shouted; and Polly's eyes were rounder than ever with wonders at the discoveries she was making.

"Laugh away, my dear, but it is true; and ants often have their own cows, and guard them, and build walls round them, as we fence in our pastures. Certain beetles are kept by German ants, who have droves of these yellow cattle, and take good care of them," added grandma.

"It sounds like a fairy story," said Polly, with a long breath. "Do the ants talk, and have schools, and do everything else, as we do?"

"Not everything, as we do; but they talk somewhat as the deaf

and dumb do, with their feelers or hands. Careful observers say, that when the ants want to warn others, they run and strike sharply against them. If one finds something good to eat, it hurries to the others, and waves its antennæ, as if to say, 'Come, and taste it.' If the military ants wish to give the order to march, they touch each other on the trunk and forehead. In a fight, if two friends mistake and attack one another, they soon beg pardon by caressing each other. When the queen walks through the city, her people show their joy by tapping her lightly, dancing on their hind-legs before her, and carrying her on their feelers; and when two meet, after being long parted, they seem to shake hands, kiss, and embrace most affectionately."

"Little dears!" exclaimed Polly; and down she went, to watch the small people, some of whom had climbed up the tall grass-blades, as if to listen, and be sure that grandma made no mistakes in telling their history. L. M. ALCOTT.

THE LITTLE CAPTIVES.

THERE came a little humming-bird,
Upon a summer's day,
Buzzing about some leaves and flowers
That on the table lay.

A lovely, tiny humming-bird,
Scarce bigger than a bee;
I put a wine-glass over him —
My prisoner was he.

Small space was there for fluttering wings, —
Gay, golden wings, and green;
And leaves and flowers lose their charm
Through prison-window seen.

Poor, pretty little humming-bird,
He did not like to stay;
And so, I lifted up the glass,
And let him fly away.

On tiptoe, once, a little maid,
With dimpled cheeks and chin,
Stood peeping through our garden-gate;
I ran to let her in.

I led her round among the flowers,
Where all the prettiest grew;
I made for her a nosegay fine,
But ah! it would not do.

Her heart was full; her tender lip
Just trembled to a pout;
She thought the wall, for good and all,
Had closed her round about.

Poor, little bashful Margaret!
She hung her lovely head,
And gave the flowers a sidelong look;
But not a word she said.

Wee Maggie! Like the humming-bird,
She did not like to stay;
And so, the gate I opened it,
And Maggie ran away.

MRS. A. M. WELLS.

THE LOGGERS; OR, SIX MONTHS IN THE FORESTS OF MAINE.

(*Continued from the April Number.*)

MONUMENT BROOK, *April 15th.*

BACK again at the old camp, ready to be initiated into all the mysteries of "Log Driving." A great part of the way up, we had to walk, the roads through the woods at this season being horrible. The men were very cheerful, singing along, and showing great determination in overcoming difficulties. The streams are high; and more than once,

the men caught me up, and carried me over on their shoulders. The ground is soft and spongy in the woods, displaying a variety of beautiful mosses, that would make our sisters' eyes sparkle. I was enjoying and examining some, and the promise of early May flowers, when our best dog set up a hideous howl. Poor fellow! he had attacked a porcupine, and filled his nose with quills. "You've put your *fut* in it," said Pat, as he ran after the suffering animal. "Your *nose*, you mean," I said, as I hunted up a pair of tweezers. "Hold the rascal, an' I'll pull them out." While I performed the surgical operation, some of the men amused themselves killing the ungainly animal. He was an unusually large one; and when attacked, ran up the trunk of a large pine, to be brought down at last by a ball. There he lies — an ungainly mass of ugliness — only stripped of a few quills, which I have saved for you.

The "Parson" met us with a very pleasant smile. Although not afraid to stay alone, he is not hermit enough to prefer it. There is something about this man that attracts me strongly: whether it be his purity and kindness, or pity for his great trials, I hardly know.

My uncle tells me he lost his wife, and all three children, within six weeks, suffering much himself from the same distemper. For a time, he seemed deranged; but finally awoke from his melancholy, and went about, preaching in the backwoods settlements. Afterward, he settled down into a good woodsman, honest, and a capital worker.

The absence of snow changes the appearance of things greatly. Stumps of the trees that had been cut, on a level with the snow, now stood out in every direction, like grim, dwarfed ghosts.

Tomorrow, the driving commences. Already, the logs in the stream are afloat. Those left upon the river-banks are to be rolled in; and then all are to be safely guided over the rocks, and away from the shores, until they reach the lake.

The Parson tells us that bears are not far off; he is certain they have been smelling around the provision camp already. Won't we have sport? Come on, Mr. Bruin! we shall be happy to see you! The men are busy, setting traps and making pits, feeling sure he will come back again, having scented the provender.

Irish Jim says "he has kept a long *Lint* intirely; an' that mealchist is his *Easter*." Poor Jim! the men laugh at him continually, for deserting camp; but he takes it all good-humoredly, saying,

"The Jamaky was too strong for me. It beckoned me down the river, an' I made great frins wid it, for a few days; an' thin shook hans wid the same, an' said, 'Good-day, Mr. Rum' — foriver an' foriver. An' thin I jined the Timp'rance, an' come away to the wilderness — so not to smell that same!"

Bravo for Jim!

16*th.* The Parson and I have just been to the head of the brook to see the "monument." I was hardly prepared for so fine an affair. A width of four rods is completely, and smoothly cleared, from the head of the brook, quite through the "disputed territory," which is almost wholly an unbroken wilderness. Iron pillars, or monuments, are set at regular intervals, until the line strikes the River St. John — which then becomes the boundary between the two countries.

The monument we examined was large and handsome, and so securely laid in a granite base, as almost to defy time; or, at least, make it many years before "John Bull" and "Uncle Sam" could quarrel about this boundary. The top of the monument is surmounted on one side by the American Eagle — on the other by the British Lion. The names of "Webster" and "Ashburton" are there, and the date of the ratification of the treaty.

The Parson tells me, he remembers, that about twenty-seven years ago, there were British soldiers stationed at St. Stephen, and American soldiers at Calais, to protect their rights; and very little they knew about them. The treaty was made at that time; the line being the St. Croix River, up through the east branch, and lakes — through Monument Brook; and then due north, until it strikes the St. John.

The great Aroostook farming country lies west of the monumental line; and, it is said, will remunerate the farmer for his toil as fully as any land in our country, hardly excepting the western prairie. Bangor, Calais, and St. Stephen are at present the depots for produce, — a railroad now running from the latter place to Houlton.

17*th.* Some of the meal was left out last night, and this morning it was gone, and distinct bear tracks, very large ones, the men say. Won't we have fun?

18*th.* I have seen him; and I tell you, he loomed up grandly, in the bright moonlight, with his very black, shaggy coat. After eating all the meal that had been scattered about, he made some efforts to get into the provision camp; but not succeeding, he

walked off, growling. All are sure he will get into the pit-fall, and can hardly wait for morning.

19*th*. Glorious! The bear was caught, and I shot him.

All wanted to do it; but finally concluded to let me try my hand, evidently thinking the "schoolmaster" would fail (you and I have practiced a little at target-shooting), and I sent the ball into the right spot — and bruin fell!

The men are carefully skinning him; and I am determined to send the skin down, and have it stuffed, for our managery, to set by the side of the moose.

The meat looks like pork, and is said to be just as nice. It seems strange to me, the fellow could retain so much flesh after fasting all winter. I really think there's oil enough in the creature to shine up every head in New England.

May 1*st*. The logs are all down to the lake, now, waiting for the ice to break up before they are rafted. So far, we have returned each night to our old camp, as the weather is chilly. We have plenty of skiffs, and could be more comfortable there. Tomorrow, we move down, and bid good-by to the old "home on the brook;" sleeping on the bank, under skiffs, and almost anywhere, until we get upon the raft. In pushing and managing the logs, the men use pick-poles and "peaveys;" the last of which are curiously contrived to hold the log, as well as send it forward, and is an invention much admired by the lumbermen.

It surprises me to observe the dexterity of the men with the logs — here, there, and everywhere; about them, on them, and sometimes under them; seldom falling in, but apparently caring as little for the water, as though it were their native element. They wear thick, high boots, with long brads in the heels, which prevent their slipping, and clothe themselves wholly in flannel, excepting the coarse, homespun pants. Before five in the morning, all are astir, taking breakfast of anything "that is handy," — wedges of bread, and apple-sauce, doughnuts, gingerbread, or hard bread.

At nine o'clock, the cook has a nice hearty breakfast, and the men eat, as only men *can* eat who labor in the open air. At midday, another hearty meal, of meats, fish, pork, with dessert of doughnuts and apple-sauce, is done ample justice to.

The men work on with great diligence until after sundown, eat their supper, and fall asleep on the hemlock boughs, either in camp, or on the bank of the river, under a skiff. Such endurance would surprise you, with exposure in all kinds of weather. They

tell me that "every one can get used to it who has any kind of a constitution. But after all, driving is awful wearing, they are at it so many hours in the twenty-four; and its well they have only about three months at such work."

In driving down rivers or streams, after the first day or two, the camping-ground is changed every night. Each day, after dinner, the cook takes his light tent (if he has one), provisions, and the whole camp apparatus, cooking-tools, etc., and sails down as far as he thinks the men will work their way that night. Oftentimes it requires two skiffs to take everything along, if the crew is as large as ours. Having selected a good spot on the river-bank, he fixes his tent, spreads the boughs for the mens' beds, makes his fire, and cooks the supper, singing cheerily all the while.

Perhaps all are not like our cook, who is really a jolly fellow, and quite an artist in his line; never angry, unless some one doubts his capacity to cook every dish ever heard of. I really think he believes himself perfect in his line; and if you proposed his making "turtle-soup" or "wedding-cake," he would rub his hands, throw his head a little to one side, and say, "Yes, yes; of course, I ken cook anything that's fit to put inside a man's stomach. When you come to them poisonous jimcracks, that I've hearn tell on, — well, then, — I might fix them, no doubt; but then agin, I wouldn't; becos, you see, men don't need sich; an' I'd have too much principle to waste my time on the likes!"

Our crew is so large, that several of the men, each night, roll themselves in their quilts, and sleep under the shelter of a canoe. The weather is chilly and ground damp; but colds are unknown among us.

Black tea is the only stimulus used, and of that great quantities are drunk. A teakettle, smoking hot, is ready at all hours, day and night. This primitive manner of moving each day, and tenting for the night, has great charms for me, — perhaps, from the very newness of the thing. Thousands of men live in this singular manner for many months.

Each morning, I am awakened by the sweet, soothing ripple of the brook, or the odorous airs through the forest-trees, which, like Eolian harps, tone them curiously and wondrously, to please the ear of Nature's listeners. The murmuring through the pines is a plaintive minor melody, subduing gayety, exciting thought of life's realities, and bringing back to us, in long procession, all the dear ones, and dear scenes that have passed beyond and away from us.

In a grove of hard-wood, the key is sprightly and inspiriting. We feel like pressing onward in life's duties, forgetting the things that are behind, and exulting in the actual labor and joys of life. But come, Frank, and listen for yourself to this wild-wood music.

Of birds, you are a great admirer, and many specimens here are very beautiful. I shall long to take you some; but if unable, will remember their names and peculiar habits. Today, I have seen the moose-bird, blue jay, and black-bird, and, better than all, our old friends, the robins. How they brought the savor of "home" to me, — the house, the barn, the dear old orchard, and the swing under the trees, where my darling sister and I have spent so many happy, happy hours. I can see my mother's sweet face at the window — and old Betty, in the kitchen-door, examining the condition of her churn. I can feel your arm on mine, and we are walking by the college-hedge. Heigh-ho! Am I homesick? or am I dreaming, Frank? It is not much matter; but do not be surprised, if, the first week in July, I hold you, heart and hand, in close grasp. Won't it be delightful? I almost feel like apostrophizing my friend in the language of Ossian. But, never mind; you know my "feelinks;" and if I am not eaten by bears, or drowned, or "nothing happens" — as the old ladies say — we will make our tongues run much faster and more smoothly than I can make my pen.

May 9th. We are now on Grand Lake, which is without a current, and at this late day, one vast expanse of ice. The men say it is rotten, and will soon go. They are busy making a large raft, upon which we are to live during our journey down the lake. This raft is built by securely placing together some thirty or forty of the largest logs, crossing them in a contrary direction with other logs, and fastening them with iron bolts. On the front of this large raft is the windlass, or capstan, for towing, or warping the boom ahead. This windlass is made of a large pine, securely fastened into the framework of the raft, and four or five feet high, but made at the head to work easily. The purchase, or power, is gained by driving five, or six, or eight handspikes along near the head at regular intervals. To this, the long warp is fastened; the other end being supplied with a small anchor. When all is ready for moving, two or three men start off in a boat with the anchor, which they throw to the bottom of the lake, as soon as the warp is paid out. Then, one or more men take hold of each handspike at the windlass, and slowly, but surely, bring the ponderous boom

ahead. Again and again this is repeated, many times each day, if the wind is favorable; when ahead, all remain quiet.

Our boom, the men think, contains at least twenty thousand logs, or what will make three million feet of timber. The boom is made by boring holes in the ends of large logs, and fastening them together with chains. This is made large enough to enclose as many logs as can well be warped through the lakes, — say, ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand, seldom more. This boom is securely fastened to the raft (which takes the lead), and generally retains a circular form.

The process of building the camp on the raft interests me extremely. Uprights are placed at a convenient distance behind the windlass, and all nicely covered in with spruce bark. Along the centre is a nicely-smoothed "deacon-seat," or table. Nice beds, of hemlock, are arranged, as in camp; cooking utensils hung up, and all wears a comfortable look. But where is the cooking to be

done? I see an opening in the bark overhead. But one man tells me "they go on shore each day to cook;" another, with a sly wink, passes a sprig of green to his comrade near. Never mind. I am verdant, but can patiently wait to see.

15th. When I awoke this morning, it was upon a scene of enchantment, as wonderful to me as the strangest in "Arabian Nights." Last night, I saw a vast expanse of ice, — the whole lake seemed solid. This morning, the clear, blue water was spread before me, transparent, and almost without a ripple. The eastern view was like burnished gold in the early sunrise. The air was soft and balmy, and full of the melody of birds. Had I been transplanted to some tropical clime? The raft was there; but where was the ice? Not one vestige to be seen!

O Frank! How I did long for you, and every lover of the beautiful. The gorgeous clouds, the glorious emerald setting to this pure gem of the forest, the exquisite beauty and peacefulness of the whole scene, — stirred my soul to its inmost depths. It was sabbath, and not a man was moving. Quietly as possible I crept from my hemlock bed, to a niche in the bank, where, unobserved, I could enjoy the whole wonderful scene. The lake is more than three miles across; and yet, the different shades of foliage are distinctly seen. The banks are so high, that the lake looks like a vast concave mirror. A loon, perched on a jutting rock, a few rods away, has a distinct reflection.

One of our young philosophers has said, "that wonders are not confined to localities, but are everywhere where there are eyes to see them." What greater marvel, than this sudden change from a sea of ice to a glittering expanse of blue water, transparent enough to see fishes gliding about the gravelly bottom.

The loon has flown away, and its half-human cry startled one of the sleepers. It is the Parson; and from my hiding-place, I can, unseen, watch his peculiar face, twitching and nervous with emotion. He, too, is filled with this wondrous beauty, and now breaks forth in language ever ready with him.

"The waters were hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep was frozen (Job xxxviii.)! The voice of the Lord shaketh the the wilderness; the voice of the Lord calls forth the waters! Give unto the Lord the glory due his name; worship him in the beauty of holiness!"

How this man interests me! It may be, the strong contrast to men of every-day stamp. I do not think Beecher or Chapin ever

held me more completely enchained, than he sometimes does, with his weird, heart-felt utterances.

The men are all rousing up now, and curiously I will listen to their comments. "Be jabers," said Irish Jim, "the Parson is afther sayin' his prayers arly, this fine mornin'. Look o' there, will ye? Jest look o' there," pointing to the lake, with a grimace. "Yer fine crust, my nice ould jintleman, had to give under, yer see, an' now is soaked up entirely. We'll sail on ye, me darlint, an' fish from ye for our breakfast. Faith, an' ye held on like a brave one; but now ye'es are clean knocked under." Jim chatted on, but most of the men were silent. They had seen the change too often to wonder at it in the least.

"I hardly thought it would go in the night," said Sacker, lighting his pipe. "I never saw it but once afore, in more'n twenty year; an' it mostly always leaves after a strong blow."

"Well, you see," said Cook, — breaking up dead branches with his foot, to cook the breakfast, — "you see, yesterday was a scorching day, for May; and its late in the season, now — the nights are warm. Last year, the ice went the 5th; the year afore, the 10th; but this is a cold spring, upon the whole, until the last couple o' days."

"Not so cold as one I remember," said another. "About seven years ago, I came up with a surveyor, about the last of April, to make an estimate of the logs. We left pleasant weather and dry roads at Calais. Well, here it was cold as December; an' it's a fact, that on the 20th of April, there came so much snow, that we couldn't survey the logs, until a day or two of sun had melted it off. An' then, our surveyor was taken blind — from the glitter of the snow and ice — an' suffered sich awful pain in his eyes, that we had to take him home.

"Another, that came back with me, after the first day, gave out in the same way, an' kept in the camp, with his eyes covered. I begun to feel most mad; an', as I could do nothing *alone*, started down, to try to find a man at some of the camps. I was taken snow-blind myself! an' in sich awful distress, that I had to lie down, an' cover my eyes with my han'kerchief an' hat. After sunset, I poked along an' found a camp, where I laid by a day or two, feeling as though hot needles were in my eyes. After a while, I started back, with a pair of green goggles on they lent me, and a fellow to help me; an' we did the surveying. But the weather was dull and chilly, an' the ice didn't go that year till the 20th of May."

"We should all have been snow-blind, if the bright sun and ice

had hung on," said Cook; "an' every man ought to wear them 'goggle things,' if they do make owls of themselves."

"I hardly thought it would go in the night," said Sacker, lighting his pipe. "I never knew it to but once afore, in the whole of twenty years."

"Yesterday was a scorching day, you see, for May," answered Cook, as he broke the dead branches for his fire; "and last night was the warmest I ever knew at this season, as long as I've cooked on these waters."

"The thing that did it so quick," said another, "is the breaking of the ice by them fellers down at Haybrook. The wind got under, an' soon shook up the old honeycomb above. Chepetnecook (the lake next below) is open."

"How do you know?"

"I know, because I heard a loon this morning; and they never come until there is open water. This is most a summer morning."

"Two swallows don't make a summer, mind ye, my boy. Ye'll sing another tune before night. Going to have a storm, — a right-out blow, I reckon."

"Hold on till I get my sail, won't ye?" said the youth, laughing.

"I guess ye'll have to hold on when you get it, for it always blows like sixty after the ice starts."

And so the chat ran on, until breakfast was ready; while eating which, I ventured to inquire how such a body of ice could disappear so suddenly. I did not fail to observe one youngster touch the end of his nose with a sprig of green, just then; but never mind, if I get my answer, and this strange thing is explained.

"Well, yer see," said Sacker; "this ice has been eaten an' eaten away underneath, like a honeycom'; it looked strong, but wasn't. As soon as the wind could get under, or the water soaked up through, why, it is gone, just like the sugar I put in my tea, and sometimes almost as quick; an' without as much settlins."

"It is a wonderful change," I remarked, "to be brought about so quickly and silently."

"Indeed it is," said a new speaker; "and perhaps it surprised you, as it did me, many years ago.

"I was hired to come up with a load of provisions; and other teams came too. Well, when we got to this lake, it looked splendid. It was much nearer to the camp, to cross over it, than go by the road; an' I should have thought would have borne fifty yoke of oxen with loaded teams. But, no! The forward driver said

'No, it wasn't safe.' I remember, I looked at it longingly, — it seemed so smooth, an' hard, an' shinin', — an' then we turned off into the rough road. Well, p'r'aps in a half-hour, we got on high land, where we had a sight of the lake again; an', upon my word, if there was one particle of ice to be seen! I looked, an' looked, an' looked, not knowing what was to pay, or whether I was cracked myself, when the other drivers set up a great shout, saying, 'Don't you wish you had gone onto the ice, Bob? Say, don't yer? The fishes would have had a nice dinner.' There's a good many curious things in this world, young man."

16*th*. The "blow" did come; and a right heavy one it was, too! Before night, the peaceful, quiet lake of the morning was rolling in billows, dashing the raft about, and threatening to break the "boom," and scatter our cherished logs, the labor of a winter, upon the shores. The men say it sometimes takes weeks to gather all again, and enclose them in a new boom. When the freshet was light, they often had to lay over another winter, — a great injury to the logs, and a still greater one to the capitalist, who would be obliged to lay out of the interest of his money so long.

The boom we are watching contains logs, they tell me, at least worth twenty thousand dollars. Of course, it is an object of much interest to the whole crew.

The Parson says, "this is the same lake, the same wind, and the same God that moves it. When it is bright and placid, like the morning, we think He does right; but when it is stormy and threatening, we have — as we should not — many doubts."

17*th*. The wind has abated somewhat, and our "boom" is safe. We are to leave the shore today, and live in the camp upon the raft. I have been watching Cook fill old flour-barrels with earth and sods; and now, I see, he is spreading them smoothly, and pounding them down on the raft where he is to do his cooking.

Large logs of wood are put on, and dry branches piled up, ready for use. Everything is afloat, — provisions, tools, boats, etc., — and we are ready to commence our homeward voyage.

I love to work at winding in the warp; it reminds me of some of our gymnastic feats. The five or six men, constantly walking around in a circle, make sport and dry speeches, I assure you. When the wind is favorable, we move ahead rapidly. Today, the men have paid out the anchor several times; but I think we have gained less than three miles. Should the wind blow against us tomorrow, as it promises now, we can do nothing but lay by.

THE TRIALS OF A LITTLE KING.

TRANSLATED.

"I BELIEVE," said our little Gretchen, "that a king dresses in silk and velvet every day. He can eat what he likes, he can drive out in pleasant weather, he can go to the theatre, and his servants must bring him all he asks for."

"Ah, yes; certainly. Gretchen was right in some things, but not in everything. Let our wise Gretchen cast a glance towards a king's apartment in the year 1715.

"Seventeen hundred and fifteen, — that is so long ago! More than one hundred and fifty years; during which many drops of rain fell from heaven upon poor mother-earth, and in which many, many men, in different countries, wept and smiled. In 1715, a beautiful boy, of five years and a few months old, sat in a royal palace, in the kingdom of France. The child was robed in purple velvet, because he was in mourning for his grandfather, Louis XIV., King of France.

"The little king, an attractive child, was seated in a magnificent apartment that was adorned with rare pictures, superb furniture, and splendid carpets.

"He sat alone, at an elegant little breakfast-table. Every delicacy that he asked for was there, for they brought him all he wanted. No servants were lacking; for, behind the chair of the little five-years' old king, stood two noblemen, who waited for his commands. There were also many other persons in waiting, in another part of the room.

"Louis ate — all alone — a delicate roasted dove, an apricot-tart, and drank a glass of wine. He knew how to eat the dove politely, but it was tedious and difficult for him to cut everything with a knife; so, he took his little royal fingers to help him.

"'Where is my napkin?' he cried, when he had finished the task. 'They haven't given me any napkin!' he continued. 'Quick, quick! I want it!' holding his hands up in the air, as if in great distress.

"The two noblemen who stood behind him hastened to bring him a napkin, but they disputed to whom belonged the honor of handing it to him; and so they stood, one holding it on one side, and one upon the other; and Louis XV. sat crying with impatience and anger, because he had waited so long holding up his hands.

"A third distinguished lord who was in the room — but to whom the duty did not belong — had compassion on the little king, and brought a napkin to him.

"Poor, little, gentle king, that was a misery!

"'How tedious it is today in the palace,' said Louis XV., one afternoon; 'why cannot I go out where all the other children are going?' He pointed to a crowd of citizens and of country people, gayly dressed, who passed by the palace with their children.

"'Where are they going?' inquired the king.

"'To the fair at St. Germain,' was the answer.

"'Then I will go there, too,' said his little majesty.

"Louis XV. jumped for joy; for he thought of the pleasure of passing the lovely day in the open air, and of seeing all the beautifully-dressed children again.

"The coach, with four handsome horses, came to the door. They lifted the little king into it, and his tutor wished to follow him; but the Duke of M—— prevented it; for he said that the privilege of accompanying the king in his carriage belonged to him alone.

"Then a dispute arose between the two gentlemen, and neither would yield.

"'But you may both sit near me,' said the king.

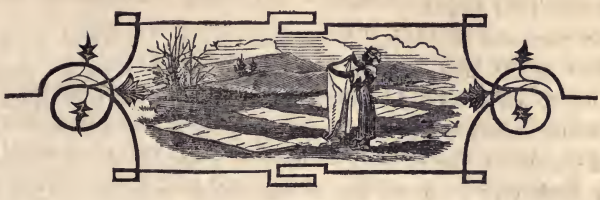
"'Your majesty, that will not be in order,' was the answer. 'The court must decide, before we can go.'

"So, Louis, who had been so childishly delighted with the prospect of a drive, was obliged to descend from the carriage, for the quarrel could not be settled at once. And Louis XV. remained, sadly looking out of the window, until night came, seeing the prettily-dressed children coming home from the fair, bringing drums and fifes, and cakes in their hands, while he stood alone by the window and — wept.

"The greatest misery of Louis XV., in his youth, was his separation from Lord De Fleury. His grief for his beloved friend was so intense, that De Fleury was sought for through the whole kingdom of France. He returned, and Louis XV. was calm and happy again.

"You ask me, dear Gretchen, where I heard about the trials of the little king. I cannot tell you; but this I know, that little kings, and great ones, have much more to bear than you and I have. So, be contented with your lot; and let kings ride in their carriages, while you walk on foot."

S. W. LANDER.



LITTLE PEARL.

CHAPTER III. — AN ADVENTURE.

"WE won't go away and leave you, today, darling," said Agnes, the morning after the wedding, as she helped Pearl down from the breakfast-table. "Now, you go and get Nelly, your doll," she said, "and come with Cassy and I under the cherry-tree, in the garden; and we'll sit down there, and dress her all up new, make a new face, and all. Would'nt you like that?"

"Truly?" said Pearl, with a look of joy and surprise. "Truly? — won't you run away once, Cassy?"

"No, we won't," said Cassy; "we've promised to ourselves we wouldn't. If we do go anywhere, you and Bliss shall go with us."

Now, Pearl did not care much for the privilege of going anywhere where Agnes and Cassy led the way; neither did Bliss. Both of them had known some very sad times going where they went. But Pearl tried to be hopeful, and think the best would happen. Perhaps they wouldn't go anywhere; perhaps they really would stay round the house with them all day. At all events, "Nelly" was to be dressed up, and made new.

Once Nelly had been just as pretty and nice as it is possible for a rag-baby to be, and Pearl had had it ever since she was a baby herself; and she was so fond of it, that she thought she could not sleep nights unless she had Nelly in her arms. But lately, Bliss had taken a fancy to play with the rag-doll, and do what she might, Pearl could not keep it away from him; and he had played with it in such a way, had left it in such strange places, had given it so many rides, tied to Jero's tail, that now it was a most pitiable-looking little object. It was misshapen and torn, and had a very dirty face and a very dirty frock. Indeed, it was dirty all over; and Pearl, who dearly loved what was beautiful and clean,

could not enjoy playing with the doll, unless it was closely wrapped up in her little shawl.

The prospect of having her "dear Nelly" brought back to her old self again was a very pleasant thing to Pearl. And Jero, seeming to know that his little mistress was happier than usual, that sunny morning, got into a very high frolic himself. He followed them into the garden, — barked, jumped up and down, and ran in their way; caught up in his mouth everything they put out of their hands, knocked Cassy's hat off of her head, and snapt up poor Nelly, and gave her such a shaking, that Pearl was afraid the doll would have to be made "new all over;" and then he ended by lying down beside Pearl, and putting his head in her lap, and going to sleep.

They had not been under the cherry-tree but a short time, when, looking toward the prairie, they saw Lule coming with the baby, and with her, Harry and the two little cousins.

"Oh, dear! what did they want to come now for?" said Cassy. "That Marietta will stare with her great round eyes, and say, 'What-are-you-doing, dressing-that-doll? Is that your doll? Haven't you got any better doll than that?' She is the funniest thing I ever saw. She don't do anything but look right at you, in that dreadful sober way, and ask questions just as fast as she can. I don't think they know very much, if their father is so 'awful rich.' Do you?"

Before Agnes could answer, Lule and her party had arrived.

"There! sit down there, and take care of yourself," were the first words from Lule, as she gave the poor baby a toss on the ground. "I'm just tired to death, lugging that great heavy young one. I should think 'twas big enough to walk itself, if that's all that's wanted."

The baby was a fat, good-natured little thing, and was able to bear a great deal of hard treatment; but the way Lule had been carrying it, and the way she put it down on the ground, was too much for it to bear, and its lips began to quiver.

"Oh! that's a shame!" they all cried; and Lule, who, after all, was kind-hearted, thought so too, and gave the baby such a hard kiss and such a tight hug, that it began to cry in good earnest. The noise awoke Jero; and he, seeing strangers were there, hopped up in such a sudden fashion, that the two little cousins were frightened almost out of their wits, and began to run as fast as they could.

"Oh, come back, come back!" cried Cassy, laughing so, she could hardly speak. "He won't hurt you a bit. Here — Jero, Jero! Make him lie down again, Pearl."

Pearl had no trouble in doing that; and the little cousins walked calmly back, holding each other's hands.

"I'm sorry he acted so," said Agnes, rising to receive them, and giving them a cushion to sit on; "but he was only playing. He wouldn't have hurt you. He is just as good as he can be."

"Is he your dog?" asked Marietta; and after awhile came the volley of questions Cassy had predicted. Then they talked about the doll; and Lule said that Annetty — as she called Annette, Marietta's sister — had a "splendid doll to home." It had "glass eyes, and real hair on its head."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Cassy; "I've seen lots of them. Once I had one, and it had long curls way down its back; and could move its eyes all around, and cry, just like a real baby. And oh, 'twas dressed lovely. It had a pink-satin dress, all trimmed with white lace; and lovely little red slippers, and gold earrings in its ears, and a gold ring on its finger; and ——"

"Why, Cassy Marsh!" said Agnes, laughing.

"Well, I did," said Cassy, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "And, don't you remember how Bliss smashed it all to pieces?"

"There, now," said Lule; "I thought you were telling a story. That's just like you, Miss Fibber. I might have one of that kind."

"Is she telling a story?" asked Marietta, looking as if she had believed every word.

"No, I ain't telling a story," said Cassy; "I'm telling you about my doll."

They sat there together a long time, chatting and working over Nelly. Finally, Cassy, unable to keep still any longer, jumped up, and said she was "going to the house, to get a luncheon. Perhaps I can find something good," she said. "If I do, I'll bring you all some."

"Now, Cassy; don't you go and get into a fuss with Miss Muggins," said Agnes.

"Oh, I don't mind having a fuss when the weather is fine, and I can stay out of doors," said Cassy. "She can't get at me, unless I'm in the house;" and off she ran.

She had been gone but a few moments, when she came running back, all out of breath, and with her apron almost full of very nice-looking tarts.

"Oh, I had such a time getting them," she said; "she come pretty near catching me. They were way up on a high shelf; and just as I was getting them down, I heard her coming; and if I didn't jump and run! O Agnes!" she went on, "I don't believe but she's going somewhere, or somebody's coming to see her. She has got on her best gown and that new head-dress."

"Perhaps her beau is coming," said Lule.

"I don't believe but he is; and that is what she made these tarts for," said Cassy. "She always gets him something nice to eat when he comes. Oh, deary, eat 'em up quick. She'll find out about it in a minute."

"Did you take them all?" asked Agnes.

"No; I guess I left about three; and that's enough for him, isn't it?"

Just then they looked up, and saw a carriage coming across the prairie.

"Yes, that's him," said Cassy; "and there is no danger of a fuss now. She is always just as good as can be, when he's here. She'll say '*dear*,' and be just as pleasant. I guess, if he knew how she acted, he wouldn't like her very well."

"He is real good," said Lule. "Marm knows all about him; and she says he is a great deal better than she is. I don't believe he'll ever have her; he'll find out all about her before long."

The carriage passed just then, and a voice called out, —

"Hollo, there! Why, where did you all come from? Got company, Miss Cassy? Well, well, — a nice lot of you; one, two — heyday — and a young shaver!" looking at the baby. And, with a great many nods and smiles, "Miss Muggins's beau" drove into the yard.

"Now, watch," said Cassy, "and see her when she comes to the door."

Miss Muggins knew how many little eyes were watching her, and how very sharp they were, and she didn't come in sight.

"I'd like to see how she acts," said Lule, after he had been gone in the house a few moments. "Cass, let's go, and look in."

"She sha'n't do it," said Agnes. "I'd be ashamed, *peaking*."

"I ain't going to *peak*," said Cassy. "I'm going in."

But she didn't go in. She went up to the piazza, and hid behind the rosebush trellis; while Lule, more bold, climbed up on a great tub that was under the side-window, and took a very good view.

Too good. The plank that covered the tub slipped, and down she tumbled into a lot of old rain-water.

"Oh, good gracious!" she cried, thinking of her shoes and stockings, for Lule didn't often wear shoes and stockings; but she had them on today, because of her little cousins.

Miss Muggins, hearing the loud laughter that followed Lule's mishap, came to the door. She didn't say anything; but she looked a great deal. Her face was pale with anger.

"Dear me!" sighed Cassy, thinking of *tarts* and punishment; "I wish I could go away somewhere, and stay!" And she began to cry and laugh together.

They all went under the cherry-tree, and sat down again; and soon they saw Miss Muggins come out of the house, with her bonnet and shawl on.

"I'm going to take a little ride with Mr. Brent," she said, to Agnes; "and I want you children to stay round the house here, and behave yourselves. I shan't be gone more than an hour, and perhaps not so long; so, you needn't make any fuss about it. Just stay here, and behave yourselves;" and she got into the carriage, and went off. And Mr. Brent didn't give any more nods and smiles; only said something about their "not being afraid, and he'd bring Miss Muggins back pretty soon."

"I suppose," said Cassy, "she has been telling him we are awful creatures. I'll just tell him that she is an awful creature, the very next time he comes here."

"Well, I'm glad she's gone," said Lule. "I can go into the kitchen, now, and dry my shoes and stockings."

"Yes," said Agnes, laughing; "take the baby, and let us all go."

There was a good fire in the kitchen, and Lule hung her stockings on a chair, and put her precious shoes under the stove; then she got up on the table, and began looking at herself in the glass. Now, Lule always did this the first thing, whenever she came to the house; for a looking-glass to her was a very pleasing wonder. She never saw one till she came to the prairies, and there was nothing of the kind at her own home. Mr. Fenwick used to tell his girls, "I don't want any such foolery in my house. It's a bad idee, gals; a bad idee, this, seeing your own face every time you turn round. Your thoughts follow your eyes, and its human nater to give more thoughts to yourself than is right." So Lule, having no other chance to see her own bright eyes and blooming cheeks, always made the most of it.

"You are about as proud of yourself as Miss Muggins is," said Cassy, who had been watching Lule for some time with a good deal of interest. "Get down, and let me tell you how she acts. Oh, wait; I'll go in and dress up first;" and she ran into Miss Muggins's room. Shortly, she made her appearance, rigged in Miss Muggins's dress, head-dress, and collar; and there was a great shout of merriment, even the solemn-looking little cousin laughed.

"Here, get down, Lule," said Cassy. "I can't be Miss Muggins, and not look in the glass."

But Lule had just began examining her teeth, and didn't heed; and nothing — even all of Cassy's mimicking of Miss Muggins — was able to draw her attention from herself again, until she happened to hear one of them ask, "Where in the world the baby was?" It had been creeping round on the floor and was quiet, so that they had all forgotten it was there.

"Sake's alive!" exclaimed Lule, jumping down in great fright; "where is the young one?"

It was not in the room; it was not on the piazza; it was not anywhere in sight.

"Perhaps," said Agnes, "it's out in the barn, with Harry and Bliss."

So they ran to the barn, and there they found the baby, sitting, not two feet from where the horse was standing. Bliss was kneeling beside the baby, holding its head, and squeezing the juice of a very sour pickle in its poor little mouth.

"What are you doing?" said Agnes, taking hold of Bliss in a rough way.

"Noffin'," answered Bliss; "diving baby squeeze, and seeing him mate faces."

Just as they were going out of the barn, they heard carriage-wheels; and looking, they saw Mr. Brent driving away, and Miss Muggins coming up the garden-walk.

Now Cassy had not yet taken off Miss Muggins's things. She still had on the long dress; and besides that, Miss Muggins's cape and old bonnet; and the bonnet was very large, and tied very tight. And when Agnes gave her a push, and told her to run, the bonnet slipped over her eyes, the dress got under her feet, and she stumbled and fell. Miss Muggins ran and caught her.

"The good land!" she cried. "What dido will that plague cut up next?" And the way those things came off of Cassy, and the way Miss Muggins took hold of Cassy's ears, and the great shak-

ing she gave her for taking the tarts, put Cassy into such a wild passion, that she laid down on the ground, and kicked and screamed.

"Dear me!" said Agnes, "it is always just so. Cassy is always getting into trouble. It's nothing but a fuss, from morning till night. I don't know what I shall do!"

"And my shoes and stockings are in the kitchen," said Lule; "and I'm afraid to go after them; and she'll be so mad, she'll burn them up."

Pearl was almost broken-hearted over Cassy; and Cassy, seeing how badly she felt, stopped her crying after a while, and let her bad feelings come out in words. She declared she wasn't sorry a bit, not one bit, she said; and she didn't care if Miss Muggins was mad; and she'd do the same thing over again, when she got a chance.

Soon, laughter drove Agnes's doleful looks away. And Bliss put

on a brave air, and went in after the shoes and stockings; and the little cousins began to talk again; and Pearl forgot her griefs, in seeing her "dear Nelly done." And they were all as merry, as if there were no Miss Muggins in the world.

"Agnes," said Lule, after they had been sitting still long enough to get restless again, "I'll tell you what I've been thinking would be a nice thing for us to do, as long as there is such a lot of us together — go, and find out the end of that old road in the woods."

"Oh, that would be jolly," said Cassy. And then she began telling the little cousins where this road was, and all about it; how pleasant it looked, going straight through the woods, with the grass growing up in it, in stripes, and the trees meeting overhead; "for it is an old road," she said, "and nobody ever came that way now. There was another road to town, for the people who lived on the other side of the woods; and they had always wanted to know how it looked on the other side, and just where that road went to." But she didn't tell the reason why they had never found out. She did tell what stories they had heard of an old crazy man, who wandered round there, and did fearful things sometimes; and how often they had made the attempt to go, and got frightened, and run back. And when she asked them if they would like to take the walk, the little cousins said "Yes;" just as they did to everything.

"How can we go, and take the children?" asked Agnes.

"Oh, I'll run home," said Lule, "and get Tad's wood-cart; and we'll put in all, baby and all, and haul 'em."

So Agnes consented to go; and Lule, telling them to get ready as soon as they could, ran home after the cart. When she came back, she brought a great slice of bread and molasses for the baby, and a pocketful of apples, and a bag of gingerbread, to keep up the courage of the two little cousins. And Agnes got a rug and put in the bottom of the cart. And then Pearl got in, and took the baby; and Harry and Bliss, each with a whip and string, seated themselves in front, and the others took hold of the rope; and off they started.

"Now," whispered Cassy to Agnes and Lule, just as they came to the opening, "don't let us give up this time; let us do it, if we see forty crazy men."

And on they went, going farther and farther over the shady, grass-grown road, — chatting, eating, laughing, and singing; trying to make all the noise they could, trying not to see the gloom, trying not to feel the silence of the lonely woods. Once, hearing the

crackling of bushes near, they stopped, looked pale and irresolute; but Cassy's "Oh, fiddlesticks! it's only a turkey!" spurred them on again; and, before they thought, before they had had time to be weary, the sunlight shone brighter in their path, the vista shortened, the birds sang louder, and a great field of high, waving grass, spread out before them; and beyond that, — oh, wonder of wonders! — a blue, shining *river!*

Now, they knew there was a river somewhere near; but, as much as they had been in the woods, they had never been so far that way before; and most of them had never seen a river. The little cousins, I am sure, never, in all their lives, saw anything more than a mud-puddle or a pond; and Marietta couldn't but ask, "Where did all that water come from?"

"That's Dod's," said Bliss; he, too, looking with wondering eyes. And then he said, "Tassy, *do Dod wash him in that?*"

And Pearl's blue eyes drank in all the beauty, as thirsty flowers drink up the dew.

A long time the children stood there, at the edge of the woods, watching, admiring, and not daring to go any farther; till, peeping all around, they saw there was no one there, nor any house, except far off in the distance, and across the river; and then Cassy said, —

"Let's go way to the river, and see how it looks close to."

So they went onward, through the tall grass, each one keeping silence. When they got there, they thought they would stop, and go down the bank, and pick up some stones, and see what they could find on the shore. Just as they were getting their little ones out of the cart, a strain of music sounded in their ears, — a low, sweet strain of music, — and turning, they saw, under the bank, close to a great spreading tree, a little log-house, and a man stood at the door; and he had something in his hand, that looked very strange; and he wore a coat that was very bright-colored, and he had on his head a red cap, with a long tassel.

"Oh, my soul, my soul alive!" cried Lule. "*The crazy man! the crazy man!*" And some ran, and some stood still, with fear; and they all screamed.

"Children, children," called a very pleasant voice. "Don't run; don't be afraid; I wouldn't hurt you. I only want to see you."

Now Lule, at the first moment of fright, had caught up the baby, and run; and Agnes and Cassy, in trying to run with the cart, had upset it, and tumbled the rest of the little ones out; and before they could get them in again, the gentleman had got quite near to where they were.

He stood still, and told them he wouldn't come any farther, if they did not want him to; but said "he'd like to see them very much." And, finally, seeing that his manner was kind, his face smiling, the tone of his voice pleasant, they lost their fear; and he came to them.

"I'm very sorry I frightened you all so much," he said. "I love little children; I wouldn't like to give them pain." And then he told them how he lived there, all alone, in that little house, and never saw any one all the day long; and how very glad he was that they should happen to come and see him that day; and how he had rather see them, than all the grown-up people in the world.

And pretty soon, Lule and the two little cousins, seeing how things were, came trudging back; and the gentleman told them, if they would all come down to his little house, and rest awhile, he would give them a good luncheon, and play some music for them.

Now, none of them were in very great need of a luncheon, but they all had a great desire to see how the little house looked inside; not but that they had seen a log-house before, indeed, Lule — and I shouldn't be astonished if the little cousins too — lived in one. But this was very small, quite like a playhouse.

So they all consented to go; and the gentleman took the baby in his arms, and led the way.

"Oh, good land! look at the books and pictures," whispered Lule, as they entered the cot.

And there were a great many books and pictures; and the room being small, it seemed as if there was nothing else, except a large table in the centre, covered with sheets of white paper, filled with writing.

As soon as they were all seated, — and they had to sit on the floor or stand up, — the gentleman went to a wooden box, and took out a dish of mulberries and a tray of bread, and gave them the promised lunch; and then he sat down himself, and took the baby on one knee, and Pearl on the other, and began asking them a great many questions, — where they lived, and who they were, and how they happened to come so far away from home alone, and if their mothers knew about it.

And Bliss said, "his muver lived in heaven, up in the sky;" and wanted to know if he wasn't a "sky-man."

The gentleman laughed a little, in a sad sort of a way, and asked Bliss what he meant.

"He thinks you came up out of the river," said Agnes; and she told him how Bliss had never seen a river before.

Just as soon as the gentleman was done asking questions, the little cousins commenced, and it was a great wonder to Agnes and Cassy, and even to Lule, how they thought of so many things to ask about. But the gentleman took it all very pleasantly, and seemed quite willing to satisfy their curiosity; and when they had not another word to say, he took up the "funny-looking thing," which was a guitar, and played them some very sweet music, — music that brought tears to Pearl's blue eyes, and a sad, strange feeling to some other little hearts there.

At length, the children said they must go home. And the gentleman, telling them to be sure and come again, if their mothers were willing, went and got the cart himself, and put the younger ones all nicely in. And then the little ones, even the baby (and some of the big ones too), gave him a kiss; and he said "Good-by, good-by," a great many times. And all the little, wandering feet turned homeward.

MILESTONES OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

I. — BRITAIN, UNDER THE ROMANS.

FTEN, in taking a long journey through a large state, as you whirl swiftly along from town to hamlet, you may notice great stones, set up at regular intervals along the road; and you will be told that these are *milestones*, placed there to mark your progress, mile by mile, towards your journey's end.

Just so, in reading the history of a great country, you will always find certain epochs, that seem to stand out prominently, like milestones, marking its progress from barbarism to civilization.

In our rapid passage, from month to month, through the pages of this little magazine, it will be impossible for me to do anything more than to point out to you, the prominent events that constitute the milestones of English history; but I shall be quite satisfied, if I can interest you in these, so that you will long to know more of the country that lies between them; and so, at last, will be induced to read in detail for yourselves, the history of the great nation from which you are descended.

And, first, you must forget the England of today, — with which,

doubtless, many of you are familiar, — and go back to a period long before the first Christmas was celebrated, when the islands now called Great Britain were almost beyond the limits of the known world. At that time, Britain was an almost desolate marsh, inhabited by a barbarous race, gigantic in stature, fierce and bloodthirsty in disposition. Their religion was Druidism; and among other horrible rites, they practised human sacrifice. They were divided into thirty or forty tribes, each with its own king, and were constantly at war with each other. Imagine the ferocious appearance these giants must have presented, as, standing in clumsy chariots, whose wheels were armed with sharp scythes, — their long, yellow hair streaming in the wind, their half-naked bodies stained blue, with the juice of the *woad*, — and brandishing short swords, rudely fashioned from the tin with which the island abounded, they drove madly among their enemies.

They had no settled habitations, but wandered hither and thither, as they were impelled by fear of their enemies, attracted by good pasturage for their cattle, or induced by the abundance of game or fish.

Such was the people whom Julius Cæsar, a mighty Roman general, determined to subdue. He could not have been led by his insatiate avarice, since there was little plunder to be gained from the mud-huts of Britain, but rather by his insatiate ambition. It is said, that when he was a young man, and was one day reading the history of Alexander the Great, he burst into tears. His friends anxiously asked him why he wept. "Do you think," said he, "that I have not just cause, when I remember that Alexander, at my age, had conquered so many nations, and I have, as yet, done nothing memorable?"

On a beautiful August day, in the year 55 B. C., you may imagine this brave man, with two legions whom victory had always attended, embarking at Calais. He beholds the white cliffs of Dover, gleaming in the sunlight of a summer morning; and burns to possess himself of this unknown world, whose conquest will heap fresh honors upon himself. With far different feelings did the giants of Britain descry the approach of the hostile fleet. From the rocky heights of their sea-girt country, they could discern the glancing of the oars, as they dipped in the foam-crested waves; and, as it drew nearer and nearer, they recognized the high beaks which proclaimed the Roman galley. They had heard of Cæsar's prowess; and when they remembered, that with him, to see and to conquer

were synonymous, their hearts sank within them. Yet, they crowded in vast numbers to the shore, armed with clubs, and urging their reluctant horses into the surf, with fierce gestures bade defiance to the invaders. After a brief struggle, Cæsar, with much more readiness than he would have acknowledged, accepted pledges of submission from a few weak tribes, and recrossed the channel. The next spring, he again attacked the Britons, and returned, after having imposed an annual tribute upon them. It has been said, that "Cæsar did not conquer Britain, but only showed it to the Romans." And I rather think the Romans thought so too; for, though they made a great parade over his exploits there, the Emperor Claudius found it necessary to conquer it over again, a little while after; and it was then that Caractacus, the leader of a tribe called the Silures, was overpowered, and, loaded with chains, was taken to Rome, to grace his conqueror's triumph. Not as a captive did he demean himself, however. Undismayed by the splendor of the patricians, or the jeers of the plebeians who thronged the wayside to witness his humiliation; not dispirited by his own misfortunes, but calm and dignified, though his relatives who shared his fate filled the air with their lamentations, — proudly he bore himself, as when a freeman and a king, he trod the hillsides of his native land, and only expressed a wonder that men accustomed to such regal surroundings, and possessed of such magnificent palaces at home, should think it worth their while to fight for the wretched mud-hovels of Britain. What a rebuke to Roman avarice! To the honor of Claudius, be it said, that, admiring the virtue of his foe, he set him at liberty.

After this, there were many invasions of Britain by Roman generals, the most cruel of which was that by Suetonius Paulinus in the year 61. You must read the story of Boadicea, the "warrior queen" of one of the native tribes, who resisted him so fiercely that seventy thousand of his army were slain in the conflict, and Boadicea at last put an end to her own life, fearing to fall into the hands of the enraged victor. To Julius Agricola, however, who took possession of the country A. D. 78, the establishment of the Roman power in Britain is due; for he realized what is as true now as then, — that power, to be worth the having, must be that which is founded, not upon severe exactions and tyrannical enforcements, but must present to those over whom it is exercised superior attractions. So, he taught this half-savage people the arts of peace, and gradually induced them to desire a

more civilized life. For upwards of four centuries, Rome held supremacy over Britain; but at last recalled her troops to defend interests nearer home, and then the Picts and Scots leaped over the walls that had been put up by Agricola and his successors, and poured down like an avalanche upon the now defenceless Britons. In vain they sent touching letters to Rome, saying, "The barbarians chase us into the sea, and the sea drives us back upon the barbarians. We have only the hard choice of perishing by the sword or by the waves." Rome cared little for the sufferings of a province that had added little glory to her name.

Where they finally went for aid, and the answer they got, brings us to the second milestone of our journey. COUSIN ALICE.

BE POLITE.

AN anecdote is related of the late Hon. George McDuffie, of South Carolina, which we take pleasure in reprinting, and commending to our readers. When a very little boy, George was one evening holding a calf by the ears, while his mother milked the cow. A gentleman passing by, said:

"Good evening, my little son."

George returned "Good evening, sir," with so polite a bow as to attract the gentleman's attention, who said, —

"Why did you not pull off your hat, my little friend?"

"So I will, sir," said George, "if you will get down and hold the calf for me."

His politeness and his shrewd remark were the making of him, for the gentleman, who was rich, said to his mother, —

"Your son is a bright boy, and will, one day, if he is properly trained, make a great man. If you allow me, I will educate him, and give him a start in the world."

George's mother was only too glad to thank the gentleman for his kind offer, and to let him take charge of her son, who became a distinguished man; serving his country at different times as a senator in Congress and as governor of his native state.

Boys and girls, would you be beloved and respected? Be polite to all, — the rich, as well as the poor; and never fail to be polite and respectful to the old. Be polite at home, for politeness must begin at home. It has been truly said, that "nothing makes the young so lovely, as an habitual respect and dutiful deportment toward their friends and superiors. Such conduct makes the plainest face beautiful, and gives to every action a nameless but peculiar charm."

THE WANDERING JEW. — The following strange account is given of this fabled personage. His original name, the tradition says, was Caliphilus, the porter of Pontius Pilate. When they were dragging our Saviour out of the Judgment Hall, or, as other accounts say, as our Lord was struggling painfully along, faint and weary, with the burthen of the Cross, this man brutally struck Him on his back, saying to Him, "Go faster, Jesus! go faster! why dost thou linger?" Upon which, the Saviour turned to him, with a frown, and said, "I am, indeed, going; but thou shalt tarry till I come." Soon afterwards, he became a Christian, and took the baptismal name of Joseph. But the fable says, he lives forever, and will walk the earth, as a homeless wanderer, going from place to place, until the sound of the Archangel's trump. At the end of every hundred years, he falls into a trance, from which, when he recovers, he returns to the same state of youth as he had at the time of the Crucifixion, being then about thirty years old. He always maintains the same grave look and deportment, and never seen to smile; and recollects the death and resurrection of our Lord perfectly.

MILITARY COURTESY. — The theory of firing a salute, is, that it leaves the guns harmless, and at the mercy of the other party; and this is so true, that firing salutes with blank cartridge is a modern innovation, occasioned, however, by the fact of a complimentary cannon-ball proving fatal once to the personage whom it meant to honor. When an officer salutes, he points his drawn sword to the ground; and the salute of troops is still designated "presenting arms" — that is, presenting them to be taken.

A FROG STORY. — One is half inclined to accept as indubitable, what Elian tells us about the water-snakes and frogs of Egypt. The former have, he informs us, a passionate liking for frogs — that is, for devouring and digesting them. No one knows this better than the frog, and accordingly, when they meet in a pond, wonderful is the cunning that ensues. The water-snake glides up, as if intentionless of evil; but our other slimy friend is quite aware of the intentions of the passionless-looking snake. He makes for the nearest twig, seizes it, and carries it across his mouth, and then fearlessly approaches the hydra. The latter now makes at the frog with open jaws; but the twig across the frog's mouth is much wider than the jaws of the snake, and he can by no possibility, swallow the much-desired frog.

The latter looks down his enemy's throat from the outside, holds fast to the protecting twig, and laughs. The water-snake tries again and again; he glides around his anticipated victim, but the frog always contrives to keep him in view; and, the end of every attempt is, that the foiled snake finds the bar carried by his anticipatory victim, lying across his open jaws, and the frog once more laughing down his throat. The hydra at length gives up in despair; and "froggy," plumping into a safe spot, where he knows his kindred to be assembled, tells his exciting tale, raising a very din of croaking congratulations.

PERFECT PRINTING. — It has been doubted whether an absolutely perfect copy of a classical author has ever been printed. A wealthy amateur tried to make a perfect copy of "Os Luciados," of Camoens; and, with the aid of the accomplished printer, Didot, got up a magnificent edition of it, at an enormous expense, which was not to contain a single error. All thought that he had succeeded; but when the book was printed, an error was discovered in some of the copies, by one of the letters of the word *luzituno* being displaced by some accident, while working the sheets. The same experiment was made by a famous firm in Glasgow. Every precaution was taken to procure typographical accuracy. Six experienced proof-readers were employed, who devoted many hours to each page; and when they had done with it, it was posted up in the hall of the University, with a notice offering a reward of fifty pounds to any person who discovered an error. Each page was thus posted for two weeks before it went to press. No error was discovered; but when the work was printed, several errors were detected, one of which was in the *first* line of the *first* page.

THERE is a mountain of fine salt on the Colorado river, in Arizona, lying in cubes of all sizes, and so pure, you would never dream of it being salt, if you did not put it to your tongue; it more resembles broken pieces of the finest plate glass. There is not a particle of foreign matter in it, and there is enough of the article to supply the population for centuries. Why don't some of our Yankees go and level that mountain?

THE following paragraph is very tantalizing. Who will give us some more particulars? —

"In Fayette county, Iowa, just east of Clermont, Captain Appleton, while sinking a well, came upon a buried forest, the tops of the trees being twelve feet below the surface. The trees are erect, showing that the earth by which they were submerged had been gently and gradually deposited around them."

A CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

Little child, why wilt thou fear?
Jesus, tender Shepherd's near;
He thy downy couch will keep,
Tremble not to sleep.

Little child, why wilt thou fear?
Night is to His vision clear,
And the darkness knows his tread;
He defends thy bed.

Though thy voice were ne'er so low,
It will reach his ear, I know,
For, His words thy plea shall be,
"Children, come to me."

Listening alway up above,
Waiting, watching for thy love,
Little child, 'tis easy now
To His will to bow!

Put thy trembling hand in His,
Strong and powerful it is;
It shall guide thee through the Night
Into perfect Light.

A LITTLE boy, seeing two nestling birds pecking at each other, inquired of his elder brother what they were doing. "They are quarrelling," was the answer.

"No," replied the boy, "that cannot be; they are *brothers*."

GILBERT

answers correctly the greatest number of the March puzzles, and wins his *third prize*, — the gold pen, in silver pencil-case If, however, he would prefer some book, let him write to the publisher (H. B. Fuller), and mention his choice.

QUESTIONS, ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

117. I am composed of 16 letters: Two little boys went to visit my whole. Their father gave each one a new 16, 10, 5, 9, 3, before they started, which delighted them very much, as one had lost his old one, and the other had broken his. They stopped at a friend's house, who gave the little boys a very comfortable 4, 14, 1, to sleep in; but offered them some 12, 2, 11, 7, to drink, which they did not like at all. After spending a week very pleasantly, they returned, by boat, to 6, 15, 8, 13, where they lived.

Florian.

118. I am composed of 26 letters:
My 24, 21, 3, 26, is a kind of fur.
My 2, 3, 12, 20, 6, is a season.
My 16, 13, 22, 9, is a vessel.
My 1, 11, 25, 15, is part of a vessel.
My 5, 23, 4, is an animal.
My 17, 7, 23, 19, is a part of that animal.
My 8, 18, 14, is not a desirable companion.
My 14, 10, is an interjection.
My whole is a member of a German organization.

C. F. W.

119. My first is a conveyance; my second is found in most countries; my whole is a great destroyer. *Monitor.*

120. My first is part of a ship; my second is a number; and my whole is a native of Europe. *S. Harp.*

121. Divide a color, and leave a flower, and a girl's name.

A DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

122. The initial and final letters of the following items form the title of a novel by Charles Dickens:

A fluid.
Noting inclusion.
Irritation.
A loud noise.
The name given to certain kinds of animals.
An ingredient.

Lorain Lincoln.

WHAT PLACES IN EUROPE MEAN WHEN TRANSPOSED.

123. Ranged.

124. Stone.

125. A simple mechanical power.

126. Valleys.

127. A greater quantity.

128. Dark. *A. R. T.*

129. My first is an article of dress; my second (in sound) is a grain; my third is a grain; and my whole is a sign.

Violet Forest.

GOOD ADVICE.

130. Shower is quite a tree
Till a th never stand

ANAGRAMS.

131. Teach our Phil? My!

Double You See.

132. Great manners. *A. O.*

133. A sore pen! T. *Bittersweet.*

134. N. dig ore. *Robbie Eddowes.*

135. Tired Max sits.

Violet Forest.

Fill the following blanks with the same words transposed:—

136. He — his — and was hung for it. *Fred.*

137. You must not —— the ——. The —— are ——.

Alice Tipton.

138. ——— is unchristian; to be ——— is impolite. *Gilbert.*

139. ——! if it storms——the——.

A. R. T.

140. ——actions prove her to be ——. *F. F.*

141. He threw his —— over the ——, and began to —— with —— trouble. *Belle.*

NAMES OF PLANTS AND FLOWERS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

142. Two plain simple letters in syllables two.

143. A staff for a miser, a banker, a Jew.

144. The plume of a kingdom's presumptive heir.

145. The children's delight, and a cluster of hair.

146.

☞ *Answers must reach me before the 8th of June. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send all communications intended for the PUZZLE DRAWER to "Aunt Sue," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

60. Sic semper tyrannis.

61. Fannie Belle Currie.

62. Cockscomb.

63. Hollyhock.

64. Trumpet honeysuckle.

65. Touch-me-not.

66. Maple, palm.

67. Bustard, mustard, ("ibis, iris, parrot, carrot, plover, clover, and duck, dock," credited).

68. MICO; Morillon, Isca, Cicada, Orach.

69. Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging; whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

70. Verbena; (1) verb; (2) Eve; (3) Ben; (4) raw; (5) bran; (6) ear; (7) brave; (8) rave: (9) bane; (10) beaver, bear; (11) bean; (12) barn; (13) never; (14) name; (15) near.

71. Condemnation.

72. Compete.

73. Amuse.

74. Saltpetre.

75. Colorado.

76. Good Hope.

77. Missouri.

78. Pleasures.

79. Antitrinitarianism.

80. Private.

81. Ophicleide.

82. Levi, live, evil, vile, veil.

83. Barn, bran ("shop, hops," credited).

84. Aid came on — Macedonia.

85. Dozen *pairs*.

86. A variety *is* delightful.

87. All *kinds* of animals.

Of the above Puzzles, —

GILBERT answers all but 68.

F. R. S. answers all but 79, 84.

Belle answers all but 68, 84.

Max answers all but 62, 68, 84.

Keystone answers all but 62, 65, 68.

Robbie Eddowes answers all but 61, 68, 84.

Freddie answers all but 68, 79, 84.

Jeannie M. answers all but 65, 79, 81, 84.

Ixia answers all but 62, 68, 77, 84.

W. D. H. answers all but 68, 73, 79, 81, 84.

Anna W. N. answers all but 61, 62, 68, 79, 81, 84.

T. Hall answers all but 61, 65, 66, 68, 77, 79, 81, 84.

Lettie R. Loomis answers all but 61, 63, 64, 68, 72, 75, 77, 84.

Willie Faris answers all but 61, 63, 68, 69, 77, 79, 81, 82, 84.

T. Bowles answers all but 63, 64, 68, 72, 73, 74, 78, 80, 81, 84.

Elmer and Myrtle answer 60, 65, 66, 68, 69, 71, 74, 76, 78, 80, 83, 86.

Millard F. Richards answers 69, 85, 87.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Freddie's Mother.*" You may depend upon it, that it is good, wholesome "brain" exercise for him.

Lettie R. Loomis. Your list of answers showed that you had studied the subject. I was sorry to be obliged to scratch out any. Your "sentence" in 71 was pretty severe.

Thomas Bowles. How is your brother Harry? Your "first attempt" was very creditable.

Tempy. Thanks for your goodly list of puzzles.

Wolverine. You must post your answers before the 6th, if you want them to reach me before the 8th. That "notice to smokers" was quite ingenious.

Saxon. Your puzzles *are* "acceptable," but will need some alteration to make the definitions less palpable.

Ixia. Had Puzzle 77 been headed "Astronomical," your answer ("Sirius") would have done very well.

W. D. Holden sends his love to the Cousins.

Anna W. N. Yes; I had been wondering what had become of you.

Keystone. I could not credit you with answering No. 68 (although you gave "Mico"), because you did not name the items.

Gilbert. Your answer to 68 would have done very well ("Saki; snipe, acorn, katydid; indian-corn,") if "acorn" had been an "excrescence;" but an acorn is a *natural* growth, which an excrescence is not.

F. R. S. Don't be discouraged. Wouldn't you rather be next to the head, than "down foot?" I am afraid you haven't such a buoyant nature as the boy who went home from school, rejoicing, and told his mother he "came within one of winning the prize!" "Why, Jimmy, how was that?" "Oh! I stood next to the boy that got it!"

Thanks for enigmas, etc., tc Millard F. Richards, Auntie, Saxon, and Keystone.

We had hoped to be able to offer our readers a May-basket, full of lively letters, but the heavy snows seem to have blighted the "Violets," "Daisies," and "Blue-bells," who used to appear, and we must content ourselves with a reminiscence from Cousin Tribulation. However, as American May-days are never rich in flowers, perhaps this is all we can expect, as we had rather have none at all, than artificial ones.

Dear Merry's, — We never celebrate May-day in our family, for, long ago, we learned that it was all a pretty delusion; and I'll tell you how we found it out. There were six of us; and, on a certain May-day, years ago, we rashly resolved to have a rustic revel, in spite of every obstacle. So, we invited six young neighbors, and after unheard-of fixings and fussings, all were ready at the appointed hour.

We lived in a quiet country village, and the affair made a great stir, as well it might, for we were all to go in costume. *We* thought it was a magnificent spectacle; but it is my private opinion that it was a very ridiculous one. Nobody hinted such a thing, however; and we marched away, for a day in the woods, feeling that the eye of the town was fixed admiringly upon us.

The Queen went first, in white, with a purple cloak, a garland of astonishing paper flowers, and a golden sceptre in her hand. The May-pole (a clothes-pole), wound with evergreen and gay ribbons, with a mammoth bouquet atop, was borne behind her by Robin Hood, all in green, with horn and bow, and a funny, fat puppy for a stag-hound. Then followed an Indian Chief, awful to behold, with blue and yellow paint on his face, a buffalo-robe, hatchet, and moccasins. He escorted Mother Hubbard; and after them came a brilliant train of soldiers, fairies, sailors, princesses, and hobgoblins.

The crowning touch was the donkey, who drew the little cart holding the feast. He had but two legs, and wore gray trowsers; but

his head was perfect; and oh, joyful to behold, a tail that waggled, and ears that flapped!

With clapping and cheers, and shrieks of laughter, the grand cavalcade vanished from the town, to startle the squirrels, birds, and cows, as it wound its way to the wood. Once there, law and order ceased; and the party looked like a lunatic asylum out for a holiday. The donkey danced with the queen; the wild Indian chopped wood with his tomahawk; the soldiers stormed an ant-hill; and Mother Hubbard beat Robin Hood's dog, for smelling at the dinner.

We all longed for dinner as intensely as he did, but no one dared suggest it till the proper time; and before that happy period arrived, something dreadful happened. It began to rain; every one scampered off to an old sheep-shed, in a field near by; every one got wet; and the cart upset, as the excited donkey rattled it through the brook. What a wail we all set up, as we heard the crash; saw our lovely cake go splash into the water, and felt the rain drench us, as we tried to pick up the feast.

The dinner was entirely spoilt; but we collected the soaked and broken bits, and all huddled into the shed to eat them, trying to think it was good fun. But it wasn't; oh, dear, no! it was cold and damp, and dull, and every one was cross, and hungry, and wet. Our clothes were spoilt; and though we laughed at the Indian, who was a fearful sight, — streaked with the paint, as it washed off, — we soon fell to bemoaning ourselves, and blaming the proposers of the fete.

No one would go home, even when it set in for a steady pour, because wiseacres had foretold rain, and we had scorned the idea. We said we'd spend the day in the wood; and we'd do it, if we all got our death-colds.

We were very miserable, but stood it manfully, till several anxious fathers appeared with umbrellas, and insisted on taking us home. Everybody would look out and laugh, as we passed; and I really don't feel now as if I could blame them, for a donkey carrying an umbrella over his dripping ears, without spirit enough left to wag his tail, *was* rather funny, I confess. So was a queen, done up in a buffalo-robe, on a man's back; and an Indian, with a blue nose, yellow lips, and green cheeks, with a big tin-pan on his head, wasn't a solemn sight exactly.

We were glad to be dried, warmed, fed, and consoled, and none of us would own that it wasn't "jolly;" but not a soul out of the twelve ever tried a May-day party again.

I don't wish to cast a damper upon other people's picnics, or nip their spring delusions in the bud; but if my experience is a warning or a guide, they are very welcome to it. COUSIN TRIBULATION.

Annie F. May. Your letter is personally interesting, but too long for the Chat.

W———e. Your little story is hardly up to the standard. Never use a *long* word, when a short one will do as well.

R. S. Yes; "Little Pearl" was written by a lady. We are glad you like it. The other day, we overheard a little girl say, "I do think 'Little Pearl' is the best story I ever read."

Willy Wisp. We have sent your puzzles to Aunt Sue.

A. N. L. Your premium will be sent in a few days. The blocks from which the illustrations were printed were lost, and had to be replaced.

MINK CURTISS AND THE BOYS.

MERRY'S MUSEUM

VOL. I.] JUNE, 1868. [NO. 6.

MINK CURTISS; OR, LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS.

BY AN OLD HUNTER.

CHAPTER I.

IT was not many days after Mr. John Martin moved his family into the neat and snug log-cabin he had built for them in the western part of Arkansas, that his two sons were scouting around (as all city-bred boys will do when the opportunity occurs), in search of curiosities and adventures.

The house — it looked very small and queer to them, having always lived in a large one built of brick, and fronting a noisy street — was situated just in the edge of a grove of timber, on one side of which ran a river, and on the other, a prairie stretched away for miles, looking like a great green ocean when the wind is gently blowing over it.

They were bright-faced and bright-witted boys, George being sixteen and Frank about two years younger; somewhat tall of their age, but they knew nothing of the new life they were going to lead, and made all kinds of curious blunders. These were a frequent source of amusement to their father, who, being occupied with his own affairs, gave them liberty to ramble, and answered all their questions, as a kind father will always do at proper times.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by H. B. FULLER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

Thus far, however, their explorations had been confined to the immediate neighborhood of the house, they being somewhat held in check by the stories they had read of Indians; and the more especially, as they had seen one at but a little distance, dressed in skins and a bright blanket, with feathers woven into his hair and paint upon his face, riding a little shaggy pony at a furious rate. But, as the days passed along, they became bolder, and at length ventured to ask their father if they might go into the woods.

"Who knows what we might find?" said George, who, having read the life of Kit Carson and Fremont, fancied that he, too, might turn out a great explorer.

"Who knows what you might *not* find?" laughed his father. "But you may go, boys, provided you will remember to be very careful, and to return home early."

These things they willingly promised to keep in mind; and their kind, thoughtful mother having supplied them with an ample amount of luncheon, they started off in great glee, hardly pausing to say good-by to their younger and only sister, who was crying, because she could not go with them.

"Never you mind, sis," shouted Frank, waving his hat in farewell; "never you mind. I'll bring you back a rabbit, squirrel, or — or something nice."

Everything was new and strange to them. The trees were so tall, the little birds so numerous, the squirrels chattering and scolding each other so constantly, the nuts lying upon the ground so thickly, the brown-eyed rabbits stopping to stare at them, and then, with a whisk of their short, white tails, disappearing in the bushes, and the wild pigeons rushing through the woods in such vast numbers, — that the boys were for a time almost bewildered. They had never seen rabbit, squirrel, or pigeon before, except dead in the market, or confined in cages.

"Wouldn't it be capital fun to get a nestful of young ones, and take home?" questioned Frank, after he had recovered from his astonishment, and stained his hands so, that it would take a month to get them white again, trying to open the green husk of the hickory nuts.

"Yes, glorious!" replied George. "There is one, I know, in that tall tree. Look, how it hangs down! It must be chock-full of young ones — or eggs. Just give me a boost, Frank, and I'll soon climb up and bring it down."

"Never hearn tell o' birds nestin' in ther autumn, or layin' eggs

in er yaller-jacket's nest, nuther," said a deep-toned, but not unfriendly voice.

The boys looked around in astonishment and fear, for they had fancied themselves alone.

Standing directly in front of them, and at but a little distance, was an old man, dressed in a well-worn blanket-coat, tied around his waist with a faded red comforter, with a coon-skin cap upon his head, and buck-skin pantaloons and moccasins. He was a very tall man, thin in flesh, his skin bronzed by exposure to the sun and wind; with grizzled hair and whiskers, and gray eyes as sharp as those of a cat. In his hand, he held a long rifle; a knife and hatchet were thrust through one side of his rude belt, and on the other were powder-horn and bullet-pouch.

"Yer needn't have any fear o' me, boys," he said, as he saw that they were drawing back. "Yer needn't have any fear o' me, fer I hain't er goin' ter hurt yer. But who ar yer, onyway? I disremember ever seein' o' yer before."

"Our names are Frank and George Martin," replied the elder, taking upon himself the office of spokesman; "and we live just on the other side of the grove."

"Martin? Many's the one on 'em I have caught in my time," said the old man. Then, seeing their bewilderment, he continued: "It war er different kind from you, though — anermiles, and not men, or boys. Martin? Wal, I remember now ter have heard that yer family had moved in. I saw yer father when he war out here before. So, yer his sons, ar yer? Likely lads, too, both on yer."

"Oh! what English and grammar!" whispered Frank. "Ask him what his name is, George."

"Yes," resumed the old man; "I saw yer father; and mayhap yer mought have hearn him talk o' me."

"That may be; but, as I do not know your name, it is impossible to tell."

"My name? Why, I thought everybody knew me that had ever been in Arkansaw."

"But, we have never been here before. It is only a few days since we arrived."

"Sartin, sartin; I ought ter have known that. Wal, boys, my name is Mink Curtiss."

"That is a queer name," laughed Frank, whose love of fun could seldom be kept within control.

"I did have another when I war as young as you; but it is so long sin' I have heard it, that I've e'en ermost fergot what it sounds like."

"But, why did they call you Mink?"

"Ther Injuns gin me ther name when I fust begun trappin' on ther streams eround here, becase I could beat 'em all catching minks. Yer know what they ar, boys?"

"Yes; we have often seen the skins made into muffs, and such things."

"Wal, that's the reason they called me 'Mink.'"

"But, the Indians!" asked both of the boys in a breath, for they had terrible ideas of the Red Man. "Were they plenty when you came here?"

"Plenty?" and the old man laughed the silent laugh of one whose life has been spent in the woods. "Plenty? They war as thick as ther leaves on ther trees."

"Then, you must have been in constant danger?"

"Wal, no. They hain't bad critters ter git erlong with, ef yer only use 'em right; but ef yer don't, they're jest like other men. I had er leetle brush with them now and ergin; but in ther main, it war all friendly bertween us, and we paddled ther same canoe."

"Is that the Indian name for their bark boats?" asked Frank.

"Not by er long shot. They call it chee-maun."

"Do you talk the Indian language?"

"Sartinly, sartinly. Er half er dozen on 'em."

From that moment, the President of the United States did'nt stand half so high in the estimation of the boys, as the old hunter and trapper, Mink Curtiss. A man who could talk a half-dozen Indian languages, was, to their mind, greater than king or emperor.

"War ar yer bound, boys?" resumed the old man.

"We came into the woods to gather a few nuts, and —"

"Git young birds in ther fall, and eggs out on er yaller-jacket's nest," laughed the old man, shaking all over at the thought, but without giving utterance to a sound.

"What are 'yellow-jackets?'" asked George.

"Ef yer had er got yer hands on that thar nest, yer'd soon have found out, I kin tell yer. They ar ther most pesky kind of hornets. But which way ar yer bound?"

"To no particular place. We merely came out to spend the day, and enjoy ourselves."

"And yer father told yer ye mought?"

"Certainly. We always ask him, and never do anything without his consent."

"That's good boys, fust-rate boys. As long as yer mind yer father and mother, thar's mighty leetle danger of yer gittin' on ther wrong trail."

"Perhaps you would be kind enough to show us some of the curiosities of the woods."

"I have got ter go hum now, fer I have bin out all night on er deer-run. But yer kin walk along with me, and likes as not, we may see somethin' that'll look curious-like ter yer."

"Do you live far from here? Father said that we must not be out late."

"Father, ergin. Right as ther sights of this ere old rifle. Wal, my cabin stands on ther bank of er leetle 'run' that empties inter ther river, erbout two miles from here. S'pose yer come and see how ther old man lives. Yer kin git back as arly as yer like, fer yer feet ar young and actyve. I've many a thing, I allow, that yer never seen before — horns, and skins, and teeth, and Injun fixins, and sich like."

The word Indian was a talismanic one with them. They needed little urging; and taking their places on either side of the old hunter, they walked rapidly through the forest, pausing now and then to look at some rare tree, and ask questions.

The home of Mink Curtiss was a little, strongly-built, log-cabin, situated, as he had said, on a brook, and surrounded by grand old trees — hickory, birch, and maple. On the outer side of the door were stretched and nailed the skins of coon and muskrats, to cure and dry. On one side was suspended from a stout branch, the dismembered carcass of a deer; on the other, stood a part of the trunk of a hollow tree, filled with bees and honey.

"I have ter hang it up high," said the old man, by way of explanation, as he saw the eyes of the boys resting enquiringly upon the venison, "so as ter keep ther wolves from jumpin' up and tearin' it down."

"Wolves?" asked the boys, in alarm. "Are there many of them about here?"

"Wal, they hain't so plenterful as they used ter be, that is, ther timber wolves, though every now and ergin, er pack comes erlong. As fer ther leetle, miserable, skulkin', perarer ones, thar's lots on them, but nobody makes any ercount on 'em. But come inter ther hut, boys; I'll show yer ther pelts of both on 'em."

As good as a museum was the hut of the old hunter to the boys. It was hung around with the horns of the deer and buffalo, and skins, and teeth, and claws of the bear and wolf, and even panther; while in one corner were carefully piled the finer peltries, that, when manufactured, bring large prices for ladies' wear, in the cities. There were, also, Indian bows and arrows, stone-headed hatchets, pipes, moccasins, snow-shoes, traps, and various other articles incident to frontier-life, all mingled in the strangest confusion. On one side, four stout stakes had been deeply driven into the ground, and the tough hide of a buck stretched over them. This was the bed of the old man. On the other, was a fireplace, taking up fully one-half of the side of the cabin. This was his kitchen. In the centre, were a rude table and two benches. Over the fireplace was a huge pair of antlers. Upon this the hunter hung his rifle; and then, turning to the boys, who were earnestly examining everything, said: —

"Aren't yer hungry? Bin ter breakfast, I s'pose; but I never saw er time, when I war of yer age, but what I could eat, jest as well as not."

"Mother gave us something to bring with us," replied George, producing bread and cake from the basket he carried. "Won't you have some of it?"

"Wal, I don't mind. It hain't often that I git sich things. But I'll cook some venison ter help make out our dinner."

"Oh, what glorious fun!" shouted Frank. "Wouldn't our old schoolmates give something to have such a picnic?"

The old man kindled a fire (with flint and steel — something the boys had never seen before), from the store of dry hickory-bark and wood he had at hand, watched it until it burned down to a mass of glowing coals, and then laid great slices of venison upon them, turning frequently, until he thought they were done.

"Now, one on yer set ther table," he said, with a quiet smile.

"I don't see anything to set it with," replied Frank, looking around, very much puzzled.

"What! hain't thar no plates? Then I'll have ter go to ther store and git some, that's all."

They knew that there was not a store within ten miles, at least, and were more perplexed than ever. But their host said nothing. He took an axe, stepped outside to where a log was lying, cut from it half a dozen large, clean chips, and returning, placed them upon the table. Then, with the aid of a sharp stick for a fork, he lifted up the hissing steaks of venison, and placed them upon the chips.

"Thar," he said, "is er meal and dishes fit for Gineral Jackson himself."

He was the old hunter's beau-ideal of all that was great, and good, and noble. No man ever lived that could compare with him — in the opinion of the old hunter.

"It is prime," said George.

"Capital," echoed Frank; and in the enthusiasm of the moment, he pressed all the things they had brought with them upon the old hunter.

"Yes; take it all," assented George. "There never was anything half so good as this deer's-meat; and I don't want a single mouthful of bread, or cake, either."

"No; and I won't have it," mumbled Frank, with his mouth so full, that he could scarcely articulate. "I wish I could always live on venison."

The old man laughed, took a portion of the, to him, unusual food, ate it with great relish, forced them gently to eat their share, and answered, —

"I thank yer, boys; and yer shall have jest as much venerson as yer choose ter carry hum; and if yer kin git yer father ter consent, yer shall go with me sum day, and help ter kill er deer — perhaps kill one yerself; who kin tell?"

The rude, but sweet meal (sweeter to them than any they had ever tasted before, as they fancied), finished, the table was hastily cleared of dishes, by throwing them into the fire, to the huge delight of Frank. He, also, was about to gather up the crumbs and fragments, and dispose of them in a like manner, when the old hunter stopped him, took them out of his hands, carried them out of doors, and placed them upon a flat rock.

"Never waste anything," he said, solemnly. "They'll be picked up by ther leetle birds and squirrels, and sich things. No, never waste anything, be it ever so small, even if yer live in ther midst of plenty. Ther good God gave us food for our bodies; but he also gave inter our keeping ther beasts of ther fields, and ther fowls of ther air. I've often seen men in the buffeller country shoot down one, jest for ther sake of ther tongues, when they had cords ter eat, too, and leave ther great carcass ter rot. But it hain't Christians that ever do sich things, and they mought larn er lesson, even of ther red Injuns. They wouldn't do sich er thing — no, never — though they ar called savages. But ther good Lord saw ther buffeller fall, and who knows but that he'll make them answer fer it, too?"

They felt the force of the words they had heard, perhaps more than if they had been uttered in better and more eloquent language, for they came *from the heart* — from an unexpected source; and they stood with bowed heads and downcast eyes. But they were with one who would teach them many a useful lesson, kindly and and earnestly — lessons of sterling, practical wisdom and charity, worth all the theories ever published.

A very kind, warm, and true hearted old man was Mink Curtiss; one who had learned to "look up from nature unto Nature's God," — had drank in his crude ideas of religion from the color of the flowers, the songs of the birds, the rustling of the leaves, the murmuring of the brook, the radiance of the rainbow, the morning and evening sky, the whispering of the summer breeze, the thunder of the winter storm, and the thousand and one things that the dwellers in cities never give heed to. A man versed in all of woodcraft — a humble and reverential man, according to his light, and one as certain to choose the path of truth and right, as his bullet was to hit the mark — a thing it seldom failed to do.

But he was not one to keep hammering away upon a subject, "ner strike er man arter he war down" (as he used to say). And, seeing how sorry the boys looked, he hastened to relieve them.

"Now," he said, "yer come out here ter see somethin' of ther woods, and hain't seen nothin' yet, but er old hunter, who hasn't got any book-larnin', and his leetle cabin, which hain't of much ercount, onyway."

"We have been well entertained," replied George; "and we thank you for the lesson you taught us, of not being wasteful."

"Do yer?" and he took the hand of each in his own, and shook them warmly, while tears stood in his eyes. "Do yer raly thank me? Wal, that's more'n most boys of er age would do, and shows that yer have been brought up right. But, as I war er sayin', yer hain't seen nothin' yet of eny ercount; and, as thar is plenty of time, I'll take er walk with yer, and show yer whar ther rats build thar houses, and tell yer somethin' erbout them, fer they are cunnin' critters."

"But, you must be tired, after hunting all night?"

"I didn't hunt much, though I war on er deer-run. But it would take far more'n that ter tire me. So, come erlong, boys; and we will go down ter ther mash."

THE KINGBIRD.

Oh, little folk, eager at pictures to look,
And hear wonderful stories told,
Do any, I wonder, who read in this book,
Know aught of the kingbird bold?

He's only a flycatcher, dusky and small,
The robin is larger than he;
But, big birds or little, he lords it o'er all,
As saucy as saucy can be.

He chases the eagles, the hawks, and the crows,
Till weary they are of their life;
And after his frolic, triumphant he goes,
Singing "Victory!" home to his wife:

And perched on a twig by the side of the nest,
Twitters loud of the conquests he won;
He smooths the white feathers so soft on his breast,
And tells her the news and the fun.

And, "Fear nothing, sweet!" he cries, proudly and glad,
As she sits in her bower of green;
"Not a bird dare approach, for good purpose or bad,
While I guard you, and watch, little queen."

So, over the pretty eggs, speckled with brown,
She patiently broods day and night;
Till out peep the tiny young heirs to the crown,
All alive, and so hungry and bright!

And when they are grown, every prince of them bears,
Hidden under his ashen-gray crest,
The crown of red gold that the father-bird wears —
Of his race and his kingship the test.

If you watch, little folk, in the blue summer sky,
You may see him pursuing the crow,
Or the dignified eagle, or hawk, strong and sly,
And 'tis none but the kingbird you'll know.

When, late in September, the maple-leaves burn,
They gather together for flight;
And whither they go, you'll perhaps like to learn,
When they vanish away in the night.

South-westward, to Mexico! High in the air,
Upborne on their powerful wings,
Flying dauntless and steady, with head winds, or fair,
Push forward these resolute kings.

And, when the snow chills us, and bitter winds bite,
And tempests are roaring amain,
In that wonderful, tropical land of delight,
They revel in summer again.

CELIA THAXTER.

LITTLE PEARL.

CHAPTER IV. — FAIRY HOLLOW.

WHEN the Saturday afternoon came, that Agnes and Lule were to go into the woods with Tad, Agnes felt that she ought not to go, and leave Pearl and Bliss again. But she would not deny herself so great a pleasure. "I'll go, just this once," she said to herself; "and Cassy will stay with them." She found it very hard to steal away from Cassy; and she had no sooner got to the place where Tad, with his gun, and Lule, with her basket of lunch, were waiting for her, than she heard Cassy coming, running as if for her life.

"Now, Cassy Marsh, you may just go back," said Agnes, as Cassy came in sight. "You shall not go one step."

"I will, too; I've just as good right to go as you have," said Cassy, crying.

"Well, we don't want you," said Lule. "You shan't have any of our luncheon; and we won't speak to you once."

"Oh, let her go, if she wants too," said Tad; "don't have a fuss about it."

"Then, who'll stay with Pearl and Bliss?" asked Agnes.

"Oh, a great deal you care for Pearl and Bliss," said Cassy. "Pity you wasn't always so good!"

"I don't care; I won't go, if you are going," said Agnes. "I declare, Cassy Marsh; you are the worst young one I ever saw in my life. You've no more feeling than anything at all."

"You feel as if you'd like to go; don't you, Cas?" Tad said. "Well, now, if you won't go, — if you'll go back, and stay with Pearl and Bliss, — you and Susy, — I'll ——"

"I don't care what you say," said Cassy, interrupting him; "if Agnes goes, I'm going too. I've just as good right as she has."

"Well, let us go," said Lule; "and if she's a mind to tag, let her — little cry-baby!"

So they started, Agnes and Lule going together, and talking gaily, and often stopping to whisper to each other, but taking no notice whatever of Cassy.

"'Nes, you don't know what else I've got, besides what there is in the basket," said Lule. "See here, what Tad gave me;" and she took a bright new picayune out of her mouth, and held it up, so that Cassy might see it. "Won't we have a jolly time with it?" she went on. "We'll go down to Aunt Molly's, and get a lot of good things; won't we?"

"Truly? go down to Aunt Molly's?" said Agnes, eagerly.

"Yes, if Tad will go with us," said Lule. "Will you, Tad?"

"Oh, there is no need; the swing is only a little way from the road," said Tad; "and while I'm fixing the swing, you girls can go down there. You'll find me fast enough."

So, when they came to the right place, Tad went into the woods, and the girls went down the road toward Aunt Molly's little shop. As they went along, Lule would take the bright little silver piece out of her mouth, and look at it fondly, and talk of the many nice things that she intended to get with it. But Agnes seemed to have suddenly lost her gay spirits. She neither laughed nor talked any more.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Lule.

"Nothing."

"Yes, there is, too. What's that you've got in your hand? Pearl's little shoe? Why, where did you find it?"

"Right in the middle of the road," said Agnes.

"Well," said Lule; "I should think you'd be glad you'd found it, and not look that way about it."

But Agnes was not glad. The little shoe was a burden to her — a burden heavy to carry.

"Now, 'Nes, what *would* you get?" said Lule, as they came within sight of the little shop-window, with its tempting display. "Would you get all candy? or part nuts, and something else?"

"I don't know," said Agnes; "I think figs and raisins are better than most anything."

"Oh, I'll tell you what I'll get," said Lule. "I'll get three great sugar gooseberries; one for you, and one for me, and one for Tad; and three —— Oh, dear, dear! I've swallowed it! I've swallowed it!"

A loud ha! ha! ha! was heard from Cassy. "Lule, I knew you'd do that," she said; "I was just sure of it, great goose, putting it in your mouth. I guess, I'll get as much as any of you now! Ha! ha! ha!" But poor Lule looked so utterly woe-begone, that Cassy pitied her at last, and ceased teasing her. "We won't tell Tad how you lost it," she said, as they were going back; "he'd plague you almost to death."

It was a pleasant place in the woods where they found the swing. The trees were very large, and there was but little underwood, and flowers dotted the thick grass everywhere. The swing was a branch of an old grape-vine, which drooped from two tall trees that grew on either side of a little dell.

"Oh, isn't it lovely here?" said Agnes. "Why, Tad, it's just like fairy-land!" she exclaimed, forgetting everything in her admiration.

"Any cool, shady place would be lovely after that old, hot, dusty road," said Lule, lying down on a mossy knoll.

"It's the prettiest place I ever saw!" Agnes exclaimed again. "Tad, let us name it something, and call it ours; and not let anybody else know anything about it."

"Name it 'Picayune Hollow,'" whispered Cassy, with a sly look at Lule.

"We'll call it 'Fairy Hollow,'" said Agnes, laughing. "'Fairy Hollow'—isn't that just the name for it, Tad?"

They all agreed that it was; and after spending a long, pleasant time at the swing, Tad went hunting, and the girls went with him; so it was late when they reached home. The sun had nearly set, and Agnes and Cassy found that Miss Muggins had gone away again; and the house was locked up.

"Oh, dear, dear!" exclaimed Cassy; "what shall we do? And where is Pearl and Bliss?" and she began to cry. Agnes was in such dismay that she couldn't say anything. "Perhaps they are at the grove," said Cassy. "Let's go and see, Agnes."

Just as she spoke, she saw Pearl and Bliss coming across the prairie, and with a cry of joy, she and Agnes ran and met them.

"Pearl, where is Miss Muggins?" asked Cassy.

"I don't know," said Pearl. "She told us to go over to the grove to find you; and she said if you wasn't there, for us to wait till you came; and we didn't want to wait any longer when Tad and Lule got home, and said you'd come too."

"She has gone off herself, now," said Agnes; "but, never mind; we'll go and sit on the piazza, and wait. Father will be here pretty soon."

They waited some time, and no one came. It began to grow dark, and they were tired and hungry.

"It's strange somebody don't come," said Cassy. "I should think Tom would be here; shouldn't you, Agnes?"

Tom was one of their hired men, who was always at the house, nights and mornings.

"Father is always at home before this," said Agnes. "I'm afraid something has happened to him."

"I'll doe after papa," said Bliss. "I tan find him."

"Do keep quiet," said Cassy. "Hush! Don't you hear a carriage coming, Aggie?"

They listened; but no sound broke the stillness, save the low piping of birds in the woods near, and the tinkling of a distant cowbell. Awhile longer they waited, in fear and trembling, and still no signs of their father.

"I can't stand it another minute," said Agnes; "I know something awful has happened. I'm going after him. Come, Cassy, take hold of Pearl's hand, and come quick." Agnes caught Bliss up in her arms, and ran down the road.

"Now, Pearl, you take Bliss, that's a darling; and go and stay with Mrs. Fenwick, till Cassy and I come back," said Agnes, as they came near the grove.

"Hadn't we better go, and leave them there?" said Cassy; "and perhaps Tad or Ben will go with us to find father."

"No," answered Agnes; "I know just how it will be, if we do. Mrs. Fenwick will say that father is all well enough, and she won't let us go after him."

But Pearl wouldn't go ; and Bliss cried, and clung closer to Agnes, and wouldn't let her put him down.

"Oh, what shall I do?" said Agnes. "How can I carry this great boy? Bliss, you shall get down, and go there."

But Bliss put his arms so tight around her neck, and his little legs around her waist, that she could do nothing with him. So, they went onward, running till they would get out of breath, and then slackening their pace for a moment. When they had gone some distance, Bliss, who had been on his feet a part of the way, got so tired, that he could hardly take another step.

"O Tassy, Tassy! tate me up," he said. "I tired most to def."

But Cassy had been helping Pearl along, and was so tired herself, that she couldn't take him up; Agnes had carried him already, till she thought she could not carry him any longer. Every moment it was growing darker. It would not do to stop now ; and the last house that they had passed was a long way behind, and the next was a long way ahead of them, and Pearl and Bliss must be under some shelter before night ; so, Agnes took Bliss up in her arms again, and hurried on. Still, no signs of any one coming. Now, they knew that some evil had overtaken their father ; he had never been so late before.

As they drew near the house that they had long had in sight, they saw a gentleman come out of the front-door, and go down toward the road. A thrill went through their hearts ; they stood quite still, looking eagerly.

"Oh, it's not father," said Cassy ; "it's not father ; it's a great fat man, with red whiskers!"

"Perhaps he knows something about father," said Agnes. "Let's hurry and speak to him."

Cassy ran ahead and met him first. "Have you seen my father?" she asked, quite out of breath.

"Your father, little one? Who is your father?" said the gentleman.

"Dr. Marsh."

"Dr. Marsh? Jupiter! Do all you children belong to him?"

"Oh, do you know him?" said Cassy. "Where is he? Where is he?"

"Why, I don't know, dear ; but I guess you haven't lost him. Didn't he come home?"

"No ; and he never stayed away like this," said Agnes, who had just got there. "I know something has happened to him."

"Well, come up to the house, and wait till he does come," said the gentleman. "Give me that little chap," he said, taking Bliss, who was now sound asleep, out of Agnes's arms.

"Yes, take him," said Agnes; "and take her," pointing to Pearl, who had fallen to the ground, and could not get up. "But I want my father! I want my father!" and she and Cassy ran down the road, crying.

"Here, here!" shouted the gentleman, trying to go after them; but being very fleshy, and having Bliss in his arms, he couldn't run at all. "Here!—come back here, I say. I'll tell you about your father."

The children stopped, and looked back.

WILL'S WONDER-BOOK.

III.

"WHAT will you tell us about today, grandma?" said Will, as the three sat, as usual, under the elms, just before tea.

"Well, I don't know," began the old lady; but, before she got any farther, accident suggested a subject; for, as if Polly really was Miss Muffit, "a big black spider" suddenly "sat down beside her," and caused her to tumble off her grassy seat, with a loud "Ugh! take the horrid thing away; I hate 'em!"

"I'll scrunch him;" and Will lifted his bat for the fatal blow, when grandma whisked the poor thing into her handkerchief, and took him out of danger. "Wait till I tell you something about him, and his relations; then we'll see about killing him."

So, Polly settled herself again, after carefully tucking up her skirts; and Will laid down his bat, feeling sure he should want it directly.

"In the first place, spiders have four, six, eight, or ten eyes—"

"That's the reason they see, and cut away before you can get a good hit at them," interrupted Will, glad to know that his failure on several occasions had not been entirely owing to his own want of skill.

"Then they are little silk factories, and spin away, all within themselves. The silk is made from the juices of their food, prepared in a sort of laboratory they have; then, it passes to a silk reservoir, ready for use; and, when the creature wants a thread, it comes through the four or six tubes, or spinnerets, as they are called. There are many smaller tubes; and threads of all sizes are made, to suit the want of the worker. These threads are finer than any human skill can make, and they are used for the divisions of the micrometer, an astronomical instrument; though some wise observer says it takes four millions of the threads to make one as thick as a hair.

"In some spiders, the threads are so strong, that small birds, as well as insects, are hung up by them; and Brazilian spiders roll up leaves for nests, and suspend them by cords of their own making. The Bird-Catcher spider is a very large one; its body is as big as a twenty-five-cent piece, covered with black and yellow hair; and its long, strong legs are as stout as a bird's quills. They make nests in hollow trees, in rocky crevices, and under dead leaves. In South America, they are still larger, being able, Dampier says, to cover eight or ten inches by spreading their legs; and their claws are so strong, that they are often used for toothpicks, and are considered good for toothache. This sort doesn't spin webs to catch its food, but hides, and springs on its prey, killing it with one sharp bite."

"Oh, dear! I hope we don't have that kind here," cried Polly, curling up her feet, and looking anxiously at the imprisoned spider; for grandma had pinned the handkerchief against the tree.

"No; we have small ones of that species, but they are rare; and don't hurt people, I believe. In Florida, there is a sort of spider which is eaten by the Indians; and some one tells a funny story of having preserved a bottle-full in whiskey, to study, when one of the chiefs paid him a visit, and ate up the spiders, with great relish, thanking him for the treat."

"What a treat!—'pickled spiders!' Was there ever such a mess?" and Will turned up his nose in high disgust.

"As a contrast to these rather disagreeable fellows, there is the Golden Lactrodecta. She is a regular little fairy, delicate and pretty, and looking as if made of glass and gold. Her eyes and claws are black; a dark orange stripe runs down her back, and her body looks as if she wore black lace over her yellow-satin gown."

"How nice she must look," said Polly, admiringly; for she liked fine clothes, as most little girls do.

"This spider is very nimble and small, and not very common. Her tiny, brilliant web, spun between grass-blades, waves to and fro, shimmering in the sunshine; and there she sits, like a little queen, in her golden suit, daintily eating the midges and gnats with which her table is spread. But, as soon as she dies, all her beauty fades; and, in an hour, she is only a tiny, dull, black speck. There is another little member of the spider family, which you will like to hear about. I won't give you the long name, but tell you how bravely she goes to sea. She appears toward autumn, when the leaves begin to fall, and is seen on rivers and running streams, at

night and morning. She places herself on a fallen leaf, which she bends up with strong cables, in such a skilful way, that no wind upsets it. In this she floats away, catching insects as her boat sails with the tide. She is just the color of the leaf, and one must look closely to see her; for she is very quick, and it is so difficult to catch her, that some people think, that, like the gossamer spider, she can float away on the wind. At the point of the leaf, she spins a little tent to sleep in, and here she keeps a silken ball, full of tiny, yellow eggs. One seldom sees all this, but it is a curious sight; and one can't help wondering what becomes of the solitary little sailor, sailing down the stream to some new country, with her babies rocked by the gentle swaying of her leafy boat."

"I'd like to see that ship, and its rigging, and crew," said Will, who felt his respect for spiders much increased by this nautical fact.

"I had a spider once, who lived in a corner of my room, and I used to amuse my friends with her. If I went toward her with my hand up, as if to brush her away, she would whirl and vibrate, faster and faster, till you no longer saw her, and would fancy she had dropped. Then, if we stepped back, she would slowly reappear, looking as if nothing had happened. My servant was much troubled because I left her there, and often threatened to sweep her down. So, I put her in a glass (my spider, I mean, not my girl), and painted a web and spider in the corner, and told Jane to make it tidy there, if she could. She joyfully whisked her broom, and looked bewildered when neither web nor spider fell, and couldn't understand the joke, till she had felt the walls."

"What became of the old spinner?" asked Will, after he had enjoyed grandma's trick.

"I kept her under a glass, and watched her. She was a very common, drab spider, with white spots and long legs. She glued her eggs together in a silky bag, and always carried them about in her mouth. She didn't eat much, but hung from the top of the glass, swinging to and fro, as if getting her little ones to sleep. At the end of two weeks, she hung the bag by a strong thread, and, dropping to the bottom, lay there, waiting her fate. Soon, two or three hundred little spiders came sliding down, and, pouncing on the poor mother, ate her up. Then, they turned and ate each other; though I put in gnats, and bugs, and flies, for them. Such little cannibals, I never saw; for they went on, till there were but five spiderlings left. These moulted, and ate up their skins; and then went at each other again. I was so angry at them, that I put a big

one in, who finished them ; and that was the end of this bloodthirsty family. I couldn't understand the cause of this seeming cruelty to each other ; but, as so many are born at once, it is probably well for us that few live. One thing is to be said in praise of them ; the mother is the most faithful of parents, and never ceases to watch and guard the ball of eggs. She holds it under her with four legs, and fights stoutly with the others ; and, when the battle is over, she carefully examines her treasure, often spinning a new cover, and then takes it in her mouth again, to watch and wait with untiring patience, till her undutiful little ones are born."

"Poor Mrs. Spider! If I had one, I'd take her out before the bad children ate her up ; and I'd keep her all safe, and pet her with fat worms and nice flies," cried Polly, warmly.

"I thought you hated spiders," said grandma, with a sly smile.

"I don't now, only the big, fierce ones. I didn't know they were so pretty and sensible ; and I'm going to have a spider-bottle, and see them spin, and eat, and all the other queer things they do."

"Isn't there a kind that makes people fly about, and dance like mad, when they bite them?" asked Will, wishing to show off a little for Polly's benefit.

"Yes, the Tarantula ; the bite isn't poisonous, and the spider can be tamed till it eats out of the hand of its keeper. The story goes, that when a person is bitten, they grow sick, and sad, and weak, till music is made for them, when they dance wildly till they are cured. I believe there is no truth in it ; but a story is told of a man who hired a girl, at Naples, to try the effect of a bite. She agreed ; and, after a bottle, with the spider in it, had been applied to her arm, and a sharp prick assured her that she was bitten, she sat a little while, looking pale and wild, then suddenly she flew up, and danced frantically, till she could skip no longer ; when she sank down, declaring she had never been so badly bitten before, and was afraid she would not recover. Then the man showed the bottle, and told her that there was no spider in it, but that he had pinched her arm ; and all the rest was her own imagination or cunning."

"That was a good joke! But, why don't people make things out of spider-silk, as they do out of cocoon-silk?" asked Polly.

"People have tried, and, I dare say, will succeed some day, since greater wonders have been wrought. A Monsieur Bon made a few pairs of gloves and stockings ; but they cost so much, he could not go on. It was found, that two hundred and eighty spiders did not yield more silk than one industrious silk-worm ; so the experiment was given up."

"Yes; in my 'Gulliver,' I read how he went to a place where a spider-man told him he would soon have spiders trained to spin silk of all colors, for he was going to feed them on food that would make them do it," cried Will, firmly believing that Gulliver was a most reliable authority.

"Miracles as curious as any in fairy tales sometimes come to pass; so, we may yet wear spider-silk, and teach them to spin for us as industriously as they do for themselves. Now, what shall we do with our prisoner?" asked grandma.

"Let him go," said Will, at once.

"I want a look at it first, just to see if it's one of the pretty ones," added Polly, peeping carefully into the handkerchief, hoping to find the lady in black lace and gold-colored satin.

A big black fellow darted out, ran straight up grandma's arm, and hid in the rough bark of the elm, after he had paused an instant on her white cap to wiggle his long legs, as if waving an adieu with a polite but inaudible —

"Thank you, ma'am; thank you."

THE LOGGERS; OR, SIX MONTHS IN THE FORESTS OF MAINE.

(*Continued from the May Number.*)

MONUMENT BROOK.

MAY 19*th*. Another favorable day; and the men in fine spirits, as we are moving rapidly forward. At night, there are several watches, as the work constantly moves on. "No stoppin'," Jim says, "until the logs are in hailin' distance of the mills." My hour last night, for watch and work, was two; and as I "crept out of the cedars," I found the moon shining brightly upon waters so clear, you could see the pebbly bottom. As I slowly moved around and around, taking in the whole beautiful scene, I longed for your talent at sketching, that I might make a picture for our menagerie. Think of us, alone on this grand, broad lake; the large circular

"boom" following the long, narrow raft, upon which live fourteen men. On the front is the huge capstan, with its six wind-spokes, or levers, and as many men, slowly winding in the warp. Farther back, a lazy smoke is rising from a smothered fire, which is keeping the tea hot for the "night watchers." If you could look within, you would see six men sipping it, and some of them devouring huge slices of bread covered with apple-sauce.

Upon one side of the raft are piled the boxes and barrels of provisions; on the other, are skiffs and canoes, ropes, tools, wood, etc., etc. From the capstan, you may trace our warp, like a glittering thread in the moonlight, reaching to a boat far ahead, where two men are carrying forward the anchor. Now, they have reached the limit of the warp; and, plash goes our "safety" — into the gravelly bottom.

The boat is dark, and the mens' faces are dark, and serious. You must paint them, in red flannel shirt-sleeves — as that *is* their dress, even in the night-time — and red will make a fine coloring in your picture. One has a slouched black hat; the other, a cap, with visor down behind. On my right, is a sweet little cove, and a new birch canoe afloat, or, "merely tethered with a stone." You can imagine it owned by some Indian hunter, from the lake below, who has sought the lodge of his bright-eyed Minnehaha, in the forest. On the left, an owl is making himself heard for miles. *I* can't see him; but perhaps *you* can, with your artistic eyes. Now, Frank, commence your picture, not forgetting the splendor of the moon-rays, and the silvery tinting; the grand forests surrounding us, with their various shades of green; some light, brilliant, and feathery — others dark and funereal.

On a point, at a little distance, stands an immense dead tree, its skeleton limbs stretched out over the water, one of which looks like a huge arm, imploring, or beckoning. Dead for years, but majestic in proportions! I observe, as we come nearer, that it is covered with a drooping, feathery moss; and the giant arms, stretched over the water, are festooned with the exquisite drapery with which nature sometimes garlands her dead.

23*d*. The last few days we have moved slowly. Adverse winds, or none at all, have been the order. One day, we "laid by" entirely, expecting to be driven on to the shore, the wind was so strong. Pete and I have spent some time in the forest, shooting small game; or on the lake, fishing. Black ducks, sheldrakes, and wood-ducks, are becoming abundant, and taste nicely in the ab-

sence of fresh meat. The water-fowl and small birds are, many of them, very beautiful, and of brilliant plumage. I will not stop to specify; for, knowing your predilection for ornithology, I am resolved to "take notes" of all I see, and bring you a catalogue of the birds of these wild woods.

Solomon's seal, checkerberry, and bunchberries, are everywhere; but I am most delighted with a delicate vine, that twines and creeps about in all directions — scrambling up gnarled trees, or laying itself lovingly among the May-flowers and scarlet berries, coquetting with, and greatly enhancing their beauty. Sometime, I mean to study botany; for every day my love of flowers increases, and I long for their coming. Of shrubs, the arbor-vitæ and high-bush cranberry are my favorites. The cranberry grows very much like the snowball, and the leaf is just the same; the blossom white, and of the same form, but less double. But the glory of this shrub is the fruit. First, glossy green; then, larger, and yellow, gradually changing to scarlet. When in this state, — pure orange and scarlet commingled, with a sparkling brilliancy, — you can conceive of nothing more beautiful. The large clusters of scarlet, shining fruit, from top to lowest branch, remain, long after the frost has destroyed the foliage. All along through the woods, in February, I saw birds feeding on the shrivelled fruit; which even then retained the scarlet color, and contrasted prettily with the whiteness of the snow. As a dinner sauce, or made into jellies, it is nice, having more pungency of flavor than the ordinary cranberry.

Ten days we have been reaching the outlet to this lake, a distance of some eighteen miles. Now we are near the Grand Lake stream, which connects this with Chepetnecook. As it is both narrow and rapid, of course, the boom and raft must be taken to pieces. Six or eight men have gone forward to construct a new boom at the mouth of the outlet, where it enters the next lake.

Again, we are upon the shore to live awhile; the men busy with the logs. The water is so high and rapid, that they pile up in every direction; and it requires great strength and agility on the part of the men to keep them clear. They are oftentimes to their waists in water, dripping with wet, working from dawn until dark, these long days, and yet cheerful, and regardless of hardship. It is really wonderful what men *can* endure, who live in the open air, and exercise vigorously. Pete and I keep the table well supplied with salmon-trout that would make an epicure's mouth water. I caught one yesterday that weighed four pounds. If you don't be-

lieve it, come and see — that's all. I truly think it would be worth a journey from Cambridge, to troll, and bring out a dozen of these shiners. Just think, then, of innumerable multitudes!

Pete caught a porgy today, that weighed seventeen pounds; a splendid fish, but not to compare with the trout in delicacy of flavor. Oh, those delicious salmon-trout! — the most exquisite of all the finny tribe. For three whole days, I have fed upon them; and yet now, at midnight, I am longing for a taste. I am resolved to salt, and take home a barrel; although, of course, they will not be much like the article fresh from the water.

29*th*. Our five miles of quick water and rapids are safely passed, the logs boomed, and again we live upon the raft. The same process of warping ahead is used here; but as yet, we move slowly. This lake (Chepetnecook) is broad and long, surrounded by a growth of sumach, alders, choke-cherries, cranberries, thorns, etc., on the water-edge; while, behind and above them, rise the glorious forest trees. There are many islands, and charming little coves, where water-lilies "lose their sweetness on the desert air." But, to me, the lake is less lovely than the Grand Lake; it lacks its purity and grandeur; for the banks are lower, and the bottom muddy. In a high wind, the water is rolled up into billows, that makes a fellow pretty sea-sick.

Pete and I have much sport in shooting ducks, which every day become more and more abundant. Our plan is, to go off in a skiff, with small green trees stuck up along the edges, and green drooping all around. Once in a good position, we lie still, and *wait*. When a large flock are within range of our guns, both fire at the same time; and we have taken thirty in one day. I have never seen, in any aviary, more beautiful specimens of "water-fowl." There is one, of a glossy green, with two delicate white feathers, like tiny ribbons, starting from the head, and flowing gracefully down over the back, parting, and drooping on each side of the tail. Loons are here, of a prodigious size, and splendidly mottled. I have secured for you a large collection and variety of eggs, I think; for, strange as it seems, the sea-fowl come to these inland lakes for hatching. The cook has given me some boxes and cans he has done with, and I have packed them with the dead, dried needles from the pines.

Yesterday, Pete and I wandered off to where we saw a smoke rising. It proved to be the home of a settler, who had come away here into the wilderness, "to make a farm, where the land cost

him nothing." A coarse-looking woman, and squad of shock-headed children, were planting potatoes in the soil burned over last autumn. A good crop is always *sure* the first season — without dressing, with but little attention, and no fear of rot. The baby of the family — too small to work — seemed to busy himself feeding a large black dog (as I supposed), in a coop. Upon inspection, the dog proved to be a young bear! In a moment, I longed to own him for our menagerie; and I *did* buy him; but not without some parleying. Pete is to come back for him, and have the charge, perhaps, all the way to Boston; for I have a fancy that a savage can better train the beasts of the forest.

At present, bruin is about the size of your Newfoundland dog "Brave," — gentle, but a very imp of blackness. If he only would live to reach Cambridge, with "Lulu," my stuffed monsters, antlers, eggs, etc., etc., I think our quarters would be quite attractive.

June 3d. We have had heavy easterly winds; and of the many booms upon this lake, two or three have broken, and are scattered upon the islands and shores, in every direction. There are many brooks and streams emptying into the Chepetnecook, and from each of any size, there are booms; so, that at any time, we could see several. On Grand Lake, the brooks of any size are but two, Monument and Hay; consequently, we were much alone there.

7th. Now commences our progress down the river. The logs are "turned over" (as it is called) here at the outlet, and the river is very rapid; therefore, they pile up upon the banks and rocks in great confusion. Men are sent in advance to keep the current open, and to make what are called "shoots;" or, in other words, to place the logs that pile upon the edge of the current in such positions, that logs from above will pass rapidly by. When all the logs are turned over from the lakes, the real driving commences. Men stationed in the rear turn all from the banks and rocks, and so work their way downward. Different crews are stationed a few miles apart, or wherever there are falls or difficult places for driving. The dams are also carefully watched, as during a freshet they frequently "blow," or wash away.

Queer names are given to some of the localities, — "Meeting-house rips," "Teakettle rips," "Eel works," etc., etc., — all having their separate crews to keep the channel clear. Immense "jams" of logs frequently take place, and it is dangerous business breaking through them. The water is high, and river rapid; the men tell me, many hundred feet higher here, than where it meets the tide.

About as we have lived, so we live now, — the same cook, the same regular meals, retiring and rising with the sun. Most of the men seem to enjoy the life they live; those who have families, I notice, work the hardest.

Several of the men have received letters today from the "up train;" which is, an arrival of a loaded team of provisions, sent to us with much trouble over the soft and springy forest roads. Sacker is reading some "love-marks" from his "little gal;" while I rejoice in a long letter from my mother, and shorter ones from several of my friends. I wish every man and boy was made as happy as I am by these "despatches."

The Parson looks on the excited crew with his sad, calm face, hoping nothing, expecting nothing, until the great call that takes him to his family and his home. What an influence this man exerts among us; what a philosophy he teaches. I could not feel willing to lead such a life as he does; but truly, Frank, I would be willing to give more than half of my prospect of success in life for his firm, unfaltering faith in a glorious future.

Irish Jim is making the men roar with his nonsense; even the Parson is smiling; and I must listen, for he really knows something of ventriloquism.

"Be jabers!"— shaking a new pair of trousers that came on the load, — "be jabers! an' it's me'll shake the spach out iv these same (feeling in every pocket); not a word yet, is it? (another good shake) ye won't spake, will ye, till yer own father?" Presently, a voice comes from the deepest pocket. "I loves ye, dad, an' wants ye to come home; an' bring lots o' gum."

"That's you, Teddy, is it? Spake up, my man; an' tell us, wher's yer mither?"

"It's *me* you're wanthin'," spoke up a shrill female voice. "I'm the same Kathleen ye married in ould Irelan'; but niver a minute for foolin' with the nasty ink."

"Rade yer *trouserloons;* that's *my* kin' o' love-letters. If I hadn't thought of ye, Jim, I wud never made thim for yer bandy legs. Kape clear iv the rum, Jim! kape clear o' the whiskey."

In this way, Jim consoles himself for the want of a "letther."

I am often astonished at the good-nature that prevails, almost constantly. This out-door life has much to do in curing nervous irritability. I do not think I would *shake* my worst enemy — if I had him in my power — now, much as I once longed to *flog* him.

20*th*. We reached the Grand Falls this morning, which is

the highest falls the logs have to pass over on the St. Croix. Logs innumerable are here, coming in from the western river. If you will examine your map, you will see that the St. Croix, or Schoodic, divides here, — the "eastern branch" forming the boundary between the British Provinces; the western, stretching off towards the Penobscot, and the mountainous region in Maine. This branch is said to be almost a succession of beautiful lakes.

22*d*. An immense jam is "piled" up just above the falls; and, for more than half a mile above, the logs are piling and crashing together in this great freshet. The river narrows as it approaches these grand falls, and the logs are curiously interlaced and bound together. Some I observe, fifty or sixty feet high, standing in upright positions, wedged in among rocks, or standing in among logs, criss-cross, or every way.

The view of the "jam" from below the falls is terrific, in connection with the maddening rush and roar of the waters. The falls themselves are high; and just above them is this immense barrier of logs, — pushed in the rear by a mile of the same, — vainly striving to force their way through and downward. But the jam is solid, and will never move, until men peril their lives to cut away the obstruction. Hundreds of people have been up from the towns and villages to look at it. Sometimes, it appears, many logs have to be cut, and for quite a distance back, before the jam moves. At other times, and especially on the brink of a fall, the cutting of *one* log starts the whole ponderous mass. Here, and at this time, *two* logs, the "master-driver" thinks, must be cut at the same time; but *who* is to do it? Time is valuable; more than twenty men are waiting to drive; so, it is decided that today, the perilous cutting shall be done.

I was never half as excited before. Who will venture? No one can be compelled. The master-driver calls for volunteers, assuring them "they shall be drawn up safely before the jam starts."

"Don't fear, boys; if you mind my word, not a hair of your head shall be hurt."

There is a great hush. The sun is shining brightly; but we hear no voice, but the deep, angry bass tones of the waterfall. It seems a long time since the call for volunteers was made. No one moves; but all look serious. Ah! the Parson has stepped forth; looking calm and dignified as ever, as they tie the rope around under his arms. Now follows — who? Irish Jim — eyes twinkling, and face twitching from a queer medley of emotions.

"Faith!" he says, hitching up the *trouserloons* he had made talk; "faith, an' iv the thing's got to be did, why, Jim's the boy to do it; that's all!" Grasping his axe, which stood by the trunk of a tree, "I can make this strike lightning (feeling the edge), as quick as any ither man. Come on! come on!" brandishing his axe like a shillalah. "Hurrah! an' the howley Vargin kape us, an' brake up this murtherin' jam!"

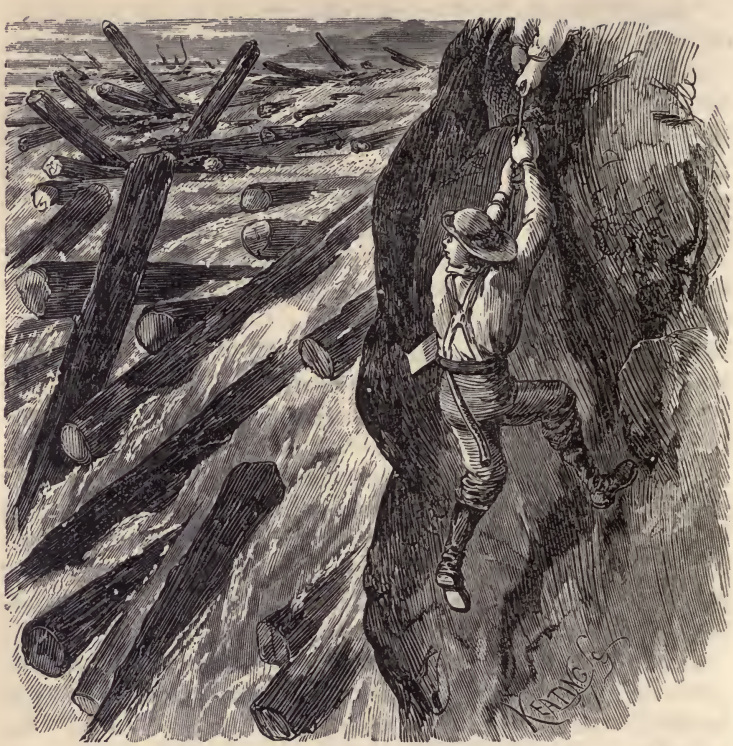
After the ropes were adjusted, and men all stationed, ready for hauling them upon the high rocks upon the banks, a few of the drivers who *had not been visible* came rushing forward to offer their services, — but the "forlorn hope" was complete, as they supposed, and they could not be taken. The "key-logs," or those supposed to cause the obstruction, were pointed out; and the men clambered down to perform what might be the cause of their instant death. On each side of the river, the men ranged themselves, upon the high banks and rocks, looking on breathlessly upon the choppers below. Together the axes made the first stroke, and each after-cut was in unison. My nerves were wrought up to such tension, that the roar of the falls seemed louder than Niagara; and the twitter of the insects and ground-sparrows was an intolerable noise.

Each stroke of the axe sounded clear, distinct, and solemn. Suddenly they ceased; the men were drawn up, and the jam started. Tumbling, crashing, and leaping out of the water, the logs rush madly over the falls, and on their downward course. The rush of the long-pent waters, — the roar of the cataract, — the crashing of the immense masses of logs, — and the wild huzzas of the men, for awhile made the direst confusion.

The jam had been quickly broken — the men drawn up safely; but, alas! one poor fellow — a green hand, and young — who had carelessly ventured upon the logs, lost his foothold, and went down with the moving mass.

Poor, poor fellow! A merry, kind-hearted youth, who had won many of our hearts by his cheery, honest manner, and the singular beauty of his deep blue eyes.

The eddy set the body into a little cove below; and every man sorrowed, and ran to help, as we saw his light hair, for a moment, floating on the water. Tenderly and cautiously, we lifted him into the boat; but *our* help was of no avail. The Saviour and his angels had his loving spirit in their safe keeping; and we could only care for the poor, bruised body. His sufferings were but brief; the first



crush undoubtedly destroyed all consciousness. But he was an "only child, and his mother a widow." Who could endure to look upon such grief as her's must be?

Some one must carry the sad news; some one must follow with the body. Who would go? Not a man offered; but many shrunk away out of sight, wiping their eyes with their red shirt-sleeves. There had been volunteers to risk their *own* lives; but not one had courage to pierce the heart of the bereft mother.

The body was arrayed in the best clothing any of us could contribute. A low cart was covered with quilts, of many thicknesses; and poor Charlie, so full of life in the morning, lay helpless and dead upon it. He looks peaceful, almost smiling; but how terrible death is! So sudden, so relentless.

One hour he has lain there, and no one offers to take him to his mother; although the master-driver has offered any two of the men a month's wages if they will go.

"You was brave this morning, Jim; and would like to see your children. You go."

"Niver a ha'porth will I stir on that tack, any way, yer honor. Yer may tell me to face a big jam, or a starved bear, or a wild-cat, an' I'd considther; but that mother! — niver, niver, yer honor."

"Sacker, where are you?"

"I'm here, sir. But I've been thinking, if my little nine-year-old gal were dead, how I'd feel; an' I can't go."

The day was warm; and the perspiration started on the driver's uncovered head, as he ordered a horse to be harnessed, saying, he must go, if no one else would.

At this moment, the Parson stepped forward, saying, "I have seen enough of death and of grief. The thought of that mother's suffering fills me with pain; but it is not your duty to leave the 'drive' until it is in. I will go; but pay I will not take."

A row of small trees was set around the edge of the cart, and ropes drawn around it, for the road was rough. After the men had crowded around to take their last look at the body, it was carefully covered with our only white cloth; and across, from tree to tree, to protect from the sun, we twined the beautiful creeping vine, that is so abundant here, and the pure white blossom of the wild pear.

As this singularly-improvised hearse moved slowly away, the Parson repeated, in his clear, distinct tones, those glorious words: "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, — a house not made with hands; eternal in the heavens." "I am the resurrection and the life: whoever believeth on me shall not die, etc., etc."

Many of the men followed a few miles in simple procession; and long after they were out of sight, I could hear, above the rush of waters, their strong, earnest voices, singing the quaint old melody, "I would not live alway."

MILESTONES OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

II. — ENGLAND, UNDER THE ANGLO-SAXONS.

AMONG the barbarous nations of antiquity, the Germans seem to have been the most distinguished by their bravery and love of liberty; and, of all the German tribes, the Saxons (who had taken possession of the German coast, from the mouth of the Rhine to Jutland,) were the most warlike, and the terror of the neighboring nations, on account of their frequent piratical depredations. They had had an eye on Britain for some time; and were, no doubt, vastly pleased when they were invited by the Britons themselves to come over, and help them against the bold marauders of the North. So, in the year 449, Hengist and Horsa, two Saxon brothers, with sixteen hundred of their tribe, sailed away for Britain, and soon put to flight the Picts and Scots; but having found victory over them so easy, determined to turn their arms against those whom they had come to protect, and to occupy the land they had been invited to defend. It would be tedious to relate the history of this struggle; but it is but fair to tell you that the story of the two brothers, the romance of Vortigern and Rowena, and the wonderful adventures of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, that are related in connection with the Saxon invasion, are by some historians believed to "belong to an age of fable that lies between two ages of truth." However this may be, one thing is certain. The Saxons were invited to Britain, and went; though it must be owned, that they wore out their welcome, by staying and inviting other German tribes, until at last, the unhappy Britons fled — some to Cornwall; some to the mountains of Wales, where their descendants still live; and others to the northern coast of France, which, in remembrance of their dear, native land, they called Brit-

tany. And it is a curious fact, that even to this day, the peasant of Bretagne can understand the mountaineer of Wales, and the Welshman the Breton, when each speaks in his native tongue. The few who remained were too weak to resist; and their language and customs were soon absorbed in those of their conquerors. Their country was divided into seven kingdoms; and this period, known as the *Saxon Heptarchy*, continued until Egbert united these petty monarchies into one. Meantime, the whole kingdom had gradually embraced the Christian religion; and "the country which had been lost to view as Britain, reappears as England," or Angle-land.

This was about the year 800, and nearly four hundred years after the Romans withdrew from the island.

A mixed race now inhabited England; and to this compound nation of native-born Britons, German-born Saxons, Jutes, Angles, and Saxons English-born, the compound name of *Anglo-Saxon*, has been given.

The history of England, for two hundred years after the accession of Egbert, is the record of an almost uninterrupted warfare between the Anglo-Saxons and the Danes, so-called. I say *so-called*, because these Danes were originally Saxons. You will remember, that only a part of this great tribe went with Hengist and Horsa to Britain. The rest remained in quiet possession of their German home, until Charlemagne, in 768, ascended the throne of France. I should like to tell you of the great deeds of this magnificent emperor; but the subject belongs more properly to French history. He did good service for the cause of Christianity, in long and bloody wars against the Saracens. And, indeed, he seemed to think his special mission was the conversion of all Pagans; though I am inclined to believe, that he must have realized, before he had done with it, that the sword was the very worst means he could have used for the purpose. His energies were principally directed against the Saxons; for it sorely tried his Christian zeal, that, though he had made his name a terror to the heathen of far-away countries, there should still be, close to his own capital, a race of idolaters, who rejected the one true God, for the worship of Woden and his ravens, and Thor with the great hammer.

This handful of warriors, brave as they were, were no match for the illustrious Charlemagne; and, fleeing from his persecutions, they escaped to the coasts of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. From that time, they are known in history as Danes, Norsemen, or

Northmen; and as, by law, the oldest son inherited the family lands, the younger were driven to the sea for their support; and it seems a just retribution, that, as in former times, the Saxons took possession of Britain by pirate law, so, later, these sea-rovers, descended from the same stock, visited upon England the same atrocities. In the middle of the ninth century, these vikings, as they were called, ranged over the English channel, now in France, anon in England; and when, in 872, Alfred, the grandson of Egbert, began to reign, he found his kingdom in a sad state.

Poor Alfred! It was a legacy he did not covet. He had been the idol and constant companion of his father, who took him on a journey to Rome, when he was only six years old. The mind of the thoughtful boy was deeply impressed by the sights he saw in that magnificent city; and his father, seeing the dawning ambition of his child, sent him again to Rome, to spend some time in study there, thus wisely laying the foundation of the future greatness of his son, and the future glory of his kingdom. But the time was coming when old Ethelwolf's darling must leave the Saxon poems he loved to recite, and the Latin grammar, over which, strange as it may seem to the schoolboys of today, he hung with delight. When Ethelred, his next older brother, came to the throne, he wrongly took Alfred's portion of the money left by their father. But Alfred was too noble to cherish anger against him for this; so, he helped Ethelred in all his battles against the terrible Danes; and once, in particular, when the enemy were pressing in on all sides, and Ethelred was obstinately mumbling his prayers in his tent, this brave boy, by his courage and boldness, saved the day for England. Ethelred was soon after killed in battle; and, as by the will of their father, Alfred had been named as the final heir of the kingdom, there was nothing for the young student to do but to accept the trust. So, he sadly buried his brother, and sorrowfully shutting his beloved books, went out to fight the Danes.

This was in 872; and, though Alfred was only twenty-two years old, he fought as well as he studied; and not only conquered Guthrum, their chief, but converted him; and having settled him on English soil, he set about framing a wise code of laws, to make of Saxon and Dane a united and happy people.

He made it as great a crime to kill a Dane as to kill an Englishman; passed rigid laws against pillage, to which the country had long been given over; and at last, won over his rough subjects to such obedience, that, it is said, he even hung up golden bracelets by the

wayside, without fear of robbers. Then, in the interval of peace which his valor had secured, he went back to his studies with renewed devotion; not merely for his own pleasure, but that he might educate his people. He invited learned men to his court, established schools, commanded all the youth to be "put to learning till they could read English writing;" and gave places of honor to those only who had made some progress in knowledge. He said that "a king's tools to govern with, are, that he should have his land well peopled, and that he should have prayermen, workmen, and armymen." He saw to it, that these three classes were well represented in his kingdom, and inspired them by his example to labor diligently for the improvement of the rest. With his prayermen, he studies incessantly. Night and day, though often suffering from terrible pains, to which from childhood he was subject, he reads and talks with them; and together they translate from Latin into Saxon many useful books for his people. See how modest he is in telling of this. He says: "I did it, word for word, as I had learned it from my prayermen; so that I understood it as well as my understanding would allow me."

With his workmen, he repairs roads, rebuilds London; and constructs ships in which they may meet the northern pirates on their own element. Of his armymen, he is always the intrepid leader, and they find plenty to do; for, after twelve years of peace, Hastings, a famous viking, brought the Danes again to ravage England; but in 897, the Saxon white-horse was finally triumphant, and chased the Danish raven screeching home.

Four years later, Alfred died. "Alfred the Truth-Teller," as his subjects fondly called him; for, in the books he wrote for them, he "published no wild stories, such as are found in other Saxon writers who came after him." "Alfred the Great," said later generations, who admired him as the hero of fifty-six pitched battles. Alfred the Pious, the Noble, the Modest, the Good, we say, when we read such words as these from his own pen: "Whilst I lived, I wished to live worthily; and after my death, to leave to the men who were after me, my memory in good works."

And the good king had his wish; for, though "Fine Scholar" and "Lion Heart" came after him to the throne of England, there was none in whom all the virtues were united as in this one; and, above all, the memory of Alfred the Great is still fondly cherished; and his character may well stand as a model for all youth of Anglo-Saxon descent.

COUSIN ALICE.

ARMIES OF THE WORLD.—At the present day, the standing armies of the world are larger than they have been since the great wars of the first Napoleon. The army of the United States now numbers 56,000 men in all. For the extent of our territory, this is the smallest army in the world; and we have reason to congratulate ourselves upon the fact. The cost of our army is $100,000,000, or nearly $2,000,000 per 1,000 men. The army of France has been fixed at 750,000 men in the "active army," and 550,000 in the "passive," the latter being named the National Garde Mobile. Total, 1,300,000 men available for war. A contingency of 100,000 men is annually available to recruit the army. The British army numbers about 200,000 men. The bulk of this army is at home, Ireland absorbing about 25,000 good troops. Of the colonies or foreign possessions, India takes the largest body of troops; the Dominion of Canada next; Australia next. The Prussian army numbers about 600,000 men. The Italian army now numbers 215,000 men, and is a very effective one. In one of its arms, the Bersaglieri, or rifle battalions, it excels even the French army, whose Zouaves were supposed to be the first light infantry in the world. The Austrian army numbers about 700,000 men; its cavalry is said to be very fine. The Government breeds its own horses, and thus secures good mounts. The Russian army numbers about 800,000 men; it could be quickly increased to 1,200,000 in time of war. It is spread all over the empire, from the Baltic to the Caucasus. The Spanish army is small, not exceeding 80,000 men; but it is very well clothed and disciplined. It is also receiving breech-loaders. The number of men maintained in the standing armies of civilized nations is not less than 3,000,000. All these are snatched away from useful industries and condemned to idleness and a vicious life, while the laboring people are taxed for their support, and for the costly armaments they require.

THE highest mountain pass in the world is the Ivy Gamin, 20,459 feet. The highest peak in the world is Mount Everest, 29,002 feet. The highest permanently inhabited place in the world is Ladak, 15,117 feet. The greatest mountain height visited by man is beyond Ivy Gamin, 22,359 feet. The highest point at which a man can ascend, without having his health seriously affected, is 16,500 feet. The highest balloon ascent yet made is 40,000 feet.

THE first bus in America was Columbus.

BELLE

answers correctly the greatest number of the April puzzles, although she lacks four of the entire list, and wins her *second prize*, — the gold pen.

QUESTIONS, ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

147. My *first* approached the castle walls,
Early that summer morn,
"What? ho!" the warder loudly cries,
And quickly blew his horn.

The warriors hasten to the gate,
And to the hall they bring
My *first*; who, in despair and rage,
My *second* off doth fling.

"Go, search," he cried, "by Agnes' Well,
Your Lord is lying there,
Alone, but for the little Page,
Who of his cup did share!"

Then, Knights and Squires and men-at-arms
Pushed to St. Agnes' Well,
But Baron bold, and gentle Page,
Had only lips to tell

How my *whole* was mingled with the wine
They drank at Ronald's Tower.
Then, with wail and woe, they bore the dead
Home to My Lady's bower.

M. C. Fletcher.

148. I am composed of 19 letters:
My 1, 9, 10, is gained.
My 7, 13, 6, is a liquor.
My 16, 2, 3, 4, is an article of food.
My 8, 9, 2, 11, 15, is also an article of food, that is frequently served up with the other.
My 12, 5, 14, 17, is something that flies.
My 4, 18, 19, is of great importance to farmers.
My whole is honored by all true Americans.

S. M. B.

149. I am composed of 10 letters:
My 9, 7, 8, 9, 10, is a town in Austria.

My 2, 5, 8, 7, is a domestic produce.
My 1, 4, 2, 3, is a part of a carriage.
My 2, 3, 10, 6, is meagre.
My whole was one of the most beautiful cities in the world.
Perseverance.

150. I am composed of 17 letters:
My 9, 1, 2, 16, 13, 7, 11, is much used by builders.
My 17, 15, 14, is a product of the destructive distillation of wood.
My 5, 6, 10, 12, is a state of confusion.
My 3, 4, 8, is a line of light.
My whole is said to be the name of a man much talked about at the present time.
Willie D. Holden.

151. When a certain Irishman was once sailing on my first, he ate my whole, and drank my second without spilling it, while he stood on my third.
Joe Kose.

152. My first (two syllables) is the same as my whole, and must have some of my second.
My whole every one is.
Ego Ipse.

153. My first is a vehicle; my second, transposed, is a judge; my whole is a cordial. *Cis.*

154. My first used my second to draw my whole, — a flower.
May of Irvington.

155. Transpose a king mentioned in the Bible into a verb.
H. C. Hazen.

156. Transpose a shield into part of a stove. *Fred.*

157. Entire, I am a bunch of flowers; transpose, and I am a bird; curtail and transpose, and I am a fish; now behead and transpose, and I am a girl's name. *Ixia.*

158. My first (two syllables) designates a man; add an adjective, and show his condition.
K. C.

159. Add to something mighty a pronoun and a covering from the storm, and make what we all should be. *Ego Ipse.*

NAMES OF GENERALS IN THE LATE SOUTHERN ARMY ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

160. The value of stuffing.

161. Cast a conjunction.

162. Jack's weight.

163. Any one who is paying attention to a lady, take notice!
Kate M.

ANAGRAMS.

164. Wet cash. *Fred.*

165. Men's money. *Violet Forest.*

166. Cheat trials. *Double You See.*

167. Scale its chin. *Tommy.*

168. Heart bolt. *F. F.*

169. Should fire. *Max.*

170. What word of two syllables did the discoverers of Candia say on first beholding it?
Hero.

171. When are clocks and workmen alike? *Blue Bell.*

172. What king rules in America?
Eddie E. Perkins.

173. Curtail a color and leave a flower. *G. T. McKinney.*

174. Behead a coin and leave a pill.
Ixia.

BIRDS AND ANIMALS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

175. A boy's nickname, an interjection, and part of a chain.
C. F. W.

176. Not the whole, and part of a mountain range. *C. F. W.*

177. A domestic animal and a hill.
Ned W.

178. Part of a ship's rigging, and what rowdies like.

E. E. W.

181. O 5010. *Quaker.*

179. Poniscusi dan stirdust rea het gastreet seemine ot redpinfish. *P. W.*

180. 5050. *A. R. T.*

182.

☞ *Answers must reach me before the 8th of July. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send all communications intended for the PUZZLE DRAWER to "Aunt Sue," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN APRIL NUMBER.

88. Autoperipatetikos.

89. Little Nell.

90. (1) N-chanting; (2) E-quipping; (3) S-chewing; (4) M-broiling; (5) A-lighting; (6) N-acting, X-acting; (7) D-riding; (8) E-racing; (9) X-plaining; (10) D-facing.

91. Yield not to misfortunes, but surmount them. (Begin at the Y, and follow the letters downwards, then to the left, etc.)

92. Haste. The, as, hat, he, ah! as, set, hate, at.

93. Theme. Them, me, thee, he, the, hem, meet, mete.

94. Approbate.

95. Pyrotechincs.

96. Corporeal.

97. Incapacitates.

98. Obeisance.

99. Sustentation.

100. Charitable.

101. Arrangement.

102. Historian.

103. Lighthouse.

104. Emblazon.

105. An honest man is the noblest work of God.

106. Amber, bream.

107. Latin, altin.

108. Victoria, ictoria.

109. Hart, rat (zebra, bear, added).

110 Spear, pear.

111. Mankind.

112. Damsel.

113. Bungo.

114. Oneiromancy.

115. 16 (51 = VI = six, etc.).

116. Most riches may be hard to gain, but are still more difficult to keep. (M ostriches may bee hard 2 ga in butt Rs till M oar difficult 2 Key P.)

Of the above Puzzles, —

BELLE answers all but 100, 107, 113, 114.

F. R. S. answers all but 90, 92, 107, 112, 114.

Florian answers all but 88, 90, 92, 100, 106, 111, 114.

Joe Kose answers all but 88, 90, 92, 93, 102, 106, 107, 108, 114.

Robbie Eddowes answers all but 88, 90, 92, 106, 107, 108, 109, 111, 113, 114.

C. W. J. answers all but 90, 91, 92, 93, 100, 102, 107, 108, 111, 114, 115.

Gilbert answers all but 90, 92, 93, 97, 99, 100, 106, 107, 108, 111, 114, 115.

Freddie answers 89, 94, 96, 97, 98, 99, 101, 103, 104, 105, 110, 111, 112, 116.

Cicero answers 89, 91, 94, 96, 103, 110, 116.

Myrrha answers 89, 101, 103, 110, 111, 116.

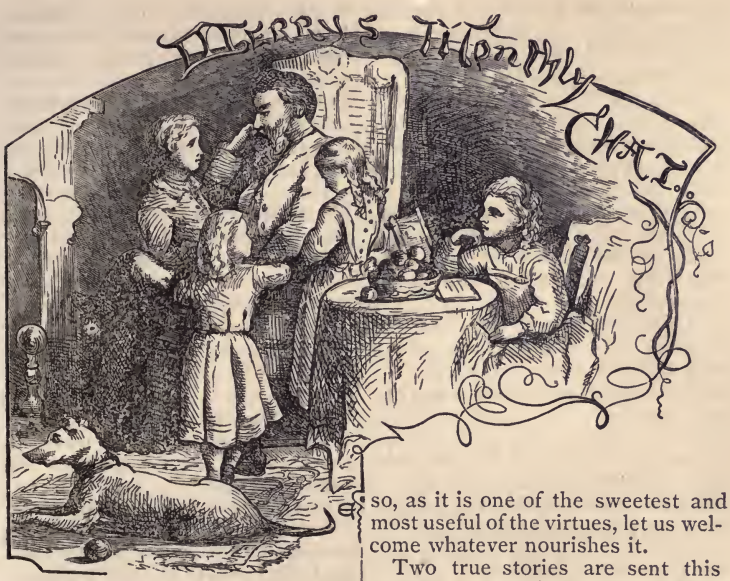
Millard F. R. answers 89, 103, 108, 110, 116.

Harry of the West answers 116.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The original Puzzle Drawer intended for June, went astray; where — is a puzzle which I defy any of the Merry's to solve. I beg all my correspondents to believe that the notices to them in that lost MS. were just what they wanted to know; and that, if I have offended any of them, I forgive them. I remember, I told *Saggitaw* "how to get at anagrams." Print the anagram on a piece of card (for instance, "Sly ware"); then cut the letters separate, and twist them about until you find out the original word ("lawyers"). And I told somebody that original puzzles were acceptable, but that those as old as the "buckwheat cakes" and butterfly were *not*. I told *M. C. Fletcher* that I was only waiting to know if her Charades, etc., were original, to thank her for them. I assured a *Morning Glory* that her puzzles were much too easy. I thanked *Tempy* for a goodly lot of riddles, and his father for the share he had in the "bell letter." And I thanked all the Cousins who had taken the trouble to send enigmas, etc. I praised *Cicero* for the generous manner in which he wrote down the figures of the puzzles he did not solve, as well as those which he did find out; saying, that some Cousins sent me lists of answers, all so mixed and cramped into a little bit of paper, that it gave me considerable trouble to sort them out. If I have neglected to answer any question, my correspondents will excuse me, under the circumstances, and ask the question again.

M. A. Price. The dominical letters are used to mark the Sundays throughout the year. They are of use as a means of discovering on what day of the week any day of the month falls in a given year. Rules and tables for finding them are given in prayer-books, breviaries, etc. I do not know "the origin of the custom of strewing flowers upon graves," but I should think it was as old as death and flowers and love.



"APRIL showers bring May flowers," says the old rhyme, but this year it does not hold true; and unless May showers bring June flowers, I don't know what we shall do. Nature seems to have made the same mistake with her posies as we once did with ours, and planted them so deep, they won't come up. Such a cold, snowy, rainy, unspring-like month, is rather disappointing to those who love sunshine and like to make life a sort of perpetual picnic in summer time. If birds sing sweetest after rain, as the pretty Swedish proverb says, what a concert we shall have by and by. Now they seem to twitter, inquiringly, and turn their little heads up, as if asking, "Why *don't* the sun shine?" Squirrels pop out, eat a nut, take an observation of the weather, and pop in again disgusted; dandelions shut their golden eyes very early, and the irises hide under their green umbrellas.

It is all right; and I dare say everybody's patience will be the greener and stronger for the rain; so, as it is one of the sweetest and most useful of the virtues, let us welcome whatever nourishes it.

Two true stories are sent this month; and as both have a little moral, we will hear them.

DEAR MERRY'S, — A young lady of my acquaintance lost her purse, with eleven dollars in it. Not a large sum; so, after a few inquiries, she gave it up, never expecting to see it again. But a little while after there came a letter, not very well spelt or written, yet sensible and straightforward, telling her that Michael Donovan had found her purse and spent a dollar advertising it. As no one answered the advertisement, he now wrote to the address on a card which was in the purse, thinking Miss F. might know about it. The writer's address was given, and Miss F. and her father went to recover the lost purse.

They found a poor house in a poor street, and up in one poor room, a woman and a flock of little children. Miss F. soon proved her right to the property, and offered a reward for their care of it.

"Thank ye kindly, ma'am; but Mike is away, and I'm thinking he wouldn't like me to take anything

for just being honest. He works for his living; so, if ye like to pay the dollar he spent advertising, it will be quite enough."

Now Miss F.'s father is one of the famous men of America, and I fancy many people would have been proud to receive the smile he gave poor Mrs. Donovan, as he said, looking at the poor place, the many children, and remembering that "Mike worked for a living," yet wanted no reward for "just being honest," —

"We happen to be the strongest, so I think we will insist on leaving something to prove our thanks."

So "something" was left, and has not been rejected, I believe; but Mike Donovan's name has been uttered with regard by one of the most eloquent pairs of lips in America, and I think a very sweet little thing happened when the great man felt and acknowledged the beauty of the poor man's honesty.

The other story is this :—An old lady was waiting for a car, at the corner of Temple Place. She had lost the sight of one eye, and the other was very dim; so dim, that she found it hard to read the names on the cars, and was feeling her loss very keenly as she stood there, looking anxiously as each passed, and wishing some one was near to help her. A warmer heart never beat than that which ached a little just then under that old lady's black cloak.

As she turned round to shield her poor eyes from the sun, she saw something which made her forget her own loss in sympathy for a greater. Just behind her stood a poor man, with no eyes at all; quiet and patient, holding a little placard before him, and letting his sad face appeal to passers-by better than any words could do. The old lady couldn't read the story on the little board, but the empty sockets told her enough; and, never stopping to think whether she had money to get home, she took one of the man's hands, and folded something in it, saying, in her motherly voice,

"My friend, it's only a dollar; but I wish it was more, for I am nearly blind myself, and I feel for you very much."

The blind, patient face lighted up, as if sudden sunshine had touched it; and groping for the kind hand that helped him, he said, so gratefully,—

"Oh, God bless you, ma'am; it's a great deal to me; and I thank you, I thank you."

"How did you lose your sight?" asked the old lady, forgetting all about her car.

"At Cedar Mountain; a ball put both out at once, ma'am."

"Have you any family?"

"No, ma'am; not a soul in the world to be a burden to, thank the Lord," said the poor fellow, thinking first of others, in spite of his own helplessness.

"How do you live, then?"

"Oh, a person I know leads me here and takes me home again. Folks are good to me, and I get on."

"Do you get much, standing here?"

"Some days, nothing at all; other days, I do pretty well. I hate to beg, but there don't seem any other way just yet."

As the old lady was wondering if she could do anything more, who should pass but her daughter; and by the time she had heard the story and added her mite, the car came.

"Good-by, my friend; I hope you will get on. I shall stop, if I see you, next time I come this way; and I shan't forget you," said the old lady, as the man groped to find and shake her hand again.

When the old lady told me the little incident, saying how rich she felt with her one eye after that, and how soon she was taken care of after she had done her best for another, I thought how grateful those should be who possess both eyes; how patient they should be with the afflicted, and how gladly they should give, even of their little, to those who have less, feeling sure, that as they pity and help, they will be pitied and helped again.

COUSIN TRIBULATION.

MERRY'S MUSEUM

VOL. I.] JULY, 1868. [NO. 7.

ROBERT GAFFIELD.

"O come out on the shore with me, Nellie, dear, and help find some shells for Miss Susan. Winter's coming soon, you know," said Robert Gaffield to his little sister.

"Oh, dear! — what a fuss!" sighed Nellie. "We've got lots and lots of shells for Miss Susan. I want to stay in and play party. Miranda Jane's just saying 'how do' to the rest. I don't believe it's the shells you want half as much as to get me out. You always do, when father comes home so;" and the little girl of seven staggered across the room, in imitation of her drunken father. "What makes him walk so, Robby? Is he so tired, 'cause he can't get no fishes?"

"Hush, hush! Nellie! Father isn't well; and mammy has the headache."

"Why don't Dr. Lane give him some medicine, then? some *strong* medicine, so that he can walk better? Just like he gave you, Robby, when you had the rematick fever?"

"Oh, bother!" said Robby. "Don't ask me any more questions, Nellie; but put on your warm sack, and come out with me."

"Oh, what a fuss!" again said Nellie; "if I must, I must. It's a good chance to do as I'd be done by. *That*, Robby says, is short for the Golden Rule. But I won't always be hushed and hushed about father; I'll ask Dr. Lane for some medicine for him, the

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next time I see him. Good-by, darlings," kissing her hand to her "party," which consisted of dolls, of home manufacture, of paper and cloth. "I'm so glad you don't any of you have headaches and shaky legs."

Thomas Gaffield, the father of Robert and Nellie, was a fisherman by occupation. He lived in a poor, tumble-down cottage, on a point of land about a mile from the town of Westport, where he had a very good market for his fish, whenever he was not too drunk to catch and sell them. His wife, a pale, broken-spirited woman, had little courage or energy to meet the trials of her lot, and depended very much upon Robert, who was a good, industrious lad, twelve years of age. Robert went to school in Westport; but, his poor clothes, frequently ragged and dirty, made him an object of scorn and derision to some of his thoughtless, cruel schoolmates. He was often greeted with shouts of "What's the price of rags, today? Any goods for the market? How's old Gaffer Grey?" and similar questions, which boys, with more animal spirits than conscience, mistake for wit, little heeding the effect they have upon the objects of their sport.

Some of the lads protested against this treatment of Robert, particularly Charlie Hall, brother of "Miss Susan," who was a fine, manly boy, a year younger than Robert. "It's mean," he said, one day, when two or three of the boys had been teasing Robert; "he can't help his clothes. They're poor. His mother's sick half the time, and his father" ——

"Oh, we all know what Gaffer Grey is; don't tell *us*. I guess his mother could mend his rags, if she had a mind to. We're only chaffing him for his good. I'm sure it's only acting out the Golden Rule our Sunday-school superintendent was talking about the other day; isn't it, Sam?" asked one of the boys of another who stood by.

"That's so! Ha! ha! Very good. Dr. Lane hardly expected *you* to be one of the first to practice upon it, though."

Charlie bit his lip, to keep down angry words; and when he could speak calmly, said, — "It's not Robert's fault, at any rate; and I end as I began. It's mean to twit a poor fellow for what he can't help."

Robert overheard the boys, and went home that night in a very unusual frame of mind. He did not speak, unless spoken to; and then he gave the shortest answers possible. His mother's attention was at last attracted to him, by hearing Nellie use her favorite

expression, when anything troubled her: "Oh, what a fuss!" for the child had vainly been trying to interest her usually willing listener, in an account of her doll-party, which had at last come off, much to her satisfaction.

"Why, Robby, dear! What is the matter?" asked his mother, anxiously. "Are you sick?"

"No; but — couldn't you mend me up a little? The boys all mock and laugh at me so, I'm most tired of it; and I should like to look a little better myself. It makes one feel more comfortable."

"That reminds me, Robby, that Miss Susan gave me a real nice suit of her brother Jack's. I meant to fix 'em over for Sundays; but, if you'll be careful, you can wear 'em to school. Some day, when my head don't ache, I'll do it."

"Does your head ache *this* day, mammy?" asked Nellie; while Robert, who knew from past experience, that "some day" was long in coming, added, "Couldn't you begin tonight, mother? I'll rip for you."

"To be sure I can," answered his mother, quite eagerly; and going to a clothes-press in the next room, she took out the suit, and tried it on. Much to Robert's satisfaction, she found that the clothes needed so little alteration, that she could easily have them in readiness for the next day.

That night, the first snow of the season fell; but the sun shone beautifully bright in the morning, and Robert walked off to school in high spirits, followed by the admiring gaze of his mother and sister; and thinking, as he went, "*now* Charlie will be pleased; *now* the boys can't tease me about my old clothes." When he reached the school-yard, he found several of the boys there; for they had just come from skating on a neighboring pond, the pleasure of that sport enhanced from their being obliged to sweep off the snow. They had made up a quantity of snowballs, and were pelting one another, when Robert, with his face all aglow with the walk and satisfaction in his new suit, came towards them.

"Hallo! who comes here? A grenadier? We don't know this fine chap. with his jaunty cap and smart clothes. Can't speak, eh?" shouted one and another of the boys. "We wanted a target, and here's one. Hallo, boys! He's not an automaton, after all," as Robert took up some of the balls lying on the ground to defend himself with. "Here goes!" and ball after ball went whizzing through the air, some hitting, some missing Robert. At this juncture, Charlie Hall came running up; and, placing himself between

Robert and the boys, cried out, "Stop! stop! Let Robert alone! Fire at me, if you dare! *Brave* boys, ar'n't you? Yesterday, tormenting and worrying a fellow, because he was ragged and dirty; today, because he is clean and whole, and looks as nice as the best of us, abusing him, and pelting at him. For shame! for shame! Oh!" stamping his foot, and almost screaming with anger; "you're poor, mean, pitiful, cowardly boys! I'd rather, ten thousand times over, have Robert Gaffield for a friend, than one of you; such —"

"Charles, Charles!" said their teacher, who, at this moment appeared; "control yourself. I do not wonder at your indignation; for," — his whole face indicating the contempt he felt, as he looked at the cowering, mortified boys, —"I have seen and heard all; but, remember, that your getting into a passion will not help Robert, while it will only harm yourself. As for you, *brave* young gentle-

men," turning to the culprits, "we will talk this matter over by ourselves, after school."

What transpired in that interview was not known to the other boys. The result, however, was a marked change in most of the lads in their treatment of Robert; some of them, indeed, who had followed the others, more in thoughtlessness than cruelty, showing him kindness, and all ceasing to molest him. This day proved a crisis long to be remembered in Robert's life; for, combined with Nellie's consulting Dr. Lane, great good came to Mr. Gaffield, and through him to all his family. It so happened, that this was one of the rare days when Mr. Gaffield was sober enough to attend to his business; and, being in the town of Westport that afternoon, he heard an exaggerated account of his son's treatment. He went home full of the matter, and found Dr. Lane there, with Nellie upon his knee. The good doctor was riding by the cottage, when a little, shrill voice cried out, "Stop! *do* stop, Dr. Lane! I want you to come right in, and *describe* for my father. He do have such sick legs; and I *know* you can help him. *Please*, do."

"Why, you queer little puss; who told you to ask me this?"

"My own self," was the child's answer, drawing herself up to her full height. "I know somefin', if I am little."

Dr. Lane could not resist Nellie's confidence in his skill; though far from responding to it, he muttered, "It's about the most difficult case I was ever called to prescribe for." He followed the child into the house, told Mrs. Gaffield why he came, and being a kind-hearted man, found her thankful to open her heart upon a subject hitherto avoided.

When Mr. Gaffield came in, excited and angry, threatening vengeance against the boys for abusing his son, it at once gave Dr. Lane the opportunity he needed for speaking to him of his habits. While he did not, in the least, excuse the boys for their wanton cruelty to Robert, he showed him plainly that his own habits, and consequent neglect of his family, was the primary cause of it. Kindly, but unsparingly, he told him truths he had never heard before; for he was too good a physician not to know that there are cases in which the tenderest mercy is to cut deep. As he went on, the poor man looked red and white, by turns, till at last he hid his face in his hands, and burst into a passionate fit of crying, which so incensed Nellie against the doctor, that she got down from his knee, and running to her father, put her little chubby arms round his neck, and begged him to stop; and then, turning to the doctor,

said, "Go away, you naughty man; go *right* away. I asked you to *describe* for him, not to make him cry."

"I think I may go, Nellie; I have done my best for your father. Love and kindness will do the rest, I hope," said the doctor, gently.

He was right. From that moment, the work of reformation commenced. The loving clasp of his child's arms, to which he had heretofore been a stranger, set the seal to the resolution the doctor's words had induced him to take. When the anniversary of that day came round, a more orderly, industrious, or happier family than Mr. Gaffield's could not be found in Westport limits. Robert looked back gratefully to the scene which the picture in the commencement of this story represents, as the cause of the change in his father. And even Nellie has almost forgiven the doctor for being so "naughty" to him; though she still warns her "dollies" against ever asking *that* Dr. Lane to *describe* for their complaints.

F. W. A. P.

TRANSPLANTED.

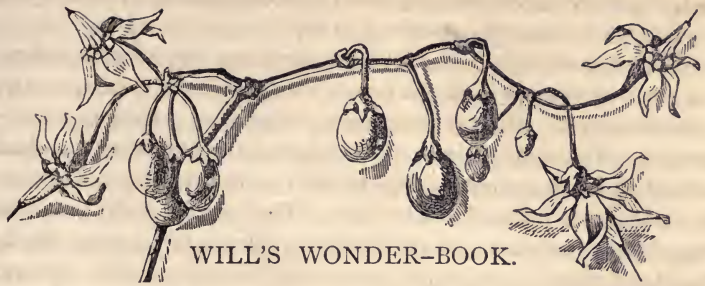
Memorial of little M. and H.

She was our little Rose, a bud half blown,—
Pink, dewy, sweet, its beauty half unknown;
O little Rosebud! blighted, dead, and gone!

The baby-blossom was our Violet-
Forget-me-Not, in our heart's garden set;
O new-made grave! with lonely tears how wet!

Yet, in sweet Paradise, our treasure flowers,
Forever beautiful—forever ours;
Christ cherished bloom, in his celestial bowers.

MAY HAWK.



WILL'S WONDER-BOOK.

IV.

"I'VE got him! Isn't he a fat one?" cried Will, slowly opening his hand, to show the plump, black cricket he had just caught.

"Don't hurt him. I like crickets; they make such a pretty noise, and have such queer, stiff tails," said Polly, looking at the little head which peeped through her brother's fingers.

"That reminds me of one of your funny mistakes when you were a little girl," said grandma, smiling. "You came to me one day, with your eyes staring, and told me that the cook kept a big, black spider, with a stiff tail, in her closet. I went to see the wonder, and found it was an old-fashioned iron spider, for cooking."

"That's just like Polly! she's so stupid. I guess if you told her to bring you a cricket, she'd go and get one of these fat fellows; wouldn't you, Poll?" asked Will, who never could resist teasing his sister.

"Yes, I should, if she did it now; for I want to know about them," returned Polly, trying to look at him with dignified indifference.

"Are they interesting chaps, grandma?" said Will, holding his prisoner fast, in spite of his struggles.

"I think so; and I'm as fond of them as Polly. The house-cricket is a social little thing, and likes to live in the crannies of kitchen chimnies or bakehouses. Most insects sleep in winter, or die as soon as summer is over; but these always live in a warm region, as it were, and are always brisk and merry. A good hot fire is like the dog-days to them, though snow may lie deep and cold outside. They are often heard by day; but usually take their walks abroad by night, and have fine concerts on the warm hearth when every one is asleep. Living in such a hot climate makes them a thirsty set; and they are often found drowned in the

water-pails or milk-pans, where they have gone to drink. Whatever is moist delights them; and they sometimes gnaw holes in wet woollen stockings, or clothes hung by the fire. They eat, also, almost anything they find, — yeast, salt, bread, whatever is left, where they can get at it. They have wings, but seldom use them, except for travelling, when they move through the air in waves, rising and falling as they go. When running about a room in the dark, if any one enters with a candle, they give a shrill chirp, as if warning one another, and all scamper to their holes in a great hurry. It is said, that in some places, they are collected, and fed in a warm oven, and sold to people, who hang them up in little wicker cages, as they like their noise, and think it lulls them to sleep."

"What makes the noise?" asked Will, who always liked to know why and how things were done.

"I'm not sure, whether it is a little membrane under the wing, which opens and shuts, or a joint of the leg, rough, like a saw, with which they rasp when they please. The noise can be made after they are dead, by moving this tendon, they say; and I've heard that crickets will chirp, even when their heads are off. But I should be sorry to see any one try such a cruel experiment."

"Is this a house-cricket?" asked Polly, as Will suddenly let his prize hop away, instead of pulling his legs off, as he had intended, before the old lady spoke of cruelty.

"No, dear; this is a field-cricket. This sort live in burrows, or holes in the ground, where they lay their eggs, about the size of caraway-comfits, and guard them carefully. The nest is like a little fort, with fortifications, avenues, and sometimes a ditch all round it. They have strong jaws, with which they fight each other, but never hurt us. They eat the plants that grow about the fields; and pass the evenings, sitting and singing at their doors, like cheerful little neighbors.

"Locusts belong to this class of insects, and in some countries do great damage; for the ground will be covered with them, for miles: and the noise they make in feeding on the leaves and grass can be heard like a loud rustling. In Asia, the people make great clouds of smoke, to drive them off; and dig trenches round their fields, where the locusts fall in, and are buried. Sometimes there are so many, that it looks as if a dark cloud was passing overhead; for they have a leader, and follow in immense swarms, wherever he goes. They march like an army, over fields and woods, destroying every green thing they touch; but at night, they rest; and at this

time, the people try to kill them. In Africa, they are eaten; some persons dry, pound, and boil them in milk; others broil them over the coals, and consider them good food. Our locusts don't do much harm, I believe, as we have but few in this damp, cold climate."

"I don't like the noise they make as well as the crickets' chirp; and I'm going to make a paper cage, and put some crickets in it, to sing lullabies for me," said Polly, whose fancy was taken by that fact.

"I hope you will find them easier to catch than I did once," said grandma. "Many years ago, I was travelling in Italy; and on Christmas Day, after a picnic in an orange-grove, I went to my room, very tired. But I did not get my rest very soon; for, just as I was about to put out my candle, something bounced on my head. I looked in the glass, and beheld an immense brown cricket, promenading over my night-cap. He looked so home-like, I was very glad to see him; but, as I didn't care about his prancing round the room to disturb my sleep, I tried to catch him. That didn't suit Mr. Cricket; and he gave a great leap to the clock, and stared at me with his big eyes quite reproachfully. I made a rush at him, and he skipped into the wood-basket, turning heels over head as he went. I was determined to have him; so I rummaged among the pine cones after him; when, bang! up he came against my very nose, and was off like a shot. I hunted him all over the room; while that lively insect leaped and chirped derisively, till I got him in the window-curtain, and shut him up in a little drawer, to amuse himself with postage-stamps and guide-books. The jolly old soul took it very coolly, and chirped away with all his might; while I went to sleep, very much exhausted with my gymnastics. I forgot him till several days after, and then ran to the drawer, expecting to find the brown ballet-dancer dead; but he popped up his head as brisk as ever, gave a skip and a chirp, and vanished as gaily as if nothing had happened. I quite missed him, and hoped he'd come again; but he never did."

"I heard papa talking about some of the old Greek fellows, who made songs to grasshoppers, and thought a great deal of them," said Will, when they had laughed at grandma's midnight dance.

"Yes, they called them cicada; and loved and honored the little things for their gay music. Some wore golden grasshoppers in their hair; and the image of a cicada, sitting on a harp, was an emblem of music, which is accounted for in this way: Two musicians were trying which could play best; and one of these chirpers flew

to the harp of Eunomus, and supplied the place of a broken string so well, that he won the prize. I remember part of a pretty little song, by one of the 'old Greek fellows,' as you say, Will, about the cicada:—

"'Happy creature! what below
Can more happy live than thou?
Sipping, on the dewy lawn,
The fragrant nectar of the dawn;
Little tales thou lov'st to sing,
Tales of mirth — an insect-king.
Thine the treasures of the field;
All to thee the seasons yield;
Cares nor pains to thee belong,
Thou alone art ever young;
Rich in spirits, health thy feast,
Thou'rt a demi-god, at least.'

"There is one sort of locust which is called 'the little fiddler,' because it draws one leg over the other, like a fiddle-bow, they say. Another sort is called the nightingale of the fairies, for it sings when other insects sleep; and its lively tune would do for an elfin dance."

"Dear me! How I should like to see a fairy ball," said Polly. "I read about one once; and they had fireflies for lamps, and crickets for pipers, and moths and mosquitoes danced; and they had a splendid time. Do glowworms and fireflies really have fire in them, like lanterns, grandma?"

"One of these bright creatures is called the 'lantern-fly;' and is so brilliant, that in South America, the Indians tie a few to a stick, and use it as a torch, when travelling. The light is in the head of this firefly, but the glowworms have it in the body; and it only shows when they are moving. Some are so brilliant, that people read and work by their light; and ladies wear them in little gauze bags, sewed on their dresses, to glitter as they walk in the soft darkness of southern nights. These insects always have their small lamps trimmed and ready; yet can hide the light in a minute, if any enemy approaches. They are very useful too, in killing the gnats, which fill the houses in the West-India Islands; and the natives catch the pretty creatures for that purpose, enjoying their light while they devour the gnats, and make themselves both useful and agreeable."

"I shall try that dodge tonight, when the *skeets* come," said Will, as the tea-bell rang.

NAN'S HOUSES.

Nan has houses everywhere,
Kept to look at, not to use;
All so dainty and so fair,
She is puzzled which to choose.

Houses far and houses near,
In the world and in the sky;
Sometimes grand and sometimes queer,
Cheap enough for Nan to buy;

Grand enough for any queen,
Built upon the stars and clouds;
Built amid the grasses green,
Built amid the flowers, in crowds;

Built in shade at even-fall,
Built in sunshine, just at noon;
But, the greatest one of all,
That is standing in the moon.

Nan is poor as any mouse;
Yet, like others poor as she,
She can build herself a house
Just where she would like to be.

She is always glad and free,
She may work, or she may sing;
She has all the world to see,
She can *wish* for anything.

H. B. HUDSON.

THE LOGGERS; OR, SIX MONTHS IN THE FORESTS OF MAINE.

(*Conclusion.*)

MONUMENT BROOK.

JUNE 23*d*. The intense excitement of yesterday has made me recollect there are such things as nerves in my body; and so, I am to leave with my uncle for a few days, and go to Western Grand Lake stream afishing.

For many years, Western Grand Lake stream has been the resort of amateur fishermen. They come here from Boston, New York, and Philadelphia; and so many of them clergymen, that one of the Indians called it "ministers' fishing-ground." Dr. Bethune resorted here for many years, and was always "in luck," taking more fish than any one on the ground, and packing them for home use. More than forty followers of Isaac Walton are camping here now; and several among these wear white neckties when at home. The fish are perfect; and the facilities good for taking large quantities if one has the least skill.

From Calais, a railroad runs to Princeton, a distance of nearly thirty miles. There, Indians are ready, with canoes, to take you to the fishing-ground; or, you can cross Lewey's and Big Lake in the little steamer "Sepoy," or "Capt. Lewey," a steam tug-boat. Both lake and boat are named for an old Indian, of the 'Quaddy tribe, who lived long upon its banks, and expressed himself "much happy 'bout that *little steamin' canoe*, what speaked *much loud*, an' say, him Cap'n Lewey."

From Lewey's Lake, we passed into Big Lake, a clear, placid sheet of water, dotted here and there with skiffs and canoes, filled with gaily-dressed Indians. "Something more than usual is going on," said my uncle. "Perhaps a wedding, or a funeral; no one could tell by an Indian's countenance *which*, as it is a part of their nature to conceal their emotions."

Pretty soon, we met the little "Gipsy," steaming down with a

picnic party. From them, we learned that a wedding was to take place at the Point; the governor's daughter was to be married, a great dance, etc., etc.

"We must be there," said uncle, laughing; "and see all the fun. The weddings are always private; but to the dance, we all can go."

About five o'clock, the boat was tied to a tree at Governor's Point, — where there is quite a settlement of Indians. Many live in small wooden houses, which have quite a comfortable look, especially the governor's. A gay flag was flying from a tall flag-staff, and, as we came in sight, a small cannon was fired several times in succession, making curious echoes from the opposite shore. We spent the hour, until time for the "dance," in roaming about this beautiful spot. Indians, I observe, always select for villages, spots that are high and have an extensive outlook.

The chapel is of wood, and surmounted by a cross; around it is their burial-place, neatly enclosed with a fence. Many of the graves looked old and sunken; the wooden slabs, that had stood at the heads, decaying and illegible. Some crosses were bright with fresh paint, and of large dimensions, bearing rudely carved names.

The settlement at this "Point" has long been made, and yet there is no progress in agriculture. It is certain, the red man has no taste for farming; the game he takes, with what little he exchanges for baskets, keeps him alive; and, half barbarous as he is, but little suffices, as he has no artificial wants, and but few ideas of what constitutes comfort or neatness.

A few exceptions I must notice. Among our river "drivers" are some smart, active Indians; and, in one instance, a father and son have charge of a drive. Among the squaws, I observe a fondness for bright colors. At the "dance," the women wore gay-colored dresses, large tin or plated breastplates, gaudy ear-rings, beaded anklets and moccasins, and high-colored ribbons floating from their braided hair.

In manners, they are quiet, and chaste, joining in the slow dance with serious, almost stolid faces. This peculiarity of concealing all emotion belongs to Indians everywhere. When with whites, they never seem excited or curious; the calm, unconcerned look, they think necessary to their dignity.

The bride was rather pretty, but scarcely more than a child in years. Uncle, having long known her father (Joseph Neptune), the governor, talked with him about her.

"Yes, yes," he said; "she be too young to marry. My squaw say so; I say so. Then, when her Sanop speak 'em for her, we say no, no; can't hab her — one, two, so many years," counting three on his fingers. "Then my gal, she hang down her head, an' he talk half night; an' he say he must hab her, an' will. An' I say no; an' my squaw say, she only baby. Then, nex day, come again! (he very smart, you see), an' he talk, talk; say he must hab her, coz he goin' way, stay a long time; and she much hansome; so — s'pose — maybe — when him long way off, somebody speak; then, other Indian get her fore he come, coz she so hansome."

"And you said yes?" asked my uncle, laughing.

"No; I said nothing!" with a look of much gravity. "I no speak; but the priest, he marry 'em; and she be got nice-looking Sanop, and he a great hunter. But, my squaw much solly."

The next morning, Pete took us in a canoe to "Grand Lake Stream," the grand fishing-ground. We did not attempt to pole up the rapids, but walked from "Gould's," a distance of two and a half miles, carrying our fishing-tackle, Pete the tent. The wagon that would have taken us had gone ahead with some earlier fishermen. After a pretty heavy tramp, in the warm, June sun, we arrived safely, excepting from the onslaught of mosquitoes and midges, which are foes more to be dreaded than bears or any large enemies. When we go, we will have nets to envelope the whole head, fastening with elastic below the collar; and we will bring ammoniac tincture, to bathe ourselves (insects have a great aversion to it), or, better still, we will arrange to get here early before the lakes break up, as then, the insect-reign has not commenced. No one, who has spent a week in these forest regions, will forget these precautions.

Just above the dam, on a broad clearing, there are at least twenty-five tents, belonging to amateur fishermen. Some of these are nice and tasty, as you can imagine, and the fishing-tackle exquisite. Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and many smaller places, have here lovers of nature and the piscatorial art. Some stay several weeks in succession, and take away quantities of these land-locked salmon, which they assist in curing.

It would seem strange to me, if any one could resist the many attractions here at this season. The rare, quiet beauty of the lakes; the rich verdure surrounding them; the variety of birds of song and of water-fowl; the purity and health-giving of these odorous breezes; but, most of all, the trout — the wonderful trout —

handsome enough to delight the eye of any Isaac Walton, with their rapid, graceful movements, and spotted, chameleon coats; abundant enough to set a fellow like me crazy with delight, and so delicious when cooked, that an epicure might feel his appetite fully satisfied. Before tea, last night, I had caught nine; and one fellow, weighing three or four pounds, I trolled an hour, before I succeeded in drawing him. Each camp has an Indian, or some one, to cook for them; and I think we had, at least, one dozen invitations to dine, while Pete was arranging our tent. Hospitality is largely practised here, and, as my uncle is a veteran fisherman, he was received right joyfully. Our tramp had given us a keen appetite. The cooks vie with each other; and I assure you, the *two* dinners we accepted, were delicious. Most of the company here are refined and intellectual. Uncle says, among them, he recognizes some of the rarest thinkers about our modern Athens.

Last night, by moonlight, I saw several on the dam, still handling the rod. Pete said, "'Coz tomollow, sabber day; no fish; ha! ha! Catch 'em all 'fore Sunday; that 'em way; no cheat Yankee; ha! ha! ha!" And so, this morning, we had no fishing, but a sermon, eloquent and impressive, on the river-bank; and the morning lesson was the reading of the story of our Saviour and his disciples, on Lake Galilee. After the sun had set, I imagine I saw fishers again on the "dam!" But, don't be severe; the fascination is so great, that if heavy Johnson was here, with hook and line, I am sure *he* would be at one end, whatever might be at the other.

I never enjoyed a week better! But the best times must have an end. Uncle felt obliged to go, and I reluctantly accompanied him; with the pleasing consolation, however, that this trout-mine is inexhaustible. Innumerable numbers have been taken for many years; and yet, they were never more abundant than now. The waters are clear; and it would delight you, to watch the fish in them. Next year, we will come together, Frank; and every year, until the pickerel destroy the trout, or until time (more insatiable) destroys our love for such things.

Again we pass over these lovely lakes, just touching the surface in our canoe, almost as lightly as the morning breeze. Many others were moving about, carrying the *red* people hither and thither to their different camping-grounds. As we came to Lewey's Lake, we met the tiny steamer "Gipsey," loaded with gay young folks from C———, who were on their way to a sheltered nook by the lake-side, where they came to enjoy a picnic dinner.

We reached Princeton before the afternoon train was ready to leave; and employed ourselves looking into the woollen and saw mills, and fishing a little from the bridge. At three, we started for Sprague's Falls, fifteen miles down the River St. Croix; and here a very pleasant sight met our view, as the cars stopped to let us out.

A broad intervale seemed dotted over with men at play; chasing, rolling, playing leap-frog; pitching stones into the river, or quietly resting in the shade. "Well done," said uncle, as he took in the scene; "the drives are in, and the men are having their discharge, with a treat, I see. Poor fellows; they have worked hard, and richly deserve it."

The "master of the drive" had sent down for lemons, sweet cakes, biscuit, and cheese, in abundance; and the men were having a real good time, as free from care as schoolboys after examination. A whole barrel had been filled with lemonade, which Jim was dealing out as we came near. Handing us a flowing dipper, with a grin, and a flourish, he says, "Here's yer fine ould Jamaky; an' long health to yer honors!"

About six, the cars returned, and took the happy men to their homes, after they had given "hearty cheers" for their employers. Many bright, childish, and womanly faces were waiting at the depot, as we left the cars. I saw Jim's Kathleen, and his Teddy. I saw Sacker fold his "little girl" in his arms, and the lonely Parson walk his solitary way.

Another "river-driving crew" were entering town on foot, a part of the drivers from the Eastern River. They were jolly fellows, — singing songs, and cutting up queer antics. Comical expressions passed between the two crews as they met, and outbursts of mother-wit, that caused explosions of laughter. I think I never saw the same number of men together, of such noble, manly proportions. Many were tall, but all were straight, and broad-chested, walking with a firm, lofty tread. Only a strong man could endure their labor; therefore, only strong, hearty men return from the "drives."

"Noble fellows to work," said uncle; "it's a pity so many of them will think they must go on a spree tonight. But that's their fashion, to treat themselves to a good drink, after their task is finished, and before they commence their farm or mill work; many of them spend half their spring wages (the young fellows); and it is lamentable!" Sacker's salvation is in his "little girl;" but Jim, I fear, "will shake hands again with Jamaky."

* * * * * *

And now, I have done with forests and forest trees, trusting we shall both know, in future, where the houses we live in come from. It has interested me, to know something of the life so many thousands of men lead, for at least six months in every year, in these lumbering regions. I have been improved in health, and amused. If you have enjoyed these jottings by the way, ever so little, I am more than repaid.

Before the Fourth, I shall be with you. Don't look for a delicate collegian, but a healthy backwoodsman! I must prepare you, for the change is almost marvellous. If ever your nerves and health fail, come east, and do likewise. In the future, my large-souled uncle and his forest shall be my Mecca; and yearly pilgrimages I will make, to what has proved my physical salvation. I remember, when a little chap, my white-haired grandfather placing his hands on my head, and saying, "There are possibilities here, daughter; but, the first thing for you to do for Bob, is, to get him a body. Brain is of little use without muscle." Now, Frank, I'm bound to try the "possibilities." I challenge you to outrun me in study.

The catalogue of birds, I send. The boxes of eggs, and natural specimens, leave tomorrow, in a lumber vessel; and this is the invoice:—"Lulu, the deer, a perfect beauty;" "Max, the bear, as tame, and not much larger than your Newfoundland dog;" "Various antlers, and deers' heads;" "Rare specimens of ferns and mosses;" "A bald-head eagle, stuffed;" and, above all, "The very moose I shot, set up in fine style," a gift from my charming uncle! Won't we have a chamber of curiosities? Won't the boys stare? for Pete, the red-skin, is to go and take charge of all, remaining with me a little while. Keep watch at T wharf. And have my chamber cleared out; no matter about the bed; I can sleep on the closet-floor, anywhere! Good-night.

LITTLE PEARL.

CHAPTER IV. — FAIRY HOLLOW.

(Continued from the June Number.)

COME, come! I'll tell you!" he shouted again.

With pale faces and beating hearts they ran up to him. "Oh, what is it? What is it?" they cried. "Is father hurt? Is he dead?"

"No, you little rascals! Your father is well enough; but you've taken all the breath out of me."

"Tell us," said Cassy, "about father."

"He went out of town, to see a sick person, and hasn't got back yet. That's all."

"Do you know? Have you seen him today?" asked Agnes.

"Why, of course, that's it. Come up to the house. My sister will tell you all about it."

The children began to cry afresh, and would have got away from him again; but he caught hold of Agnes, and forced them to yield.

"Why, Samuel!" exclaimed a dignified-looking old lady, meeting them at the door. "Where on earth did you get all of those children?"

"Picked them up. Don't look much like an old bachelor now; do I, Polly? Here, take this little chap, and lay him down; and give the others some supper. They are Dr. Marsh's children."

"Dr. Marsh's children?" repeated the old lady. "Why, what is the matter?"

"Their father didn't get home as soon as usual; and they got frightened, and came after him," said the gentleman. "But I wouldn't let them go any farther. They got away from me once; and would have ran away into town, I suppose, if I hadn't been as spry as a cat."

"You poor little dears!" said the lady. "Why, you needn't be

afraid; your father will take care of himself;" and she put Bliss down on the sofa, and took poor little Pearl, who was almost sick from fright and fatigue, and bathed her blistered feet, and gave her some warm drink, and pillowed her up in a great arm-chair. But she could do nothing with Agnes and Cassy. They would neither eat nor sit down to rest; but stood at the window, and cried, and watched for their father. It was now quite dark. The moon had risen, and was shining brightly; but the father had not come. The children were still watching at the window, straining eye and ear to catch every sight and sound. At last, they heard a carriage coming.

"It's him!" cried Cassy; "I know the sound of the wheels!"

"Hush!" said Agnes; and they listened breathlessly. The carriage came in sight.

"It is father! It is father!" they cried; and they would have rushed out of the house after him; but the fat gentleman stood at the door, and held them back, while he called to the doctor to stop.

"Well, well, children! How does this happen?" said the father, as he drove up to the door, and jumped out of the carriage.

Their only answer was murmured words of tenderness and sobs of joy; while they clung to him so closely, that he could not release himself.

"My poor little ones! My poor motherless ones!" he said; and the children had never heard such low, loving tones in their father's voice before.

"What detained you so, doctor?" said the fat gentleman, whom the doctor called Mr. Humphrey.

"Business at the shop. One of my clerks was out; and I waited to see if a box of drugs that I was expecting, came by express," said the doctor, as he took little Pearl up in his arms, and kissed her.

"Doctor, you must not think of going home tonight," said Miss Humphrey. "It is late, and the children are very tired."

But the doctor refused the invitation to remain. He should have to go, he said.

"Well, you must have supper first. The children have eaten nothing yet;" and Miss Humphrey, going about in a quiet, dignified way, soon had the room pleasantly lighted, and a most inviting meal prepared. Never were children happier. They forgot hunger, fatigue, and everything else, in their joy.

"Oh, dear, dear father! I do love you so!" they kept saying as they clung around him, and showered kisses upon his face and hands.

"Doctor, I begin to think that it is a jolly sort of a thing, after all," said Mr. Humphrey, "to have a few of those little, rosy-lipped, curly-headed imps to call one's own. I'd not like the trouble of catching them, though, if they should happen to run away from me;" and he leaned back in his chair, and looked very comfortable and happy, though he was a bachelor. "I think I'd like this little girl for my wife, doctor," he said, putting his hand on Cassy's shoulder. "What do you say about it, Bright Eyes?"

"Only big people get married," said Cassy.

"Well, ain't I big enough?"

Cassy laughed, and said that she thought "her grandmother would do best for him."

"Oh, I don't want your grandmother," he said; "I want you; and I think that I shall come to your house some day, and take a minister with me, and carry you off for my little doxy."

Cassy stopped laughing, and looked as if she thought he was in earnest.

"Samuel, don't be foolish, and tease the child," said Miss Humphrey. Just then, Bliss awoke. He had been sleeping since Agnes had put him out of her arms.

"Is nat you, papa?" he said, as his father bent over him, and kissed him. "Robbers didn't dit you, did they, papa?" and the little fellow began looking around the room in great fear. The father took Bliss to the table; and Miss Humphrey prepared a bowl of bread and milk, and gave him. He was so hungry, that he stopped asking himself questions, and began to eat. "Papa," he whispered once, "is nat Santa Claus?" meaning Mr. Humphrey.

The father was so much amused, that he had to repeat the whisper; and, when Bliss saw Mr. Humphrey laugh, he was sure that he was Santa Claus.

The doctor was now ready to go home; and Miss Humphrey begged that Pearl might remain with them till the morning, fearing that the night-air would not be good for her. But Pearl looked so distressed at the thought of leaving her father, that the doctor said that he would rather take her with him; that some of the others might stay, and give him a better opportunity of taking care of her; and it was decided that Cassy and Bliss should remain, and the father said that he would come after them early in the morning.

Bliss cried a little, and Cassy was not pleased; but the carriage had no sooner got out of sight, than they seemed quite contented. Mr. Humphrey talked and played with them till it was late in the evening, and Miss Humphrey said that they had better go to bed; and she went upstairs to prepare a place for them to sleep in her room.

While she was gone, and when Mr. Humphrey had left the room, Cassy was tempted to do a very wicked thing. She was hungry. She had eaten but little at the table; and in a closet, near to where she was sitting, there were slices of buttered bread, and luscious little cakes, and great sugared plums. "Could there be any harm in just helping herself to a little of what she so much needed? Of course, Miss Humphrey would be willing; only, she didn't like to ask her. I'll do it," she said. "I can't starve to death;" and she opened the closet-door. Everything was temptingly arrayed before her. She had only to reach out her hand, and take what she

wanted. But, she couldn't reach out her hand. Something held it back. "It is too much like stealing," she said to herself. "I won't do it;" and she turned to close the door, when Bliss, who had followed her into the closet, dipped his hand into an uncovered jar of preserves that was setting on the floor. She caught hold of him, to get him away; but his hand was in the preserves, and before she could get it out, she heard Miss Humphrey's step in the hall. She closed the door in an instant, and shut Bliss in; and Bliss was so frightened, that he could neither cry out, nor stir.

"Where is the little boy?" said Miss Humphrey, as she entered.

What should Cassy answer? How could she tell? "I — I — don't know. He went out somewhere;" she stammered, at last.

Miss Humphrey looked at her a moment, and then took her hand, and led her directly to the closet. There was Bliss, crouching on the floor, daubed with preserves, and stricken with terror. Miss Humphrey took him out, sat him on a little cricket by the fireplace, led Cassy to a chair; and said, in a very stern voice, "A thief and a liar! a thief and a liar!" and left the room.

The weight of guilt and fear and shame bowed Cassy to the earth. Never had she felt what sin was before. Those horrid words, "A thief and a liar!" were echoed by ten thousand voices, and stunned her deaf. She caught a glimpse of herself in the glass. There was something on her forehead — a mark. She thought of Cain. "God has marked me! God has marked me!" she screamed; and she started to go to the door, but was conscious of nothing else, until she found herself in Mr. Humphrey's arms, and saw Miss Humphrey, with a face no longer stern, standing near, bathing her head.

"I don't see that the child has done anything so very wrong," she heard Mr. Humphrey say. "You was too severe with her, Polly; too severe."

"Samuel, don't talk in that way," said Miss Humphrey. "Perhaps I was too harsh; but the child did a very wrong thing, and you must not make her think that she did not. You must not be blinded by pity. For my part, I'm glad that she felt it so keenly. It will do her no harm."

When Cassy was quite restored, and had began to feel like herself once more, she and Bliss were undressed, and put into a little bed beside Miss Humphrey's bed. Miss Humphrey sat down with them, and taking Cassy's hand in hers, said, — "I did not mean to be too severe with you, my little girl; but I was so shocked and grieved, that I hardly knew what to do or say. I thought that you

had been so well taught by a good mother, that you could not do such things."

Cassy told her that she did not steal anything; that she could not do that. She only told a lie.

Miss Humphrey seemed relieved to hear it. "'Twas God alone who kept you from it," she said. "But, Cassy, you must remember, that to tell a lie is worse than to steal." She then began talking to Bliss. "Bliss," she said; "do you know who saw you when you was in that dark closet?"

"You did," answered Bliss, hiding his face under the pillow.

"Who else saw you?"

"Dod, I 'pose."

"Yes, dear; God did see you," said Miss Humphrey. "God sees you always; and he sees every naughty thing you do, and hears every naughty word you say."

"Are the 'tars Dod's eyes?" asked Bliss.

"No, my dear; but He can see just as well, as if every star was an eye; just as well, little Bliss."

Miss Humphrey talked with them awhile longer; then she heard them say their prayers, and kissed them "good-night." Early in the morning, their father came and took them home.

MILESTONES OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

III. — DECLINE OF THE ANGLO-SAXON POWER, AND OCCUPATION OF THE DANES.

TO Alfred the Great succeeded his son Edward, called the Elder, because he was the first Edward who ever ruled over England. This prince inherited the military talent of his father, but not his love of learning; and the kingdom neither gained nor lost during his reign. All that he achieved was due to the assistance of his sister, known as the "Lady of Mercia," a great-souled and noble-hearted woman, of rare energy, and, like Mrs. Gargery, decidedly "given to government." Meantime, in the

household of this remarkable woman, there was growing up a youth under whose sway the glory of the Anglo-Saxon name was to culminate. This was the little Athelstan, Edward's eldest son, a boy of astonishing beauty and grace, and the idol of his grandfather, Alfred. No doubt, the two often walked, hand in hand, down to the river-side, where the workmen were building the long ships, in which the great king sailed away to drive the Norsemen home; and perhaps, the commercial enterprise, for which Athelstan afterwards became noted, began in the days when he sailed his little chip-boats on the muddy Thames, while his grandfather superintended the ship-builders. I suppose, too, that they went together to the cells in the old monasteries, where the patient prayermen sat, transcribing the books from Latin into Saxon; and that Alfred taught the boy his letters from the beautifully-illuminated capitals with which the page was dotted. At any rate, they were famous friends; and it seems as if Alfred saw, in the precocity of the child, a promise of future greatness, for he called him, one day, to his side, and patting his flaxen curls, put on him a scarlet cloak, a belt, studded with diamonds, and a Saxon sword, in token that he was hereafter to rule; and then, praying that the reign of his grandson might be a happy and prosperous one, he sent the boy to his strong-minded aunt, to be educated. No sooner had Athelstan succeeded to the throne of his father, than a great league was formed against him by the Scots, Danes, and other nations, who were jealous of his power. But Athelstan, with his brother, Edmund the Etheling,* defeated them in the famous battle of Brunanburgh. Here is a fragment of an old Saxon ode, describing the battle:—

"Offspring of Edward, they in battle oft, 'gainst every foe the land defended, its hoards and its homes.
Such was their noble natures, derived from their fathers; the foe they crushed; the Scottish people and the shipmen fated fell.
The field reek'd with warriors' blood since the sun was up at morning tide; there lay many a warrior, by javelins strewed.
Northern men shot over shields; also Scots, weary and war-sad.
Five lay on the battle-stead, youthful kings by swords in slumber laid;
So, seven eke of Anlas's earls; shipmen and Scots of the army countless.
There was made to flee the Northmen's chieftain by need constrained to the ship's prow, with a little band.

* Etheling, or Atheling, is a Saxon word, signifying *noble*, applied to the son of a king.

So, Constantine also, hoary warrior, came to flight to his north country.
He had no cause to exult in the communion of swords; here was his kindred band of friends o'erthrown on the folkstead, in battle slain;
And his son he left in the slaughter-place, mangled with wounds, young in the fight.
The Northmen departed, in their nailed barks, o'er the deep water Dublin to seek, shamed in mind.
So, too, the brothers, both together, King and Etheling, their country sought, in war exulting.
Carnage greater has not been in the island ever yet, never before this, of people slain by edges of swords.
Since, from the east, hither Angles and Saxons came to land;
Since o'er the broad seas mighty warsmiths sought Britain, and earls most bold this land obtained."

This victory left Athelstan in quiet possession for the rest of his reign. Like his illustrious grandfather, he proved himself as wise in statesmanship as he had been brave in war; and by his just administration, he rendered himself equally beloved by his subjects, feared by his enemies, and courted by all the other European powers. Foreign princes counted it a privilege if they could buy his friendship with gifts, or ally themselves with him by marriage. Norway sent him a splendid galley, with golden beak and purple sails. Hugo, the powerful Duke of the Franks, fell in love with his fourth sister, "in whom," says the chronicle,* "the whole essence of beauty had centred," and asked her in marriage of Athelstan, sending him, as gifts, the sword of Constantine the Great; the spear of Charlemagne; a piece of the holy cross; a spine from the crown of thorns; emeralds, so large and brilliant, that the faces of all who beheld them were illuminated by them; and an alabaster vase, so exquisitely chased, that all the figures on it seemed endowed with life and motion. Strange to say, the king was not at all puffed up by this adulation; but remained a liberal-minded and sensible man. Knowing that it was only by commercial relations with other nations, that his own country could be elevated and improved, and having a great deal more respect for that nobility which a man earns for himself, by great enterprises

* The ancient history of England was written in Saxon, by the monks, in detached portions, called *chronicles*. These have been translated into English by modern scholars, and furnish the most interesting sources of information.

for the public weal, than for that which he derives from his ancestors, he decreed that every merchant who should make three voyages should be entitled to the rank of *thane*, or nobleman. He made the Welsh pay him tribute of gold, silver, and also of hounds, with which he might rid the forests of the wild beasts with which they were infested. He made it a rule never to hoard riches for himself, but to spend all his gains on his faithful followers, or on the church. The Abbey of Malmesbury he especially endowed, and made it a sort of family tomb for the bones of his ancestors. There he, too, was buried, in the year 940; but his memory still lives in the hearts of the country-people thereabouts. And, if curiosity should ever lead you to the little old town of Malmesbury, you will find that the peasant-lads talk of good King Athelstan, as the boys in America talk of George Washington; and that they think as much of the yearly festival, which, to this day, is held there in his honor, as the Boston boys do of the 22d of February. After Athelstan had slept with his ancestors, in the vaults of the old abbey, for upwards of a century and a half, his remains were, for some reason, disinterred; and, in the chronicle of William of Malmesbury, who assisted at the ceremony, we find the following curious passage concerning this great king, whom we first saw as a yellow-haired laddie, toddling at his grandfather's side: — "He was of becoming stature, thin in person; his hair flaxen, as I have seen by his remains, and beautifully wreathed with golden threads." With the death of Athelstan began the decline of the Anglo-Saxon power. His brother, the young Etheling, was assassinated, after a short reign, by a wicked robber, whom he had banished the kingdom.

During the next thirty years, the throne was successively occupied by Edred, the brother, and Edwy and Edgar, the sons of the murdered king. But their power was only nominal; while Dunstan, Abbot of Glastonbury, was really absolute monarch of England. Of noble birth and superior education, this Dunstan was, in the time of Athelstan, a courtier, whose varied accomplishments rendered him a general favorite. Having displeased the king by the practice of magical arts, he sought the protection of his uncle, the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom he confided the secret of his attachment to a lady of the court, and besought him to intercede for his restoration to the royal favor. His uncle, seeing in Dunstan an instrument of great power for the advancement of the church, opposed his desires, forbade his marriage, and so worked

upon the mind of the distracted youth, by threats and promises, that, at last, in a moment of bodily illness, he yielded, and renounced the world and its pleasures. So, the gayest of courtiers became the most austere of monks, and betook himself to a hut in which he could not stand upright; and there, in fasting and prayer, with a harp and a blacksmith's forge as his recreations, he spent his wretched days. And, when his groans and shrieks under the torture of his self-inflicted penance rung out on the midnight air, the superstitious rustic would bid his wife listen to the holy St. Dunstan, who was tweaking the nose of the Evil One with his tongs. In this way, Dunstan soon established a reputation for sanctity, such as no one ever had before; and under the Etheling, he became Abbot of Glastonbury.

The accession of Edred was, to him, a golden opportunity, for the king was weak in body and mind; and the energetic and talented monk assumed so much authority, that he was secretary of state, of war, and of the treasury, all in one. Up to this time, there had been no rigid distinctions between priest and people. The priest took his wife from his parish, and the people loved and trusted the clergy. It was Dunstan's aim to reform all this. He forbade the priesthood to marry; deprived them of all secular intercourse with their people; and labored to surround the church with such majesty, that ultimately, both people and prince should acknowledge prelate and pontiff as the supreme authority of the land. Perhaps this was religious zeal; perhaps too, he thought that holy St. Dunstan stood as good a chance as any one of being Pope himself some day; but, from the moment when Dunstan wrested the realm from the hands of warrior kings, to place it in those of wily priests, the Anglo-Saxon power hastened with rapid strides to its downfall. He made love of country subservient to love of church; he seized the wealth of the nation to enrich the monasteries; he interfered in every way with the social and political rights of the people; arbitrary laws were passed, and severe punishments followed their violation. But when, upon the death of Edgar, usually called "the Peaceable" (but more properly the Arrogant), who had been the mere tool of the ambitious churchman, Dunstan placed Edgar's son, a boy of thirteen, upon the throne, the people, heretofore sullenly obedient, now openly resisted. The stepmother of the boy, who wished her own son Ethelred, to be king, secretly favored the opposition; and one day, when, tired with hunting, he rode up to her castle-gate, she met him with loving words, and,

offering him a cup of wine, betrayed him with a kiss to the dagger of an assassin. So, Edward the Martyr gave place to Ethelred the Unready. Dunstan, who had hated the latter from his birth, and cursed him even while he crowned him, did not long survive to witness the degradation into which the kingdom was dragged by the imbecility and treachery of this king. A divided people and a cowardly monarch brought the Danes once more to ravage the shores of England.

Ethelred, always "*unready*" to meet his foe in battle, skulked from the contest, and weakly bought them off, from time to time, with tribute-money, forty-eight thousand pounds of silver at a time, levied from his unhappy subjects, till at last, when the sturdy Saxons refused to furnish any more Dane-geld, and begged their sovereign to lead them out to a fair fight with the enemy, he conceived and executed the vile plot of murdering all the Danes in his kingdom, on the festival of St. Brice, the 18th of November, 1002. Down came the northern raven with fell swoop, to revenge this cowardly massacre; and, in 1013, after a reign of thirty-seven years, the Saxon king fled for protection to the Duke of Normandy, whose sister he had married, and Sweyn, the Dane, lorded it over England. His son Canute, succeeded Sweyn. He at first shared the government with Edmund, Ethelred's son, called the *Ironside*, from his courage and manliness; but he finally claimed the whole kingdom, married Ethelred's widow, banished her children by the former king; and after he had thus made his power felt, he ruled with moderation. In the year 1030, he went to Rome, in the garb of a pilgrim; and repenting of his sins, despatched a noble letter to his subjects, in which he declared that, having now dedicated his life to God, he meant to be just and merciful to poor and rich, and not to extort money from any, by fear or favor. In carrying out this Christian principle, he so engrafted his own race upon the native stock, that Dane and Saxon were never after distinguishable in England. After Canute, came Harold, his son, noted only for his swift running, which gave him the surname of Harefoot; and then, the drunken Hardicanute, with whom, in 1041, ended the Danish dominion in England.

COUSIN ALICE.

KATIE AND SUSIE; OR, THE USEFUL DRESS.

WHEN I was a little girl, I lived in a pleasant country village. Among my schoolmates were two little sisters, by the names of Katie and Susie Cutting. Their mother was a poor widow, and she had to work very hard to pay the house-rent, and buy food for herself and the children. But Katie and Susie were good little girls; and, in their summer vacation, instead of going to the sea-shore, or to some nice place in the country to board, they staid with their mother, and went every day and picked berries, and sold them to help buy their food and clothes.

At times, when there were no berries to pick, these little girls used to braid straw to sell. Even when school kept, they would braid, morning and evening, to help their moher all they could; for they were thoughtful children. One winter, their mother was sick most of the time, and all that Katie and Susie could earn had to be spent for fuel and food; so, they could not buy them any clothes; and how to manage, when the summer school began, they could not tell.

Their mother was much better; so they could both be spared to go to school; but, alas! they had but one dress that was decent to wear. This one belonged to Katie, the elder of the two; so it was decided that she should go to school, and then teach Susie at night what she had learned in the course of the day. Katie went every day, for a fortnight; but Susie's little sad, sorrowful face was too much for her; they must think of some way in which they could both go. At last, they decided that Katie should go one day, and Susie the next, and every evening, review the lessons of the day; and, as they were nearly of a size, the same dress would do for both of them to wear. They had tried this plan about a week, when, one day, the good and gentle teacher, Miss Buttrick, said to Susie, "You were not here, yesterday, I think."

Susie's neck and face crimsoned at the remark of the teacher; but looking up, and meeting her gentle glance, she answered,—

"No, ma'am; I was not; but sister Katie was."

"Yes; I remember, now," said Miss Buttrick; "but, why didn't you come too? You seem to be fond of study."

"We can't both come together, very well," answered Susie; "but we are going to take turns. Sister is coming one day, and I am coming the next; and then, in the evening, we are going to teach each other what we have learned through the day. It is the only way we can think of; and we want to study very much, so we can keep school ourselves sometime, and take care of mother; for now, she has to work very hard to take care of us."

At recess-time, Susie still continued to study; and the teacher said, "Susie, you had better lay aside your book, now, and go out and play with the other little girls; the fresh air will do you good."

"I had rather not. I am afraid I should tear my dress; but I will stand at the window, and look out, if you are willing."

There was such a peculiar tone in Susie's voice, as she said, "I am afraid I should tear my dress," that Miss Buttrick was led to notice it particularly. It was nothing but a dark-colored, ninepenny print, very neatly made, and had never been washed. While looking at it, she remembered that every day Katie had been at school, she had worn the same dress, or one just like it. The next day, Susie was absent, but Katie occupied her seat. There was something very interesting in these two little girls, one twelve years old, and the other ten and a half, agreeing to take turns in attending school; and Miss Buttrick was led to observe them closely.

They were very pretty children, of delicate forms, and quite small hands and feet. Katie had beautiful dark eyes and chestnut hair; while Susie's eyes were the color of the June sky, and her neck was covered with a profusion of golden curls. She noticed that they both paid close attention to their studies; and Katie retained her seat at recess-time, the same as Susie had done. Miss Buttrick advised her to go out and play; but she received the same answer, — "I might tear my dress." This led Miss Buttrick to scrutinize the dress more closely, and she became certain that it was the same dress which was worn by the two. It did not fit Susie as well as it did her sister; it was rather long for her; and she evidently did not feel at ease when the teacher looked earnestly towards her.

This discovery was one that made a deep impression upon the truly benevolent heart of the teacher. She ascertained where they lived; and although quite straightened in her own circumstances, she went, that night, to the only store in the village, found a few yards of the same material, purchased a dress for little Susie, and sent it in such a way, that the donor could not he detected.

Very bright and happy looked Katie Cutting the next morning, as she entered the school at an early hour. She only waited to take off her things, and hang them up, ere she approached Miss Buttrick, and said, "After this week, Susie is coming to school with me every day; and oh, I am so glad!"

"Well done! That is good news," replied the teacher, kindly. "I see that Susie is fond of her books; and I am thankful that you both can have an opportunity to study; but, can your mother spare both of you?" continued the teacher, pleasantly.

"Oh, yes, ma'am — yes, ma'am; she can now. Something happened, that she didn't expect; and she is just as glad about it as we are." She hesitated a moment; but she was too happy to keep still; her heart was brimming over with joy; and when children are happy, it is just as natural for them to tell the cause, as it is for a bird to warble its morning-song when the sun rises. And out of the fulness of her heart, she told the teacher her story. She told of her mother's sickness; that they had been obliged to use what they could earn for household purposes; that they had only one dress between them, so that but one of them could come at a time; and then, she added, — "O Miss Buttrick! last night, somebody sent sister a dress, just like mine; and now she can come to school too. Oh, if I only knew who it was, I would get down on my knees, and thank them; and so would sister too. But we don't know, and can't imagine; but we have done all we could — we've prayed for them. And, O Miss Buttrick! we are so happy, and so glad! Ain't you, too?"

"Yes; indeed, I am," the teacher replied.

The next Monday, little Susie entered the schoolroom, her face radiant with smiles, and approaching the teacher, she exclaimed, in tones musical as a nightingale's, "O Miss Buttrick! I'm coming to school every day; and I am so glad!"

Miss Buttrick told me afterwards, that she felt then, as she had never felt before, "that it was more blessed to give, than to receive." I think, no millionaire, when he sees his name in public print, lauded for his thousand-dollar charities, ever felt half as happy as did the poor school-teacher, who deprived herself of some coveted pleasure, that she might buy that little fatherless girl a calico dress.

ANNIE PHILLIPS.

MINK CURTISS; OR, LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS.

BY AN OLD HUNTER.

CHAPTER I.

(Continued from the June Number.)

THE boys followed the old man willingly, as he strode before them, rifle in hand, pausing now and then to shoot a squirrel for their mother's supper.

"I tell yer, boys, it requires mighty clus squintin' ter pick them fellers off of ther top of er tall tree with er single bullet," he said, somewhat proud of his skill as a marksman. "But thar's enuff now fer yer supper, and thar's ther mash and ther rat-houses."

They saw, stretching away between them and the river, a low, swampy piece of ground, and understood his corruption of the word "marsh." They saw some things, too, that looked like little round hills; but were puzzled about the rats.

"I never knew that rats lived in such a place," said Frank. "I always thought that they stayed about houses and barns."

"I don't mean them kind o' rats," replied the old man, with one of his quiet smiles; "but mush-rats."

"Oh! muskrats? I understand now."

"Wal, them ar things that look like hay-cocks am thar houses; and I kin tell, jest as soon as I see one, what kind of er winter and spring we ar goin' ter have."

"I don't see any difference in them."

"Likely not, fer yer hain't hunter-wise. But I'll jest tell yer how it am. Ef ther winter be ergoin' ter be hard, and cold, they make thar houses very thick; and ef ther spring am goin' ter be wet, and ther water high, they build 'em with two stories out of ther water,

and one in. Ef not, only two stories. I've dug inter them many's ther time, and allers found that ter be ther case."

"But, how can they tell? It is more than a man can do."

"Very like, very like. It's ther instinct that does it; ther same kind er knawledge that makes er bird build its fust nest, jest as well as any other; that makes ther squirrel hide nuts; ther bee lay up honey; ther coon curl up in er warm tree; ther bar, in its den; and ther wild geese and ducks, and sich like, go south. It's instinct, boys; and that ar is erbout ther same thing as reason in man — both come from the good Lord."

"And do they, also, lay up something to eat when the streams are frozen over?"

"Not er bit on it. All they need they kin find in the water, most as well as in the summer-time; for they live on fish more'n onythin' else, though they ar mighty fond of some kinds of vegertables. Parsnips, now, am ther very best kind of mush-rat bait."

"But, don't they ever freeze in their houses?"

"Not much. They ar too cunnin' fer that; and have it allers fixed, so that they kin slide inter ther water jest whenever they want 'er."

"Is their fur valuable?"

"Not very; and it hain't worth nothin' in ther summer. When ther weather gits cold, then we go arter them."

"How do you catch them? Excuse me, sir; but I always like to learn when I can."

"That's right, my boy; that's right. Never be afeard ter ax questions. It's ther best way ter learn, that I know on; and er man that won't answer as civil er spoken boy as yer ar, must be crosser nor er bar. How do we catch 'em? Wal, sometimes in steel traps; but ther Injun way am ther best, arter all. They're knowin'some critters, them same red-skins, in all that berlongs ter huntin' and fishin', and sich like (that was a favorite expression of the old hunter); and it's mighty leetle ther white man kin teach 'em — except what am bad. But I'll tell yer how they catch 'em. Sometimes they creep up softly, and drive er long, sharp spear down through ther houses; and then dig 'em out. I've known as high as three taken in that way at er time. Sometimes, when ther ice is thin, and easy ter see through, they drive' em out, and chase 'em, until they git kinder short of breath, and put ther noses out er ther water fer air. Then they strike er heavy blow on ther ice, which kind'er stuns them, and cut them out."

"Are they good to eat?"

"Wal, ther Injuns eat them, as they do almost everythin'; and I have too, when I war nigh erbout starvin'; but I can't say that I have any hankerin' arter them."

"Are there any other curious things about the 'mash?'" asked Frank, saucily, mimicking the honest old hunter.

"Yes, yes; lots on 'em. But ye'll have ter see them another time. It won't be very long berfore the sun goes down."

"How can you tell that? You have no watch."

"Wal, thar ar er thousand ways; but it's enuff fer me ter see yonder crows. They know its comin' on night, and ar flyin' strait as er gunshot to ther nest. And, jest harken ter ther frogs. Thar's music fer yer. Some other time, I'll tell yer more. Come, go back with me ter ther cabin; and I'll gin yer some venerson, and put yer in ther way of goin' as strait hum as ther crows did. Do you know how ter tell ther pints of compass — which is north, and which is south? I mean, when yer am in ther woods?"

"No, sir."

"Jest look at this ar tree. Do yer see how much thicker the moss am on one side, than ther t'other?"

"Certainly; it is very easy to be did."

"Wall, that am ther north side. Ollers remember that, and yer kin never git lost."

"But, suppose you were not in the woods?"

"Out on ther perarer? Wal, by ther stars."

"But if there were none to be seen?"

"Ther good Lord pervided fer that. Thar am er plant grows in ther perarer that we call ther compass-plant, that'll tell yer ther way. I'll show it ter yer most ony time. But, here we ar at ther cabin."

Liberally supplied with venison and squirrels, the boys, after many thanks, were about to start home, when the latter suddenly broke out with —

"When will you take us deer-hunting?"

"I am going termorrow — I'll be over yer way erbout sunrise; and ef yer father am willin', yer kin go erlong. But, hurry hum, now; and my respects ter yer father and mother."

A HEAVY CLOCK.—Trinity clock, New York, is the heaviest in America. The frame stands nine feet long, five high, and three wide. The barrels are twenty inches, turning three times in twenty-four hours. The winding wheels are driven by a pinion and arbor. On the latter is placed a jack, or a wheel, a pinion, and a crank; eight hundred and fifty turns of the crank are required to draw up each of the weights. It takes seven hundred feet of three-inch rope for the three cords; and the winding-up of the weights consumes more than an hour of time, and requires the labor of two men. The pendulum is eighteen feet long, and makes twenty-five beats. At first, the clock would not run seven days, and the builder was obliged to put in new main-wheels. It was at last finished, and an agreement was made with the sexton's son that he should receive twenty-five cents whenever it stopped, provided that he at once notified the time-keeper; but as it stopped every day, and frequently three or four times a day, the expense of feeding the informer became irksome to bear, and the cumbrous timepiece was placed in new hands. By this time, it had gained a poor reputation, which clings to it even in our day. The weights are eight hundred, twelve hundred, and fifteen hundred pounds respectively, and drop fifty feet. A large box is placed at the bottom of the well, which holds about a bale of cotton-waste, to check the fall of a weight in case of accident. Two years ago, it was wound up on Saturday; and on Sunday morning, the chiming-cord broke, letting the fifteen-hundred-pounds weight fall a distance of fifty feet, causing much damage. The cotton-box was strongly braced on all sides, but the force of the blow burst it open. The contents were well scattered, otherwise the organ-bellows, just in line below, would have contracted under a pressure somewhat greater than that which the "blower" was accustomed to exert upon them. A much better clock could be built of the metal contained in the frame and main-wheels of Trinity's.

EARLY RISING. — Jump out of bed the moment you awake. He who hesitates when called is lost. The mind should be made up in a minute, for early rising is one of those subjects that admit of no *turning over*.

"WHAT would I give," said Charles Lamb, "to call my mother back to earth for a single day, to ask her pardon, upon my knees, for all those acts by which I grieved her gentle spirit!"

EVERY one of the May puzzles has been answered, except No. 121; although, the longest list of correct answers lacks three of being complete.

takes the prize (his second), and gets the gold pen.

QUESTIONS, ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

183. I am composed of 24 letters:
My 23, 16, 5, 5, 20, 23, 1, 6, 23, 4, 13, is a large river.
My 23, 2, 12, 11, 2, 24, 19, is a bay.
My 19, 12, 9, 6, 15, 16, 5, is a city.
My 4, 7, 6, 23, 18, is a city.
My 17, 3, 18, 21, is a cape.
My 8, 21, 22, 14, is a lake.
My 16, 11, 6, 10, is a city.
My whole comprises all these.
Rubie Linden.

184. I am composed of 14 letters:
My 11, 4, 3, 14, is an article of the toilet.
My 8, 6, 7, is a pronoun.
My 2, 10, is a pronoun.
My 1, 9, 13, is a boy's nickname.
My 14, 12, 5, 6, is an adjective.
My whole is the assumed name of an American author. *Eugene.*

ANAGRAMS.

185. To gain mire. *Fred.*

186. Rosie, get a car. *Allie Frank.*

187. Lo! Sue sends us. *Double You See.*

188. Henry I. Coit, P. M., Sebin, L. I. *Ino.*

189. Lose a rig. *Tommy.*

190. At it! tiny cur! *Belle.*

Fill the following blanks with the same words transposed: —

191. He went to his destination by the —— —— (five letters). *F. F.*

192. A —— lay in a —— (six letters). *Fred.*

193. He bought a yard of —— and —— the store.

194. The —— went to the theatre to see ——.

195. My first is a vehicle, so is my third;
My second, of speech is a very small part.
My whole, safe alike for man, beast, or bird, —
A vehicle too, neither chaise, gig, nor cart. *Tempy.*

196. Entire I am a piece of money; change my head, and make (1) part of the body, (2) to couple, and (3) to push.

NAMES OF CELEBRATED MEN.

197. To consume, and part of the body.

198. A pronoun, and a celebrated fort in Russia.

199. A vehicle, and one of Napoleon's field marshals.

200. To bestow. *Royal Blue.*

SQUARE WORD.

201. Armor.
A quantity of land.
A metal.
To give, upon condition of repayment. *Saxon.*

202. My first is in the teapot hid,
My third in sugar seen;
My second likes good coffee best,
My fourth is drowned in cream.
And in October, you will see
My whole, on many a laden tree.
M. C. Fletcher.

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

203. Sip wine. *Wolverine.*

204. Ascend a hill. *Violet Forest.*

205. Gather again. *Ego Ipse.*

206. You had lunch at ten o'clock. *A. R. T.*

207. 3008028050016020o. *Joe Kose.*

208. 15005250. *A Wolf.*

209. S
G G. *Quaker.*

210.

Willie Wood.

☞ *Answers must reach me before the 8th of August. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send all communications intended for the PUZZLE DRAWER to "Aunt Sue," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MAY NUMBER.

117. The city of New York.
118. Knight of the Guelph of Hanover.
119. Cartridge.
120. Spartan.
121. Gentianella.

122. Little Dorrit: liquid, into, temper, thunder, lithodomi, element.

123. Dover (roved).

124. Cork (rock).

125. Revel (lever).

126. Elvas (vales).

127. Rome (more).

128. Basle (sable).

129. Capricorn.

130. Till a thunder-shower is quite over, never stand under a a tree.

131. Hypotrachelium.

132. Arrangements.

133. Personate.

134. Ignored.

135. Taxidermists.

136. Shot, host.

137. Steal, least, slate; tales, stale.

138. Idolatry, dilatory.

139. Tush! shut, huts.

140. Annie's insane.

141. Mantle, mantel, lament, mental.

142. Ivy (IV). (*Ixia* gives "Cayenne—K N," which is equally good.)

143. Golden rod.

144. Prince's feather.

145. Candy-tuft.

146. Excessive boasting is a sign of ignorance and cowardice.

Of the above Puzzles, —

Max answers all but 121, 138, 145.

Chester answers all but 118, 120, 121, 139, 141.

Keystone answers all but 121, 131, 137, 138, 141.

Joe Kose answers all but 118, 120, 121, 126, 131, 138.

Florian answers all but 118, 121, 125, 131, 138, 145.

Ixia answers all but 118, 119, 121 126, 128, 131, 138.

Anna W. N. answers all but 118, 120, 121, 126, 131, 138, 146.

F. R. S. answers all but 118, 119, 120, 123, 126, 133, 138, 146.

Sadie C. answers 117, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 129, 142.

Lou answers 117, 124, 125, 127, 142, 143, 144.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Max. Is your address the same as it was last September?

Kate C. H. Do you mean to say, that the person who wrote the letter with your initials, and who sent "one enigma, one charade, and one rebus," to "Box 111," was only seven years old? Our puzzles are *voluntary* contributions from *subscribers*.

I want each of the Cousins to get a *Craig Microscope*. It ought to be in every house, as well as a Bible. It is a little pocket-lecturer, and a benefactor, inasmuch as it brings us nearer to God's thoughts. It is always ready for use, needing no change of focus. If you want to see the snakes and things in vinegar, just lift the little button, off the top, put a drop of the vinegar *right on the lens*, put back the button, and behold them. Apply a drop of camphor in the same way, and watch the crystals form. It will be sent by mail, postage paid, for $2.75. Mounted objects (and be sure you get the Lord's Prayer), $1.50 a dozen. Address "George Mead, Racine, Wis." It was sent to me for notice; but it is little notice it would have got, if it were not really the valuable little thing that it is.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to Keystone, Lou, Sadie C., and Anna W. N.

Now that the summer vacation is near, we shall hope to receive some letters from various former contributors, describing the holiday pleasures which they are enjoying. Mountain trips, sea-side adventures, Fourth of July festivities, boat-races, and whatever is likely to interest both the go-abroad and the stay-at-home people. Cousin Tribulation thinks she may have something to tell next month, about a cruise in the School-ship; but she does not intend to do *all* the chatting, and leaves plenty of room for other and younger writers.

All business letters should be directed to the publisher, as Miss Alcott has nothing to do with that department.

C. D. Your communication was very pleasant to receive, but is too long for the Chat.

From Cousin May, we have an anecdote of a little boy, who took, to amuse him, Miss Lamb's Tales from Shakspeare and read the story of "Romeo and Juliet." When he had finished, his sister asked him what it was about, and how he liked it.

"Well," said he; "the Capulets had a party, and didn't invite the '*Montages*.' They were mad about it, and had a fight. *I* don't think much of it."

Kitty Carroll sends the following original announcement of "The Marriage of Sweet William and Mari Gold." [N. B. The most reliable account of the same]: —

You did not have a correct account of the wedding of Sweet William and Mari Gold, so I will give you all the particulars.

The ceremony took place in the Virgin's Bower, out on the Heath, not far from the Beech, which is quite a Pop(u)lar place. It looked very Spruce, for Poly Anthus had swept it clean with her Broom. The Sun flower shone very bright; and it was a fine day, which was lucky; for, if there had come up a shower, there must have been a House-Leek. There were Phlox of people at the wedding. I can only speak of a few. There were Ele Campane, and An Gelica, from the country; with their beaux, Timothy Grass, and Bil Berry, who

was proud as he could be of his Bachelor's Buttons. Old Mother Wort, Chamomile (came a mile). The Lily of the Valley was there; and the Rutland Beauty, so full of her London Pride, that her looks seemed to say, "Touch-me-not." Ragged Robin came too, with his Ragged Lady; and Bouncing Bet entered with such a hop, that she quite disarranged her old Maid's Curls. There was the Mourning Bride, whose sad garb showed plainly her rememberance of that day when she cried, "My Love-lies-bleeding!" Behind her came the Queen of the Meadow, with her Crown Imperial; Rose, escorted by Mr. Pe. Ony; Violet, with her stylish lover, Mr. Hi. Biscus; and simple May Weed, with Peri Winkle.

There were four bridesmaids; An Emone, Jessa Mine, Core Opsis, and Rosa Mary, all wearing Ladies'-Ear-drops and Ladies' Slippers. The bride looked most bewitching in a Lilac dress, embroidered with Gold-thread, and her Maiden Hair adorned with a Princess Feather, which was the Ladies' Delight. When all was ready, at Four-o'clock, Oleander came forward, leaning on Aaron's Rod, to give the bride away. Elder Berry, in his Monk's Hood, performed the ceremony; and Jon Quil recorded the marriage in the Book of Nature, and sealed it with Solomon's Seal, for which the bridegroom gave him a Penny Royal, which was greatly to the Heart's-Ease of Jon Quil, who immediately put the coin in his Shepherd's Purse; but Dan de Lion, who had not yet sown his Wild Oats, and who always likes to cut a Caper, declared, with a comical, Rye face, that it wasn't Currant.

Now, Iris waved a Flag, the Trumpet flower blew a blast, the Canterbury Bells rung for joy, and—all the gentlemen saluted the bride's *Tu*lips; at which, the *Prim*-rose was so shocked, that she fainted away! At this, there was quite a Rush. Daffo Dil cried out, "Bring Feather-few and Burn-et;" but Hen Bane got some Balm of Gilead, and brought her to. The envious Crocus declared it was all because she was Pine-ing to Sea Kale; but Pe Tunia said she was a Sensitive Plant, and the Crocus should Rue it. Here, Bal(d) Sam, a Smart-weed, who acted as master of ceremonies, was obliged to interfere, and restore order with his Golden Rod.

Then came refreshments; syrup from the Honey-suckle, prepared with Sweet Peas and the Flowering Almond; Cocoa-nut milk, and wine, in Pitcher Plants; and all the varieties of the season. When all was over, in the confusion of clearing up, Tom Ato, whom we can hardly Cauliflower (call a flower), was seen Cabbage-ing something; but he said it was But-ter-cup (but a cup), which was nothing, and he could prove his Honesty.

The Night-shades falling now, Wil Low sent up Sky Rockets, and lighted the Fire Fly lamps; and the company danced for hours, until some of the Sage said, "Lettuce (let us) go home, for it is Thyme; the Star of Bethlehem has set, the Morning Glories are beginning to dawn, and the Wake Robins are all A-ster (astir)." So, the gentlemen fastened on their Lark Spurs, and the ladies put on their Foxgloves, and all departed, the bride saying to each one, "Forget-me-not;" one Cockscomb crying out, "This wedding can't be *Beet*."

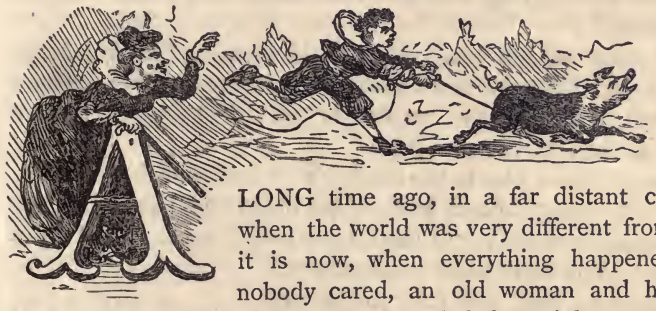
CICERO writes:—I will, when I have leisure, try to get subscribers for the "Museum," as it is the *best* magazine for boys and girls that I have ever seen.

Thank you, Cicero. Send along the names; the more, the *merrier*.

MERRY'S MUSEUM

VOL. I.] *AUGUST*, 1868. [NO. 8.

THE PERSUADABLE PIG.



A LONG time ago, in a far distant country, when the world was very different from what it is now, when everything happened and nobody cared, an old woman and her son lived together in a little cottage, and led a right merry life, as long as their money lasted. They ate and drank of the best, for they both loved that which was good, and enough of it; and why should they care what would happen tomorrow, before tomorrow came? At last, that tomorrow came, which over-anxious people always predict will come, to those who spend right and left; and the old woman and her shock-headed son, sat by the hearth, not by the fire, for there was none, and looked at each other with hungry eyes. There was nothing to eat, and no money to buy anything. The old woman had turned her pockets inside out, in hopes of finding a stray copper; and the boy had rummaged all the closets for a bit of dry bread. Nothing remained to them but remembrance of the dainties which they had devoured; and that only made them the more hungry.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by H. B. FULLER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

"Nothing, Jack!" cried the old woman. "Nothing left."

"Nothing, mammy," repeated the boy. "People always said it would be so; and now, I hope they are satisfied. If they like it, I don't."

Just then came the most dolorous, prolonged squeal from the pig, whose sty was very near the house.

"Hear him!" cried the old woman, in a rage; "hear the wretch squeal! He is no hungrier than we are; and we don't squeal."

"I shall before long, if I don't find something to put in my stomach. It squeals now all to itself."

"He shan't squeal, if we can't," said his mother, seizing a broom. "I'll stop his noise for him."

"No, mother; don't beat him. Let's kill him, and eat him."

At these words, the pig squealed still louder, as if he had heard what they were saying, and preferred being alive and hungry, to being killed.

"We could not kill him," said the old woman; "he is a fierce, 'rageous pig. It took three men and a boy to get him into the sty. And, besides, we've no fire to cook him; and I am not hungry enough to eat raw pork."

"Then, I'll lead him to the butcher's, and sell him."

The old woman leaned back in her chair, and laughed, louder than the pig squealed. "I think I see you doing it. *Lead* a pig, forsooth! You don't know the creatures."

"Well, *drive*, then, if it suits you better."

"Drive, if you will; but you will find that you will have to go where the pig wishes, and not where you wish."

"Just wait a bit; I'll talk to him, and persuade him. You give me the clothes-line, and you will soon see me tie one end of it round the pig's fore-leg, and walk him off, as quiet as a lamb."

The mother handed Jack the line, with a grim smile. "You have a smooth tongue of your own, Jack; but, smooth as it is, I doubt if you can talk a pig into being killed."

Jack took the rope, and proceeding to the sty, leaned over the side, where the pig, instead of lying flat on his stomach in the mire, as a well-fed, happy, contented pig should do, was running about, every now and then pushing his nose into the mud, in the vain hope of rooting up some old bone or refuse bit, which he had utterly despised in his days of plenty. He paused, now and then uttering a most horrible squeal, which could be heard more than a mile, apparently calling for somebody, he did not care who, to

come and feed him. Jack thumped on the sty to attract the pig's attention; but he cast a glance at him, and finding he had nothing for him, continued his rooting and squealing. He then gathered some grass, and threw it into the sty. The pig ran at it, and devoured it greedily, and then turned his little, white-lashed eyes up at him, and grunted for more.

"I wish I could eat grass," muttered Jack to himself; then turning to the pig, "Piggy, dear!" The pig would not listen when the grass was eaten, and turning his back very unceremoniously upon him, began exploring again.

"He has not even the manners of a beast!" said Jack; "but I suppose he can hear and eat at the same time."

So, dropping the rope, he gathered a large quantity of grass and pigweed, — of which, you may suppose, he found plenty all about such an untidy yard as he and his mother kept (and what was the use of working, when you could live without it), — and heaped it up by the sty. Then, taking it up by handsful, he flung it over, keeping the pig close to him all the time, waiting for a little more.

"Now, piggy," said Jack, "you are a very pretty pig; as pretty a pig, as I ever saw — "

"Ouf! ouf!" muttered the pig, looking up for another mouthful and catching it on his nose before it reached the ground.

"I have often thought it was a shame, that such a pretty creature as you are, should be shut up where nobody could see how pretty you were."

"Chomp! chomp!" went the pig, who had got hold of an uncommonly juicy pigweed, and relished it very well, though his mind rather ran on a bucket of good swill; and pigweed for a hungry pig, was something like lettuce for a starving man, — a little diversion, till something better came.

"So, I thought I would come today, and see if you would not like to take a little walk with me, where you could see some other pigs, and enjoy yourself."

The pig bent his dirty, scanty-haired ears towards Jack, and wagged his short tail vigorously, but the boy could not tell whether at his words, or at the large bunch of grass, which he threw down all over his back. The pig cared not at all for other pigs, — indeed, he rather despised their society when there was anything to eat, and infinitely preferred their room to their company. But now, when there was nothing they could take away from him, it might be as well to see if there might not be something he could

take away from them ; and so, while trying to shake the grass off of his back, and get it into his mouth, he was really listening to Jack's proposal, though he did not appear to be paying the least attention. He wished, however, that his master would be gentleman enough to give him his grass in a decent manner, for even pigs have some notion of propriety, and some idea of how their food should be served.

"And now," said Jack, "for fear that something might happen as we walk along, and you should lose sight of me, and not be able to find me again, and so not see any little pigs to play with, after all, I'll just tie this rope round one of your fore-legs ; and then, whenever you wish, you can pull me up to you, and I will go wherever you would like."

A sly, comical twinkle came into the pig's eyes, as he heard this. "Ouf, ouf," he muttered ; and it sounded so much like "Yes, yes," that Jack stept over the sty, rope in hand, first tossing a large bunch of grass where the pig could reach it, and while he was busily eating it, he slipped the rope round one of his fore-legs, and made it fast. Then taking a board out of the sty, he walked out, followed by the pig, who, for once, was of the same mind as his master. The old woman, who had been pressing her wrinkled nose against the glass, till it was white and smooth, saw with surprise, Jack step out of the sty, followed by the pig, who was so delighted with the prospect of a walk, that he forgot to squeal.

"Look here, mother!" shouted Jack ; "I've got him."

Just then, the pig, who saw the end of a bone sticking out from under the door-stone, ran towards it with such rapidity, that he drew the rope almost out of Jack's hands, and nearly pulled him off his legs. The old woman ran to the door, as she saw her son's shock-head disappearing with astonishing swiftness.

"Throw me my cap," shouted Jack, who held on manfully ; "throw me my cap ; piggy and I have started."

He made one or two ineffectual attempts to pull the creature away from his bone ; but finally, he sat down on the door-stone.

"There's no hurry," said he to himself ; "the day is before us, and if I let him have his way this time, perhaps he will let me have mine next." "Pig has not the least idea where he is going, mother, and be sure you don't tell him," said Jack, as she appeared with the cap.

The pig, having satisfied himself that nothing farther was to be done with the bone, started off again, this time fortunately in the

right direction; and the old woman pulled off her only remaining shoe, and threw it after her son, for good luck. The shoe struck the pig on the back, and he turned round, apparently with the idea of resenting the insult; but seeing the shoe, caught it in his mouth, and began to chew it. Not finding it appetizing enough in his hungry condition, he soon dropped it, and continued to walk on at such a rapid rate, that he almost pulled his master's wrist out of joint. The latter had taken the precaution to wind the rope around his arm, to keep it from slipping through his fingers, and he was now dragged from one side of the road to the other by the erratic pig, who varied his course as his fancy dictated. His little blue eyes seemed perpetually roving about, either in search of his brother pigs that he was taken out to see, or else in the hope of finding something to eat. He had a strange propensity for diving into yards and doorways, in spite of Jack's pleasant words, and his assurances that no pigs lived there; and he was so

obstinate in this respect, that Jack was obliged to exert all his strength to prevent his being dragged after him.

At last, they came near the town, at the entrance of which stood the tavern; the sight of which made both the pig's and Jack's mouths water, at the thought of the good cheer which could be had there for man and beast. Jack knew it by his own experience, for many a fine dinner had he eaten there when he had money to spend; and the pig was not such a stupid stay-at-home, but that he knew a tavern when he saw it. By one of those lucky chances, which sometimes happen to the most unfortunate, as Jack was holding down his head, feeling a little ashamed at being seen in his present beggarly condition by any of his former comrades, he saw a small coin in the dust under his feet. He pounced upon it so quickly, that he nearly pulled the pig over. The latter gave an astonished squeal as he turned his head backwards, wondering what it was his master had found, and whether it would do for him to eat.

Jack considered a moment. He was sadly in want of something to eat and drink, but the coin was too small to buy both. He thought, on the whole, he would have something to drink; but what should he do with the pig meanwhile?

"Piggy," said he, unwinding the rope from his arm, but still keeping it in his hand, "I am going in here for a little while, to see some friends of mine, and enquire if their little pigs are at home, and where we shall find them. I shall keep tight hold of the rope, and whenever you pull it, I will come out; so, be a good pig, and stay close by the door."

Pig bent his ears forward, then turned them back, and apparently agreeing to every word that his master had said, followed him quietly, and sat down by the door, and looked into the highway with a sage, deliberative air. Meanwhile, Jack, still holding the rope in his hand, entered the dining-room, and tossing down his money, called for a cup of hot coffee. The pretty servant-girl was in no hurry to wait upon such a shabby customer, though she had taken many a shilling from him when he was in better circumstances. When he repeated his demand, in louder and more peremptory tones, she slowly took up the coffee-pot, and poured out the beverage, — very little coffee and very much water, — filling the cup up to the brim with the latter, which she persisted in pouring out, with her head turned half over her shoulder, to look at a young child, who was blowing soap-bubbles on a chair at the window.

"Stop!" said Jack, "not too much of that;" and to prevent his coffee from being ruined, he seized the cup with the hand in which he held the rope, and was about to carry it to his mouth, when his hand was suddenly pulled down, half the contents of the cup spilled, and he was dragged nearly across the floor.

The girl screamed. "The man's bewitched, or something worse," she cried.

"Confound the pig," cried Jack between his teeth, tightening the rope around his wrist, and changing the cup to the other hand. He had hardly tasted the remainder of the coffee, before the landlord, who had heard the scream of the servant, came hastily into the room, just as the impatient pig gave another desperate twitch at the rope. This nearly took Jack off his legs, and sent him reeling against the landlord, who, not expecting any such reception, tumbled onto the floor; and Jack, falling on top of him, flung the remainder of the coffee in his face. The landlord sputtered, and Jack stormed, and both rose to their feet. The host began to wipe coffee out of his eyes, and Jack wound the rope up on his arm in such a rage, that he pulled the pig into the front entry in spite of himself.

To enter the tavern, the pig was not at all averse, if he had only been brought there in a proper manner. Tired of waiting, he had already given his master two gentle hints to remind him of his promises. And the last twitches had been caused by the pig's curiosity to know what was going on inside. He saw a window open, and smelt something very savory; and not doubting but that some of his brother pigs were making merry, he walked to the casement, stood up on his hind-legs, and looked in. In doing this, he dragged his master away from the table, and spilled his coffee. But, sure enough, he saw pigs eating and drinking to their heart's content;—pigs, though they wore clothes, and did not appear to have but two legs. "Ah!" thought he, "how much that one in the white cap at the head of the table looks as my fat mother did before the man in the white frock carried her away." What a noise they made, eating as fast as he did! It was more than he could endure. He wagged his tail, and squealed in a frenzied rage at the sight of all the good things on the table—so much to eat, and he to have none!—he made a furious spring, hoping to leap into the room, and in the general fright and confusion, secure some delicate morsel for himself. By this jump, he dragged Jack and the landlord to the ground, and at the same time so entangled the rope,

that he could only get his fore-feet on the window-sill, where he hung and squealed till one of the men who was eating, turned round to see what was the matter. When he discovered the pig's dirty nose, he seized a huge tin dish-cover, and running towards him, was about to rap him over the head, when Jack, rising to his feet, and pulling the rope furiously, drew the pig away before the man had a chance to hit him one blow.

Seeing the pig disappear so suddenly, he stood, with his mouth wide open and the cover in his hand, looking out of the window. At last, muttering to himself, "the beast must be crazy," he sat down and began his dinner again, at the very place where he left off.

Pulled into the entry in this undignified manner, the pig ran against the landlady, who at that moment was carrying a dish of curds and whey to an old countrywoman and child, who were waiting for their refreshment in an inner room. He made a plunge

right between her feet, and upset her, throwing the curds and whey up to the ceiling, from which they descended in white showers. The pig was not so much abashed and confused at this unexpected recontre, but that he knew good victuals when he saw them, and he immediately began to suck up the savory mess with an infinite relish and a most pig-like noise.

The poor landlady, who did not at first understand the cause of her disaster, but had some dim idea that she had been blown up or rather knocked over by a torpedo, raised herself slowly from the floor, and finding that she had broken no bones, began to look about. She soon saw the vile pig, who, in exemplification of "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good," was devouring her curds and whey with incredible rapidity. She seized the first weapon that came to hand, a huge stone pitcher that stood on the entry-table, filled with water for thirsty travellers. After pouring all the water in it on her feet, in her haste to hit the pig, she was just about to strike him, when the creature quickly turned.

The cause of this unexpected movement was Jack, who, having secured the rope more tightly about his arm, was about to leave the barroom with as much expedition as possible, for the furious landlord having wiped the coffee out of his eyes, flew at his unfortunate customer with the poker which stood in the chimney-corner. Jack ran for his life; and in doing so pulled the pig away from the curds and whey, and turned him towards the landlady and her pitcher. Fear lent him strength and wings; he made at once for the open door; and pulling the pig's head into the pitcher, and the pitcher from the landlady's hand, darted up the road, dragging the animal after him.

The landlady stood at the door, with her arms akimbo, trying to understand the situation and account for her pitcher. The landlord ran a few steps, with his poker raised for a blow, when he thought better of it, and sitting down on a stone, laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, to see Jack hurrying away at full speed in a cloud of dust with the pig, whose head was still in the pitcher, behind him. Jack was frightened, but the pig was still more so, and was willing to run as fast as his master wished. He could not understand the cause of the sudden darkness, and the hideous roaring in his ears, and had it not been for the rope around his legs, he would have thought it would soon be all over with him. While that remained, he knew that he was in the flesh. But this sudden change, from the delicious curds and whey, to this frightful

running away, from he knew not what, was like being thrust suddenly out of Paradise into Purgatory.

Jack ran till he was entirely out of breath, but on looking behind him, and finding that he was not pursued, slackened his pace and concluded to take matters a little more coolly. He was now on the high-road to the next town, and as it was market-day, he soon had plenty of companions, all driving their various animals to market. But as none of them had a pig with his head in a pitcher, he was the subject of all sort of jeers and jokes. On some accounts, the episode of the pitcher was a fortunate one, for it made the pig more docile and more willing to be guided, as he could not possibly tell where to go himself.

At last, they met a drove of cattle which had been bought, and were being driven away from the market. Tired, warm, and thirsty, the over-driven beasts were furious, and it was all that the drivers could do, by shouts and blows, to keep them together. One sullen cow, with down-turned horns, glared at Jack in so savage a manner that he took to his heels and ran; and the pig, lest he should lose his fore-leg, ran also. The cow pursued them, bending down her head in a threatening manner at Jack's back, as if she were meditating a thrust and a toss. He ran directly to an old woman's stall, hoping to distract the cow's attention, and so escape. Seated near two huge baskets of eggs, the countrywoman was knitting composedly, unconscious of the impending danger. As he neared her, his foot slipped, but his impetus was so great, that, unable to stop, he plunged head-foremost into one basket of eggs and pulled the pig into the other.

The cow seeing her victims thus suddenly disappear, thought an old woman was better than nobody to toss, and stuck her horns into her red cloak. The woman did not lose her presence of mind. Nimbly she unbuttoned her cloak, and left the furious beast with the red rag over her horns, while she took refuge under her own table. In this plight, half blinded by the cloak, the cow was discovered by the drover, who, with several sharp blows with his walnut stick, turned her into the right road again. The old woman peered out from under her table, till, finding she was no longer in danger, she crept out just as Jack and the pig were rising out of the baskets. As the crowd saw them, covered with the yolks of the broken eggs, they shouted with laughter and assailed them with jokes.

"Have you found a mare's nest, mister?" shouted one.

"How's egg-pop?" cried another.

"Who'll have bacon and eggs?" roared a third. "Now's your chance."

"Were they all fresh?" asked a fourth, as he saw Jack attempting to clean his face.

"Don't wipe it off," cried a fifth; "white of eggs is good for sunburn, and you and your pig will be fair enough tomorrow."

The old woman who kept the stall began at first to scold, but ending by laughing, in spite of her loss, at the comical appearance of Jack and the pig.

"Ah, the terrible pig!" thought Jack. "I wish he had been in the bottom of the Red Sea before I had ever taken him out of the sty." When he could see again, he descried a big burly butcher among the crowd.

"Hollo, mister!" cried he; "will you buy a pig today?"

"Let me look at him," was the reply. The crowd parted on each side, to make way for Jack and the pig. Everybody wanted to see, but nobody cared to come very near him. Some one threw a stone at the pig, which struck the pitcher and cracked it. Piggy thought for an instant that heaven and earth were coming together; but he found, on the whole, that the blow was an advantage, for a gleam of light came through the crevice. When Jack and the pig stood fairly out before the butcher, he laughed till he grew purple in the face, and choked; but when he could speak, he said, "I do not buy pigs in a poke, master. I must see the creature's nose first."

"You may have him for nothing, if you will only take him," cried Jack.

"I don't know about that," said the fat man, solemnly; "people don't give away pigs unless something's the matter on 'em. He may have a horn on his nose, or be mad, for all that I know."

"If he isn't mad, his master is," muttered Jack.

"Break the pitcher," cried a voice in the crowd.

"No," said another; "that is to keep his head from being smashed when he tumbles into egg-baskets."

"It would have been better for his master's hair, if he had had one on too," laughed a third.

The idea of breaking the pitcher impressed the crowd favorably, and stones and brick-bats began to be thrown at the pig. Some of these hit the pitcher, some the pig's back, some Jack, and some the butcher. The butcher scolded and shook his fist, and Jack kept him company, while the pig squealed most horribly; all which manifestations only increased the pleasure of the crowd. At last,

one well-aimed, ponderous stone struck the pitcher fairly, and broke it in pieces. The pig was knocked down by the blow. The crowd fairly yelled with delight.

"Now's your chance, Mr. Butcher! Will you buy the pig, or not? Look sharp for the horn?"

For an instant, the pig was stunned; but he soon rose to his feet. He saw the faces of the crowd, and glanced at the butcher, whom he recognized as the man in the white frock, who had carried away his mother, and who, pig-traditions said, ate pigs when he could get them. And to this, his perfidious master had brought him! With one loud squeal of rage and fright, he made a frenzied dash through the crowd, dragging his master after him.

In vain Jack strove to unwind the rope from his arm. It was piggy's turn now. He was off at full speed, dragging his master after him at the same unmerciful rate at which he himself had been dragged.

"Go it, piggy; the butcher is after you with his long knife! Hold on, master! you'll fetch up tomorrow. Hurrah for the two-forty. Take the inside track."

These were the last words that Jack heard. The furious pig soon dragged him beyond the sound of their voices; and the crowd, having exhausted all the fun that could be had from these two subjects, turned their attention elsewhere.

Without heeding whither they went, the pig rushed blindly forward, till at last, he plunged headlong into a pond, dragging his master after him. The cold water sobered them both. They were obliged to swim vigorously to keep from drowning, and both being this time of the same mind, neither thwarted the other in his attempts to reach the shore. At last, they reached the land, and being almost worn out with their exertions, they sat down, and gazed ruefully at each other.

After some moments, the pig squealed, "Master, I am going home; the sty is better than this. You can come, if you like, and show me the way; if you don't like, I shall drag you."

Wearily Jack rose. He was discouraged with his day's adventures, and meekly he preceded the pig. His mother was looking across the fields, shading her eyes with her hands from the level sunset rays. As they came near the house, and she saw her son being led back by the pig, a grim smile drew aside her wrinkled lips.

"Ah, Jack!" said she, as he came within hearing, "take an old woman's advice next time; and never attempt to persuade a pig, either for his own, or for anybody's good." E. C. J.

WILL'S WONDER-BOOK.

V.

"WHAT sort of a bean is this?" asked Polly, showing her grandmother a long, round, brown thing in the palm of her hand.

"That is a chrysalis; not a bean, dear," replied the old lady. "A butterfly of some sort is folded up in that little dark shell; and when the time comes, it will break out, and fly away."

"Will it be a silk-making butterfly?" asked Polly, examining it curiously.

"No; I think it is a common moth, and will never make any silk. The mulberry-tree moth is the fellow for silk."

"Tell us about him," said Will. "I've got some cocoons; but I don't see how they can ever be used."

"The caterpillars weave their yellow shrouds in a very curious way; not going round and round with the thread, but backward and forward, in one place after another; so that the silk of the inner cocoon can be wound off by the yard, without turning the little ball over. The threads come through two holes in the head of the caterpillar, and are fastened together in one by a sort of glue which comes with them. These threads are gold-colored, and very, very fine; and when many of them are put together, it is the best sort for weaving. It takes the caterpillars three or four days to make the cocoons; and before the chrysalides turn to moths, and eat their way out, the cocoons are put in an oven, or hot water, which kills the creatures. Then, the flossy covering is opened at one end, the fine, inner cocoon slipped out, and unwound by very

skilful workers, who put them in hot water, and reel off the silk of twenty or thirty cocoons at a time. A good-sized cocoon gives about three hundred yards of filament, as they call it; some, even six hundred. These fine threads are made strong enough to use, and woven into many useful and pretty things."

"What kind of looking moth is the silk moth?" asked Will.

"It is about an inch long, pale yellow, with dark streaks, wide wings, and short trunk. The eggs are about the size of mustard-seed; and the young worms are born in a few days, if kept in a warm place. They do nothing but eat, and shed their skins, which they do four times before the caterpillar is fully grown. In about thirty-two days, it begins to spin, then turns to a chrysalis, and in a few weeks comes out a moth, if not killed. They have to be taken great care of, for they are very tender; and cold easily kills them, or bad air, or not enough food. They have many diseases also; and silk-feeders have anxious times till the cocoons are safely spun. I was reading a pleasant account of the Italian silk-farms, the other day; and I will tell you about it. There are many mulberry-trees in Lombardy; and the people import silk-worms from Japan, in the egg, and hatch them at home. The eggs are gummed on sheets of paper, and sold by the quire, and called "egg-letters." The person who writes the account, says he saw a a farmhouse where the people were all busy with "egg-letters." Some worms were already grown; and the girls were bringing baskets of clean, fresh leaves for the yellow caterpillars, who crawled in and out, eating with a rustle which could be heard, — all hard at work, getting the little silk factories inside of them into good order. In one place were some newly-hatched grubs, about as big as needles, curled up, and sharp at both ends. The farmer's wife said they needed as much care as babies, and had to be coaxed to eat, for many died, because they were too young to find their way to their food. She showed also some silk freshly unwound. A long lock of soft, golden hair it seemed, tied with a blue ribbon, and very pretty. This person next went to see the mulberry-trees, with flocks of children at work on them, laughing and shouting, and stripping the leaves like a whirlwind."

"That must be fun. I wish we had silk-farms and factories here," said Will.

"We do. The silk crop of the United States is very large; for our worms can often be fed in the open air, and so are healthier than the European worms. The Middle and Southern States are

the best places. Dr. Franklin was interested in a silk-factory in Pennsylvania; and a Mrs. Wright, of Columbia, made a piece of silk, sixty yards long, from cocoons of her own raising, which was used for a dress for the Queen of England. The first silk coat and stockings made in New England, were worn in 1747, by the governor, Mr. Law; and in 1660, Charles I. wore a coronation robe made by Virginia silk-worms."

"Who first used these little fellows?" asked Will.

"The Chinese, I believe. The Greeks and Romans used silk for a long time, before they knew much about its manufacture; for the Romans conquered many nations, and carried home many treasures. When the Chinese peasants all wore silk, it was still so rare and costly at Rome, that one of the emperors would not allow the empress a robe of it. The Hindoos had a wild sort of silk-worm which could not be tamed; so they set guards to keep bats away by night, and birds by day, while the worms spun on the trees they had chosen. This kind made a coarse, dark silk, which could be worn many years, without any sign of wearing out. Many of our common caterpillars spin silky threads, as you know, for you often see their nests in the orchard. The caterpillar of the gold-tail moth wraps its eggs in hair from its own body. When the little ones come out, they cover the leaves, and feed, side by side, till they are ready to spin a wide-spreading, silken tent, with rooms enough to shelter them all from enemies and bad weather. So dainty are they, that they have carpets of silk under their feet; and in this nice little home they live merrily together till spring, when they go away and live alone till chrysalis-time comes. Caterpillars, in some places, migrate like swallows; and I remember seeing in a paper, some years ago, an account of an army of caterpillars marching through a swamp, over the bridge, in such quantities, that people were afraid to pass till they were gone."

"I like butterflies better than 'pussy-pillars,' as I used to call them; so I shall keep my chrysalis, and see if it won't turn out a pretty blue or yellow butterfly," said Polly, holding it carefully in her warm little hand.

"In a pretty French story, I read about a lady who used to hatch the silk-worms, by wearing them folded in flannel, in her bosom; for she was poor, and could not afford to lose any of the precious little creatures."

"I don't like them well enough for that; but I do wish I had a

caseful of lovely butterflies, like that lady whom we saw the other day," said Polly.

"I'd get you pecks, if grandma didn't think it was wrong to put pins through 'em, and drop camphor on their heads to kill 'em," said Will.

"I will give you a book full of beautifully-painted butterflies, with stories of them, and pretty bits of poetry. Won't that satisfy you?" asked the old lady, who hated cruelty to the humblest thing that lives.

"Oh, yes! that is splendid; and I'm ever so much obliged!" cried Polly, who knew the book, and had often longed to own it.

She ran to get it; and for an hour, two curly heads bent over the pages, enjoying the wonders of butterfly life, and talking learnedly of the "Purple Emperor," "Peacock," "Bufftip," "Painted Lady," "Blue Adonis," and the "Lace Wing," and "Death's Head Moths." When they came to the end, Will said, decidedly, —

"The next book I buy will be 'The Butterfly Hunters.'"

PALISSY, THE POTTER.

MORE than three hundred years ago, there lived in France, a man named Bernard Palissy. His grandfather, father, and uncles were, by trade, painters on glass; so was he. At that time, the windows in churches, castles, public buildings, and the houses of rich people, were made of painted glass. Bernard had taste and skill in drawing, and made the patterns that were to be copied on the glass. He liked, from the time he was a young boy, to wander about in the woods; and he carefully watched and studied plants, flowers, birds, insects, and rocks, till he could draw and color them with great exactness. He could also draw portraits tolerably, and learnt surveying. When he was eighteen, he left his home, and wandered about France nearly twelve years, closely observing people, buildings, animals, trees, earth, and stones, wherever he went; and for his support, painted windows and portraits, and surveyed land when he could. Then he married, and had his home in the town of Saintes, near to famous

salt-marshes. Here he worked at glass and portrait painting, with an occasional job at surveying, when a quarrel about certain pieces of the marshes would occur among his neighbors.

One day, he saw a beautiful cup, made in Italy. It was a rare specimen, of exquisite form, and the outside covered with pure-white, shining enamel. He had never seen anything like it before. Now, we have beautiful china, porcelain, and other earthen ware, of such variety, and so common, we can hardly think there could have been a time when a simple china cup was unknown, even in a king's palace. When Palissy saw this beautiful cup, he desired to make some like it, but he had no idea how it could be done. He knew nothing about making even the coarse clayware then in use. He never had seen such materials as those of which the cup was made; but that pure-white enamel, he was determined to discover how to make. He thought of the vases, cups, and urns, he might make; and how comfortably his family could live, his children be educated; and he would have time to devote to wanderings among the woods and forests, as he did years ago. He knew about mixing colors for his paints, and that was all. So, he went to work, bought different drugs, chemicals, sands, and earth; and mixed, melted, and covered pieces of coarse earthenware with them, and put them into potters' ovens and glass-blowers' furnaces, in hopes some piece would be covered with that white enamel, — the hope and desire of his life, which, he says, "he began to seek for, as a man gropes in the dark."

So, he toiled on for years. He spent all the time he could spare. Sometimes, he would work for weeks with his clay; and mixing different things together, taking accurate account of each, to be disappointed again and again. Then, when he was out of money and materials, he would return to glass-painting for a time; but he was very poor most always; and his wife made bitter complaints of his waste of money in such a foolish manner. Once, he had three hundred different mixings on pans, and sent them to be burned in an oven, and all were spoiled. Then, he built a furnace himself, and put the pieces of earthenware in, covered with something which might melt into white enamel; and when he had no money to buy wood to keep up the fire, he burned all the fence about his house; then broke up the chairs and tables, and began to take up the floor. He was called madman, fool! His wife despised him, his children were almost without food and clothes; and so, for a while, he abandoned his search for the *white enamel.*

Then, he had quite a prosperous business, and lived in comfort again. He was appointed to survey, or, as he says, "map out all the islands and country round our salt-marshes." These were not like what we call *salt-marsh*, but places where the sea-water was let in, to evaporate into salt. He was busy with this work more than a year. Then he had a little money, and began upon the enamels again.

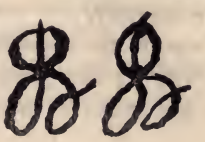
It is painful to read his accounts of what he suffered. How he watched his furnaces, through cold and heat, drenched with rain, half-starved. "I suffered an anguish that I cannot speak of. I was exhausted, and dried up, with the heat of my furnace. I was an object of mockery, and regarded as a madman." Sometimes, a little success would give him fresh courage; and, after years of labor and trials and disappointments, he made vases, cups, and earthen figures of birds, lizards, and butterflies, which he sold, and kept his family in comparative comfort. For sixteen years, he persevered; and success crowned all his efforts. He made most exquisite vases, plates, jars, and cups; adorned them with flowers, mosses, vines, and leaves, and among them, birds, crabs, and various little figures, all exactly copied, in color and shape, from nature. All these things became in great request; and Palissy was called upon to adorn the magnificent halls and palaces of the great nobles; and kings and queens delighted to employ his genius in decorating their gardens and dwellings. There was no want now in the household of Palissy. His sons were trained in the workrooms of the father, and assisted him in the great designs which he was called upon to execute.

Palissy removed to Paris, and was employed by the queen-mother, Catharine de Medici, who was then having built the Palace of the Tuileries. Bernard, after that, was called "Bernard of the Tuileries;" and besides the great ornaments he made for the gardens, such as fountains, rock-work, and life-size figures of men and women, which now are nearly all destroyed, there were statuettes, cups, vases, groups, basins, beautifully formed and painted, which still remain, and are sold now, when offered, at very high prices. There were some vases, a little while ago, in a window in Tremont Street, which are not unlike, if not imitations of, Palissy's wonderfully beautiful creations. Palissy was not only a potter; he was a man of science, and philosopher; and though a poor boy, with a very limited education, he wrote books, and made discoveries, which were far in advance of the learning and science

of his time. All learned men then, wrote in Latin; and he regretted he could not use that language in his books, as he feared they would not have many readers.

Palissy was a Huguenot; but was protected by some of the great nobles, because no one else could make the beautiful ornaments which they wanted. His house and workshop was once burned, and he taken to prison; but his powerful friends delivered him. His friends were cast into dungeons, burned at the stake, because they did not believe some doctrines of the established Catholic religion. Palissy had no desire to conceal his sentiments, — all knew he belonged to the proscribed sect, and was ready to suffer, if need be, in defence of them. He wrote, studied, and worked, till old age. One prevailing idea of Palissy was, that every talent any one possessed must be used constantly. If God gave him wisdom, strength, genius, he had no right to let it be idle. He was always urging upon the young people who came to him for advice and instruction, to study seriously all the wonderful works of God, which He had placed about them; and if any man made a discovery, he had no right to keep it to himself. "For it is written, that better is the fool who hides his folly, than the wise man who conceals his wisdom."

Kings and queens reigned and died. The old potter lived on, an old man, seventy-six years, teaching philosophy, and superintending his workshop. He still held firmly to his faith; but while he said little, his enemies knew well how staunch a Huguenot he was; and there came a day when they triumphed, and he was sent to the Bastile, where he lived four years. He was sentenced to be burned; but, though many of his friends thus suffered, he was left there all the four years; and there he died, in the year 1589.

After Bernard Palissy died, his sons kept up the manufactory; but they had not his taste and genius, and they could design nothing equal to him. What afterwards became of his descendants is not known. His secret died with him, for no one of his family possessed his skill and genius. No one knew how to combine, arrange, and distribute all the various substances, which gave the beauty, color, and lustre to his beautiful imitations of nature. This is the Potter's mark,  which was always engraven on the works he made.

COUSIN MARY.

LITTLE PEARL.

CHAPTER V. — LULE AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.

ONE morning, a week after the children's great fright about their father, Lule came to see Agnes and Cassy, and wanted them to go over to her house, to stay; for "Marm," she said, "had gone into town with Ben, and taken Harry and the baby. The little cousins had gone too; and she was left alone to get dinner for her father."

"I can't go, and leave Pearl," said Agnes. "She isn't well."

Pearl had not been well since the night on which she rode home from Mr. Humphrey's, when she took a severe cold, and now had a bad cough, and seemed weak and spiritless.

"Let her go too," replied Lule. "We can carry her — make a chair of our hands."

"Do you want to go, darling?" asked Agnes.

"Yes; I'll go," said Pearl. "Will you take Bliss?"

Agnes told Cassy to run and find him. "And let's get off," she said, "before Miss Muggins comes in from the barn."

"Isn't Miss Muggins in the kitchen?" said Lule. "Then, Agnes, you just run in and get the looking-glass, and bring it with us; won't you? I want it *awful.* I won't hurt it any."

Agnes got the glass, Cassy found Bliss, and all started off; Jero following them. Mrs. Fenwick's kitchen always wore a neat and pleasant look; but this morning it seemed more cheery than ever. The tins glistened on the shelves; the glow from the great open fire mingled with the sunshine, that came in through the open windows and played on the cleanly-washed floor; and the tea-kettle on the crane hummed pleasantly.

"Now," said Lule, placing a seat in the sunshine for Pearl, and giving Harry's playthings to Bliss, "I am going to make some 'lasses candy; and you'll stir it, and see to it; won't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Cassy, archly; "and you may look in the glass all the time, if you want to."

"Oh, I've got a lot of other things to do," said Lule; "I'm going to make a mulberry pudding for dinner."

"Don't you wish you could make a looking-glass?" asked Cassy.

"Ha! ha! A looking-glass for dinner!" laughed Agnes.

"Well, how do they make them, 'Nes?" asked Lule, with great earnestness. "Do they make them out of glass, like window-glass?"

"Yes; I suppose so," answered Agnes. "It's quicksilver that makes the glass look that way."

"Quicksilver!" repeated Lule. "What's that? Why do they call it quicksilver?"

"Because," said Cassy, "they melt the silver, and put it on the glass, and it runs quick."

"Oh, good land!" cried Lule; "I believe I can make one. I've got a picayune."

She put the molasses on to boil, then found a piece of glass, and taking the silver and the shovel, sat down by the fire.

"It won't make a very large one," said Cassy, laughing.

"I know that," answered Lule; "but any kind of one is better than none;" and she heated the shovel to a white heat, put the silver piece on it, and — well, that was the end of the picayune.

"I should think it did run *quick*," said Lule. "Where did it go to?"

"I kept watching," replied Cassy, laughing, till the tears run, to see how funny Lule looked; "I kept watching, but I couldn't see."

"Now, I've lost my picayune, and burnt my face all up for nothing," said Lule, looking vexed; "and it's all your fault, Cassy Marsh."

"Oh, don't get mad," said Cassy. "I didn't think 'twould do so; truly, I didn't."

Just then, the molasses boiled over and Lule's thoughts turned in another direction. The molasses already had boiled quite thick, and now began the tasting. By the time the candy was done, and had been worked and eaten, it was far too late for the mulberry pudding, and, indeed, quite near to the dinner-hour; and Lule had not had one good look at herself. So, she flew around, put the potatoes on to cook, and set the table; then she hung up the glass in a convenient place, and planted herself before it.

"Lule, do you think you are handsome?" asked Cassy.

"I don't know," said Lule. I like to know how I do look. I know how everybody else looks; and when I see myself only once in awhile, I forget."

"Oh, dear! I should think you'd know by this time," said Cassy.

Lule kept on looking, and looked so long, that, before she knew it, the noon shadows came on the floor, and her father was at the door.

"Oh!" she cried; "if he should see me, he'd think the old dragon himself had got here;" and taking the looking-glass, she ran with it into her mother's bedroom, which opened out of the kitchen. Mr. Fenwick came in in good humor, and was very glad to see the children; so the dinner passed off quite pleasantly. As soon as it was over, and her father arose from the table, Lule grew very uneasy. She watched every movement of her father's, fearing all the

time that he would go into the bedroom; and at last, he did go in.

"Oh, I'll catch it now!" said poor Lule. "Father never goes in there unless he wants to lie down; and I hid the glass right at the head of the bed. Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?" and, pale and trembling, she stood listening at the bedroom door.

"Highty-tighty! What's this?" they heard at length. "Lule, come here." Lule obeyed. "Come here," repeated her father; "come up here to me. Now, my darter," said he, "I know what this means. I caught you looking at yourself in a pail of water the other day. Now, come here, and look at yerself till yer'e contented;" and he hung the glass at such a height that Lule could just see herself, by standing on tiptoe. "Now, stand there, and look till I tell yer to stop; and if yer take yer eyes off once, I'll give yer a floggin';" and he sat beside her to watch.

Just then, Mrs. Fenwick and Ben came in; and Mr. Fenwick told Lule to take the looking-glass, and go home with the children.

MILESTONES OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

IV. — RESTORATION OF THE SAXON LINE, AND INVASION OF THE ROMANS.

WHEN Hardicanute dropped dead, with the wine-cup in his hand, the English, who had had enough of foreign rule, and still cherished proud memories of Alfred and Athelstan, declared that none but a Saxon should be their king, and selected Edward, one of Emma's children, who had been banished to Normandy by Canute, when he married their mother. Now, the most they knew of Edward, was his genealogy; and, as the sequel shows, their choice was made with more haste than wisdom.

"This Edward," says the chronicle, "was the son of King Ethelred; who was the son of Edgar; who was the son of Edmund; who was the son of Edward; who was the son of the great King Alfred, whose genealogy has been traced up to Adam." But he was more

Norman than Saxon; and he loved France and her people, language and customs, a great deal better than he did those of England, of which he knew almost nothing. Besides that, he had been educated for a monk, and was more skilled in the use of the pen than in that of the sword; and his piety gave him a much stronger title to the crozier and mitre, than his bravery ever did to the sceptre and crown; and the former were much more to his liking. But when Godwin, greatest among the Saxon earls, went to him, and told him it was his duty to quit the cloister for the court, Edward weakly yielded; and, caring as little for a wife as he did for a kingdom, took Editha and England together, as a sort of penance for his sins. Now, Editha was Earl Godwin's daughter, so beautiful and trustworthy, and honorable, and withal so meek and modest, that everybody loved her — everybody but her morose and superstitious husband, who thought it a sin to love her. Even Ingulphus, the Abbot of Croyland, gets eloquent when he talks about Editha. He says, "As the thorn is parent of the rose, so is Godwin of Editha;" and then he goes on to tell, as if he loved to sing her praises, how, when he was a little boy, he used to go to see his father, an officer in the king's palace, and Editha would meet him, and tax him with hard questions in his grammar and logic, in which she was very learned; and after making him say his verses to her, would reward him with silver pieces, and send him off with one of her maids to the buttery for refreshments.

Dear, gentle Editha! She deserved a happier fate than to be the unloved wife of an austere monk. She had a sad time of it, altogether. While she sat sorrowing and alone, there was Edward, in his English palace, pining for his cell in Normandy, and surrounded by his French favorites, who, in glib Norman dialect, openly ridiculed the "Saxon barbarians," as they called Editha's kinsfolk; and at the head of the people were the outraged father and brother of the neglected queen, stout Earl Godwin, and his noble son, Harold, who, jealous of foreign influence, looked upon the king with lowering brows, and cursed his friends in the broadest Saxon. So, without any intention of tyranny on the one side, or rebellion on the other, a quarrel arose between the king and his people, that ended in the banishment of Godwin and his family; and even sweet Editha was sent to a monastery, in punishment for their disobedience.

It was at this juncture that young William of Normandy arrived in England, on a visit to Edward, who was his second cousin; and

as his visit was fraught with important consequences, I must give you a brief account of the origin of this young duke, who became later the Conqueror of England.

In one of the first expeditions of the Danes against England, came Raoul, or Rollo, one of those younger sons of whom I have told you; and wintering there, he dreamed of a swarm of bees that buzzed awhile over his army, and then flew south over the seas. Following his own interpretation of the dream, in the spring, he sailed across the channel to the shores of France; and fighting and burning his way, inch by inch, he at last planted his standard on the site of the grand old town of Rouen; and, taking possession of the country round about, he at last became so powerful, that the King of France was forced to recognize him as the first duke of the province which was called Normandy, or the country of the Nothmen. Being baptized a Christian, he took the name of Robert, and from him a long line of powerful nobles succeeded to the dukedom.

One of these, Robert the Magnificent, or, as he is more commonly known, Robert the Devil, about to go on a pilgrimage, gave his little son, a handsome boy of seven, to his barons, as their ruler, in case he himself should not return, saying, "He is little, but he will grow." And he did grow to be that William, who, in 1051, went to visit his cousin of England. He took in the situation at a glance; saw the disaffection of the people, and the timidity of the king; and being a daring, high-spirited, and strong-willed young fellow of about twenty-one, he probably reasoned somewhat in this way: "My sober cousin, the confessor, is getting on in years. He has no son to succeed him. It were a pity so fair a territory should fall into the hands of a Saxon churl. Why should not I, a noble gentleman of France, come over with a few hundred archers, and subdue this undisciplined people, and portion out their rich lands to my knights? I will do it; and William I. of Normandy shall become William I. of England." There was only one obstacle to his success, and that was, that the people idolized Harold, and had already begun to regard him as Edward's successor. William saw this too; and, while he so won the favor of the king, that it is said, the latter promised him the throne, he also ingratiated himself afterwards with Harold, whose family the people compelled Edward to recall from banishment; so that he also promised to support William's claim. So, with high hopes, the young duke returned to his own country.

Meantime, Godwin and Harold regained all their old supremacy over Edward; and, upon his death, in 1066, the people, wild with joy, crowned Harold king on the very day of the confessor's funeral. William was not a patient man, as the story of his courtship shows; and you may imagine his anger, when, as he was hunting in his park at Rouen, the news was brought him of Harold's usurpation. But he wasted no time in words. He sent straight to the pope for his blessing; and receiving from him a consecrated banner, he compelled the attendance of his reluctant barons, leaving to his excellent queen, Matilda, the regency of his dukedom. He embarked on a splendid galley, the parting gift of his wife, on the prow of which was a figure in bronze of their darling boy, in the act of aiming an arrow at England, and landed on the English coast in September, 1066. At the same time, Tostig, a brother of Harold, with whom he was not on good terms, and the King of Norway, having taken up William's cause, had landed on another part of the coast, where Harold generously sent a message to his brother, promising him an earldom, if he would abandon the contest.

"And what will he give to my friend, the King of Norway?" asked Tostig.

"Seven feet of earth for a grave," replied the messenger.

"No more?" asked Tostig, scornfully.

"A little more, perhaps, if he is a very tall man," said the envoy.

"Go back, then!" cried Tostig, in anger; "and tell my brother, to make ready for the fight."

Make ready he did; and with such success, that ere sunset, upon that bloody field lay dead, Tostig, the Norse king, and every chieftain of renown whom they had led to battle. But for Harold, who, flushed with victory, sat that night, drinking wassail with his followers, sad reverses were preparing. Worn with hard riding, and bedraggled with mire, horsemen, flying from the outposts, interrupted the festivities, to announce that the Normans had landed. Speed was needed, and haste was made; and, on the 14th of October, 1066, was fought the famous battle of Hastings, whose close saw a French king seated on the English throne. Fiercely waged the fight through all that autumn day; and bravely did Harold and his young brothers upbear their standard — a Saxon warrior, embroidered with gold and precious stones. But Saxon valor proved no match for Norman strategy; and when Harold fell, his brain pierced with an arrow, the English felt that the day was lost.

The moon, as she rose in the heavens that night, looked down at the dreadful sight below, and paled, and hid her face. On the spot where Harold fell was pitched the Conqueror's tent, from which came songs of triumph and revelry; while, from the gory field outside, went up the groans of thousands of Saxons in the last agonies of death; and sadly, up and down, by the spectral light of torches, the mother of Harold with two monks, sought vainly amid heaps of their slain friends for the body of the king.

"And the warrior worked in golden thread and precious stones, lay low, all torn, and soiled with blood; and the three Norman lions kept watch over the field." COUSIN ALICE.

WAITING TO SEE.

I WENT walking one morning,
Before the sun could see;
When all the birds were singing,
As glad as birds could be,
And all the brooks were laughing,
Because they were so free.

Only the morning-glories
Were through their latest naps;
All the grasses were holding
The dewdrops on their laps;
And half the dandelions
Were drest in round, lace caps.

Clouds were down in the river,
Just like those in the sky;
God must have dropped them, surely,
From where He sat, so high.
"Wouldn't He come and get them,"
I wondered, "by and by?"

I thought, "If I might see Him,
Oh, how long I would stay!"
For I never could go to Heaven,
Till I had found the way.
And it is a weary journey
Up there, the people say.

I waited, down in the rushes,
So I should see Him plain;
And the sun shone, hours and hours,
Over the grass and grain;
But nobody came from Heaven
To take the clouds again.

My sister came to find me,
And smiled at what I told;
But, ah! I cried so sadly,
I could not be consoled, —
To think I never should see Him,
Till I was gray and old.

H. B. HUDSON.

GOLDEN-EYED PANSY.

A LITTLE thatched cottage stood at the entrance of a dark wood, and in it lived a poor widow with her little daughter, Pansy. Pansy was a dark little elf, with such heavy black locks falling over her brown cheeks, that she would have been thought very ugly, but for her wonderful, gleaming eyes, that glistened like the purest gold. She was a clever child, with a loving heart, and helped her mother as much as she could. But one day, the poor widow felt so ill that she could not rise from her bed, and she called her little girl to her side.

"Dear Pansy," said she, in a faint voice; "you must go to the nearest town for me, and fetch the doctor. Take some bread and a sup of milk with you, for you will not get home before nightfall."

Pansy's golden eyes filled with tears, for she loved her mother dearly; besides, she trembled at the thought that her way lay through the frightful wood. She had never before ventured to do more than peep through the opening, it looked so dark and fearful; but now she put on her little shawl, and taking a dry crust, and a can of milk, passed, with a beating heart, out of the bright sunshine, into the darkness and silence. The path was full of stones and underbrush; and though Pansy tried at first to run, she soon found it as much as she could do, to pick her way along, and her

little feet grew bruised and weary. But, strange to say, the way was no longer dark; for the light streamed so from her golden eyes, that all the animals came to look at the wonderful sight.

"What does this mean?" cried the blue-jay, to his neighbor, the crow.

"It seems as if they were two baby suns, like the big one out in the world, but travelling along much quicker than their old father," answered the crow, with his head on one side; and he flew along, above Pansy's head, crying, "Caw, caw!"

But the child did not understand bird-language, and she only felt frightened at the great, black creature, and hurried on with a wildly-beating heart.

Then, a lion came to peep at her through the trees; and he was so astonished, that he gave a great roar, which frightened little Pansy so, that she ran on with all her might, and cut great pieces out of her shoes, on the sharp stones. The poor child was all ready to cry, the wood seemed so long and dreary, and full of such terrible creatures; but she had a brave heart, and drying her eyes on the corner of her shawl, went on as fast as her bleeding feet would let her.

By-and-by, she saw a poor little bird, lying on the side of the path. It was too young to fly, and stretched out its beak for food; but the mother seemed to have left it there to die of hunger. Pansy put a few crumbs of bread into its bill, and rejoiced that it ate them. She would have liked to stay by it and feed it, until it was strong; but she could not stop a moment. So she strewed some more crumbs by its side, and bending over it, kissed it gently, and sped away. She had given more than half her crust to the bird; but, "Never mind," said she to herself; "I have still a big piece left, and the can of milk." Alas! the crow, who had been watching the bread for some time, with greedy eyes, now swooped down upon her, and snatching it from her hand, carried it off to a tall tree, where he devoured it in triumph. Poor little Pansy! "Never mind," said she, bravely; "the milk will be enough for my dinner;" and she trudged patiently on. She had not gone many steps farther, before she saw a huge serpent, gliding along the ground at her feet. He raised his head, and gazed at her, beseechingly.

"What is the matter?" said little Pansy. "Surely, you don't want to eat me! I can't stop to talk to you, because my poor mother is sick."

The serpent raised himself, and laid his head on the arm that carried the can of milk. Pansy felt her heart sink within her. It could not be that he wanted her milk. She was so hungry. But she could not resist the serpent's pleading looks; so she opened the can, and he instantly began to drink up the contents.

"I cannot wait for you to drink all," said Pansy, in distress. "Please, good Mr. Serpent, don't take any more."

But, as he did not move, she laid the can on the ground, and hurried on. "Never mind," said she to herself; "I must be almost out of the wood; and the poor serpent was very hungry."

Pansy had now been walking for several hours, and she felt weary and faint; but she tried not to think of herself; and folding her little hands on her breast, prayed that her dear mother might soon be made well. A rustling among the trees made her look around, and she spied a little lame hare, trying to escape from a fox that was chasing it.

"You naughty fellow!" cried Pansy. "Come to me, pretty hare, and I will carry you." She held out her arms, and the hare jumped lightly into them, and she went on her way. The hare lay very still, glancing at her with loving eyes; but he was a heavy load for the little arms that were so weary already.

By-and-by, Pansy spied an opening in the trees, and then she knew that she had almost reached the end of the wood. Her little bruised feet ached with fatigue, and the eyelids drooped over her beautiful golden eyes; but she pressed bravely on, and at last, stepped out into the sunlight, a pale, weary, little figure, with the hare in her arms. But, wonderful to tell, the hare, escaping from her hold, changed into a beautiful spirit.

"Darling little maiden," said she; "but for your aid in bringing me back to the sunlight, I might have been doomed to remain forever in enchantment. Tell me how I can reward you. What do you most wish for?"

"Make my poor sick mother well again," implored the child, while tears stood in her lovely eyes.

"Alas!" answered the spirit, sadly; "dear child, your mother is already dead."

"Then, let me go to her," said Pansy, wearily.

"What! Leave the beautiful world, and the sunshine, and sweet flowers?"

"Tell me," questioned the child, earnestly; "now, that my mother is dead, will not the great world be like the dark wood,

hard to walk in? Where they will take away my crust of bread, and leave me to die of hunger and weariness?"

The spirit held out her beautiful arms, and gazing with compassion at the lonely, tired child, said, "Little Pansy, you have earned your reward."

So the little maiden sank to rest on the kind spirit's bosom; and the next morning, a lovely flower with golden eyes waved gently to and fro in the breeze, at the entrance of the wood.

H. H. W.

THE STORY OF A ROYAL BENGAL TIGER, AND HOW HE PROVED HIS CLAIM TO THE TITLE.

I.

I HAVE always had a fondness for animals; and, in fact, I am, in a small way, the proprietor of a sort of menagerie, where young animals of the *genus homo* are brought to be fitted for domestic purposes. I always have a "Happy Family" among them too. A little tame pigeon, who coos and plumes herself, and flutters a little, now and then, without attempting any higher flight; and in friendly proximity to her, a little puss, with soft hair, whom, by continual stroking the right way, I have taught never to show her claws, not even to the wee mousie who sits beside her, and who is always nibbling pussie's spelling-book, and chewing her lead-pencils, and doing a thousand things naturally aggravating to the best-natured cat in the world. Then, there is my little Skye terrier, "Rough and Ready," I call him, with his bright eyes and his sagacious head; and his slower brother, the St. Bernard, always watchful, steady, reliable. Associating with these, in the happiest way, is my little patient mole, in her brown dress, who grubs away at her lessons all through the long recess, while the others are frisking in the sunshine; and my sly little monkey, who always stays out till the last minute of grace after bell-ringing; and then, leaping with long strides into his seat, and, stealing a sly peep into his geography, which he holds open between his thumb and finger, looks up into my face with such an air of being always in season, and such an audacious pretence that he and I have been waiting for somebody else, that I have to laugh at his tricks, in spite of

myself. These are true portraits of some of the little animals in my menagerie, of whom I am very fond.

Once a year, when the hot, sultry July days come, I open the cage doors, and let them all run wild in the woods and fields, for a month or two, while I myself stray up among the mountains, out of sight and sound of them all. It was on one of these occasions, not many summers ago, that I encountered a *Royal Bengal Tiger*.

I started from Boston early in the morning. I was tired when I started; and a long day's ride, in the heat and dust and roar and cinders, did not lessen my fatigue; but when, late in the afternoon, we began to wind in and out among the valleys, following the curves of the beautiful Androscoggin River, and at every new turn of the road caught magnificent glimpses of the great White-Mountain peaks; and when, on reaching my destination an hour later, I turned my eyes for one more glance, and for a moment saw their glorious summits bathed in the crimson glow of the coming evening, — I forgot every other feeling in my admiration of the scene.

After a hearty supper of berries and milk, I went to bed early, in order that I might be fresh for any adventure in the morning; first pulling back my curtain, as is my habit, to satisfy myself about the points of compass, by a look at the Great Bear, that prowls continually about the North Pole. I found neither Pole nor Bear that night; but the first thing in the morning, I discovered both directly under my window. There were veritable Pole, and Ursa Major, a great, rusty, black bear, stalking sullenly in the circumscribed orbit that a heavy chain allowed him; and, not far off, another, an Ursa Minor, in every sense of the term, — a little cub, which a lady, walking in the woods, had found, and brought the day before to the hotel. I went down at once, to make little bruin's acquaintance. He thrust his little black snout into my pocket without ceremony; but I soon found out that he wouldn't be a good bear, unless I gave him sugar-plums; and, as I don't like to have much to do with a disposition of that kind, I left him sitting on his haunches, and sucking his paws, in a Jack-Horner attitude that was quite comical.

The forenoon passed; and I had just composed myself to a comfortable, after-dinner nap, when there burst upon my ears an agonizing shriek; another, and another, in rapid succession, mingled with what seemed to be the fierce growls of an infuriated beast. I jumped off my bed, rapidly descended the stairs, and rushing out upon the piazza, found that the uproar proceeded from

a shady grass-plot, where half-a-dozen children stood screaming at the top of their lungs. Now, as I had taken this long journey expressly to get away from the noise of children, it was with no very pleasant emotions that I made this discovery; and it was, doubtless, in a tone of unfeigned horror at the disturbance, that, approaching the group, I asked, "What's all this?" The other children seemed cowed for a moment, till a youngster, of about nine years, with a smooth, brown skin, dark, flashing eyes, and pearly teeth, marched up to me, and said, in the deepest tones his little body could muster, "I'm a Royal Bengal Tiger; and I'm going to eat these children up;" and then dashed off in full pursuit of his anticipated meal.

I paused a moment for reflection. A *Royal Bengal Tiger!* And only a few days before, I had read of a woman, in India, who had been carried off by one of these savage animals. Was I, too, to be made a victim? Were all my promised peace and quiet to be broken up by him? Flying from the din of a noisy city to this secluded spot, here it was suddenly transformed into a jungle of wild beasts, their leader a Royal Bengal Tiger. The very name is ferocious, and awakens a fearful interest. This was, to me, a new species, and I resolved to observe him closely. "You have a very difficult character to sustain, Mr. Dark-Eyes," I thought; "for, to be a tiger, without ever degenerating to a cat, requires considerable manliness." But he did it; and from that moment, he never lost sight of his assumed part. That very night, after tea, I strayed into the great parlor, where I found the Tiger and his friends squatted in a circle, and playing "hunt the slipper." In the very height of their merriment, the waiter came in to make the necessary preparations for the usual evening "hop," when Tiger's mamma, evidently thinking that the children's hour was over, said quietly, "Come, my son; it's bedtime." Now, thought I, the cat must appear. He will set up a terrible "miaow" at the unceremonious interruption of his pleasures. But, no; he got up immediately, and marched off in the most stately manner, saying, with a low growl, as he put his velvet paw into my hand in passing me, "Now, I'm going to my den."

A SINGULAR fish is found in great numbers in the coast rivers of Alaska. It is about eight inches long, transparent, and the most fat of all the finny tribes. This fat, however, has not the oily, rancid taste of other fish, but is like fresh lard. When these fish are dried, the Indians often turn them to a novel and practical account — burn them, in place of candles. They give a clear, brilliant light, are not liable to be blown out by the wind. Mr. Manson, the Superintendent at Fort Simson, says that the tail should be lighted, instead of the head, and each fish will last about fifteen minutes.

TO STOP THE FLOW OF BLOOD. — The following mode of stopping the flow of blood should be remembered by every one. Housekeepers, mechanics, and others, handling knives, tools, and other instruments, frequently receive small cuts from which blood flows profusely, and often endangers life itself. Blood may be made to cease to flow as follows: Take the fine dust of tea, and bind it close to the wound — at all times accessible and easy to be obtained. After the blood has ceased to flow, laudanum may be advantageously applied to the wound. Due regard to these instructions would save agitation of mind, and running for a surgeon, who probably would make no better prescription if he were present.

FRETTING is a perpetual confession of weakness. It says, "I want to, and I can't." Fretting is like a little dog pawing and whining at a door, because he can't get in.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S POSSESSIONS. — Some idea of an English duke's estate may be had when we state that the country establishment of the Duke of Devonshire would occupy one of our large counties. The park immediately surrounding the palace contains three thousand acres. The principal gardens for vegetables, fruits, greenhouses, etc., is twenty-five acres. There are thirty greenhouses, each from fifty to seventy-five feet long. Three or four of these contain nothing but pineapples; others contain nothing but melons and cucumbers. One peach-tree on the glass wall measures fifty-one feet in width, fifteen feet in height, and bears ten hundred and sixty peaches. It is the largest in the world. The grapehouses, five or six in all, are seven hundred feet long. But what shall be said of the great conservatory, filled with every variety of tropical plants? It is one of the wonders of the world. It covers an acre of ground, is one hundred feet high, of oval shape,

and cost five hundred thousand dollars. It is heated by steam and hot-water pipes, which in all are six miles in length. The apparatus consumes six hundred tons of coal in a year.

A GENTLEMAN in Paris has the mania of collecting steel or metallic pens, of every possible pattern, and his museum is said to embrace nearly a thousand varieties. Another has spoons of all ages; and a third, knives and and forks. A beautiful pair of these, in carved ivory of the sixteenth century, was recently purchased by him at a sale for four thousand francs. Another mania is that of collecting monograms from letters. There is also the rage for buttons, beautiful pebbles, and last, not least, for keys, causing a great rummaging in the stocks of dealers in old iron and locksmiths. In fact, any kind of collecting which can be imagined is at once taken up and carried out in the most zealous manner, regardless of expense.

HOW GLADIATORIAL SHOWS WERE PUT AN END TO IN ROME. — Charity accomplished what no earthly power had dared to commence. An Eastern monk, named Telemachus, took up his staff one day and journeyed to Rome, to put down the gladiatorial combats. On the 1st of January, of the year A. D. 404, the Roman people, piled tier upon tier on the benches of the Coliseum, were celebrating the sixth consulate of Honorius. The arena had already been reddened with the blood of several pairs of gladiators, when, suddenly, in the thick of an assault of arms, which held every eye fixed and kept every mind in breathless suspense, a monk appeared, rushed forward with outstretched arms, and forced the swords asunder. At the sight, the astonished audience rose as one man, raising the question as to what madman it could be who dared to interrupt the pleasures of the most sovereign people. Then curses, threats, and, finally, stones rained from every circle. Telemachus fell dead, and the combatants finished their bout. His blood sealed the abolition of the games of blood; the martyrdom of the monk forced the resolution of Honorius, and the same year an edict was issued which put an end to these fearful amusements.

GOOD BOOKS. — Good books are to the young mind what the warming sun and the refreshing rain of spring are to the seeds which have lain dormant in the frosts of winter. They are more; for they may save from that which is worse than death, as well as bless with that which is better than life. — *Horace Mann.*

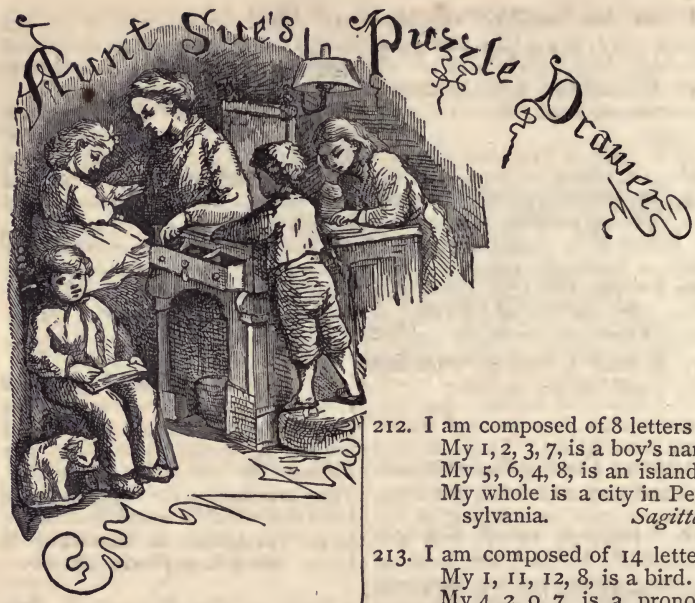
ENOUGH FOR BOTH. — A little sparrow lighted upon a trough from which a horse was eating. "Horsie," said the sparrow, timidly; "let me peck a little, only a grain or two, and you will still have enough."

"Help yourself," said the horse to the sparrow; "help yourself; there's enough for both of us."

And so they ate together, and neither suffered from hunger; and when the warm sunshine came, and swarms of flies buzzed around, the sparrow killed them by hundreds; and so the horse was well paid for his kindness.

THE Hindoos extend their hospitality to their enemies, saying, "The tree does not withdraw its shade even from the wood-cutter."

ONE drop of strong spirits of hartshorn will instantly remove the pain caused by the sting of a bee, wasp, or hornet.



FORREST

sends the longest list of correct answers, and wins the prize for June.

A very easy enigma for the little ones.

211. I am composed of 24 letters:
My 14, 1, 20, is an article of wearing apparel.
My 16, 10, 6, is a weight.
My 17, 7, 2, 12, is a precious metal.
My 23, 15, 8, is a troublesome animal.
My 21, 22, 3, 11, is to relate.
My 5, 15, 18, 20, 24, we don't like to take.
My 19, 13, is a pronoun.
My 9, 4, 23, 18, is what I am.
My whole is a well-known proverb. *Lou.*

212. I am composed of 8 letters:
My 1, 2, 3, 7, is a boy's name.
My 5, 6, 4, 8, is an island.
My whole is a city in Pennsylvania. *Sagittaw.*

213. I am composed of 14 letters:
My 1, 11, 12, 8, is a bird.
My 4, 2, 9, 7, is a pronoun.
My 10, 13, 11, is deplorable.
My 14, 3, 5, is a period of time.
My 2, 6, 12, is a tool.
My whole is what you now read.
Millard F. Richards.

214. I am a little word of wondrous weight,
And much affected by the would-be great;
Beheaded, or curtailed, in either view,
Straightway appear my prepositions two;
Reversed, a simple privative you'll find,
Or snarl, which you can easily unwind. *Tempy.*

215. Hes's glon ni reh cafe,
Hes's nife ni reh honr,
Lesh'l quycilk teg aft,
Thouwit kace ro norc;
Hes's nacle ni reh sawj,
Dan lufl ni reh inche,
Hes's ayhev ni fankl,
Dan dwie ni reh nilo.
Eddie E. Perkins.

NAMES OF PLACES IN IOWA.

216. A fluid, and a game of cards.

217. A tree, and a rush down a steep place.

218. A place of rest, and a stream.

219. An assembly, and bold, projecting points.
Northern Light.

220. Behead two different words, and leave the opposite of each. *Hero.*

221. Behead a poison, transpose, and leave a country,
Keystone.

NAMES OF PLANTS, FLOWERS, ETC., ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

222. A boy's nickname, a preposition, and a verb.

223. Something found in all houses (with "modern improvements"), and a girl's name.
Royal Blue.

224. Blarney stone. *Tempy.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

225. Hook a vessel. *Hero.*

226. You partook of food in wickedness. *Auntie.*

227. Achieve moral power.
A. R. T.

228. One of the nine. *Rena.*

ANAGRAMS.

229. I end my cat. *Fred.*

230. Sad, pan, sir. *Belle.*

231. Hogs hunt ores. *Joe Kose.*

232. At a duster. *Max.*

233. I see it in bliss. *Ned W.*

234. I paint car. *Anna W. N.*

235. Transpose a beverage into what everybody has done.
Fred.

236. 1000500110050. *C. W. J.*

237. 10001010001000300. *F. F.*

238. 90500. *Prairie Boy.*

239.

Aunt Sue.

☞ *Answers must reach me before the 5th of September. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send all communications intended for the PUZZLE DRAWER to "Aunt Sue," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JUNE NUMBER.

147. Monkshood.

148. Washington's birthday.

149. Alexandria.

150. Hiram Ulysses Grant.

151. Potato.

152. Personage.
153. Cardiac.
154. Jonquil.
155. Og, go.
156. Targe, grate.
157. Panicle, pelican, plaice, Celia.
158. Miserable.
159. Penitent.
160. Wadsworth.
161. Hurlburt.
162. Johnston.
163. Beauregard.
164. Watches.
165. Mnemosyne.
166. Theatricals.
167. Calisthenics.
168. Betrothal.
169. Flourished.
170. Secrete (see Crete).
171. When they are on the strike.
172. Smo*king*.
173. Roset, rose.
174. Obolus, bolus.
175. Bobolink.
176. Partridge.
177. Catamount.
178. Sparrow.
179. Suspicion and distrust are the greatest enemies to friendship.
180. Tools (two l s).
181. Olio.
182. Chromos are handsome pictures, but are not equal to those in oil-colors.

Of the above Puzzles, —

Forrest answers all but 151, 152, 173, 180.

Max answers all but 147, 152, 158, 170, 174.

Ixia answers all but 152, 153, 154, 168, 172, 180.

Keystone answers all but 147, 152, 154, 158, 161, 170.

Belle answers all but 153, 160, 165, 168, 174, 180.

F. R. S. answers all but 147, 156, 157, 170, 174, 180.

Joe Kose answers all but 152, 154, 157, 161, 165, 180.

Chester answers all but 151, 152, 153, 156, 158, 159, 161, 168, 170, 172, 173, 174, 178.

C. W. J. answers all but 150, 152, 153, 154, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 165, 168, 169, 170, 173, 174, 180.

Tempy answers 148, 149, 150, 156, 159, 162, 163, 164, 166, 170, 171, 172, 174, 175, 176, 178, 179, 181, 182.

Cicero answers 148, 149, 150, 151, 158, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 171, 172, 175, 176, 177, 181, 182.

Clara answers 148, 149, 151, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 171, 172, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179.

Empire State answers 162, 163, 164, 170, 171, 172, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 181, 182.

Carrie A. Leonard answers 148, 149, 150, 155, 162, 163, 164, 171, 172, 175, 177, 179, 182.

Minnie answers 148, 150, 156, 162, 163, 171, 172, 175, 176, 178, 179, 181, 182.

Lily and Rose answer 149, 175, 177.

W. T. Sharp answers 171, 175, 182.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Clara. I am delighted to hear from you again. I thought you had deserted us.

Sagittaw. We prefer to have our rebuses read by the sound, instead of by the spelling. "Two u's eye tea he a sea," will hardly do for "with ease." No. 146, in the May number, is a very good specimen. With these hints, you can get up a very nice one, judging by the specimen sent.

Hugh Howard. See remarks to *Sagittaw.*

Lillie C. would like to have *Annie F. May* correspond with her. Her address is Box 44, Springfield, New Jersey. Letters for the "Chatter-Box" should be addressed to Horace B. Fuller, 383 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.; but I question whether he will publish them, unless they are very generally interesting.

Empire State. I haven't the least idea who you are; but I like your nice, chatty letter. I frequently get lists of answers to puzzles without one word of greeting, and it seems so unsociable. I have not got the address you want. Shall I ask for it?

Lorain Lincoln. Somebody wants your address.

Carrie A. Leonard. I consider it a very excellent beginning.

Keystone. How could you come so near to the answer "secrete," without touching it? I looked in the dictionary for the "coin" you mention; and as I find it is "a small quantity of money," I credit you with the answer.

Forrest. Are you the same Forrest who won a prize in August, 1865? I have not got your address. When you send it, please state whether you have won the first or second prize.

As we like to give all our puzzlers an equal chance to find out the enigmas, etc., we do not care to receive any Latin riddles.

Several lists of answers were received last month, too late to be credited.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to Clara, Sagittaw, Hugh Howard, Lillie C., and Keystone.

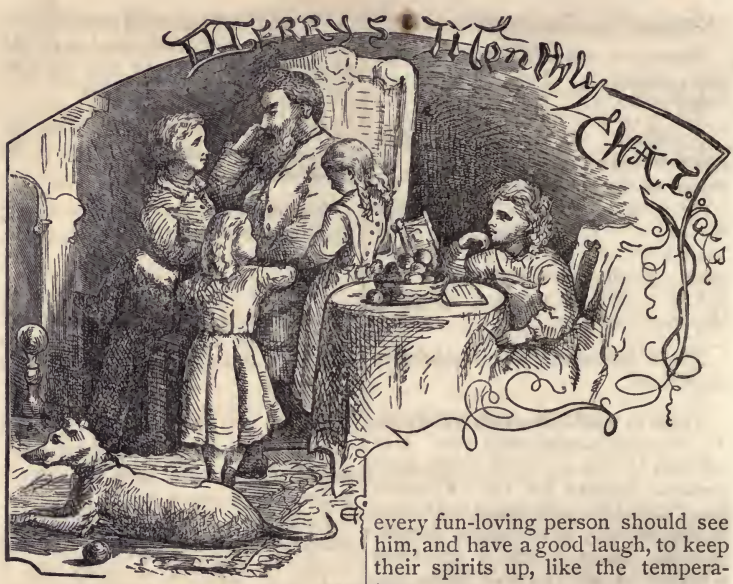
Puzzlers will please take notice, that we desire, in future, to receive all answers before the *fifth* of the month following the date of the magazine.

K. K. K. "Ku Klux Klan!" Your letter marked "official business," signed with such significant initials, and containing the order, "Falk over what you owe," *confusterificated* me greatly. I am happy to say that I don't owe a cent to anybody. If it be intended for a rebus, I must decline it, because it has been so used up. But don't be discouraged; try again. You must be an artist. That "fork" was a *chef d'œuvre.*

Willy Wisp does not desire the "credit" (which, in justice, I was about to give him,) for the rebus in the June number; because, in preparing it for the engraver, I substituted a "butt" (see *Webster*), for his "but." I should also add, that to illustrate "chromos," *W. W.* represented a crow with a scythe in its claws. I trust that he will consider this explanation as an *amende honorable*, for the omission of his signature and for the alteration of his designs.

Charlie. You will find the "explanation of the prizes" in the notice to *Dick*, on page eighty, of the February number.

Hero. Where is that photograph you promised me? I am prepared to exchange phizographs with any of the Cousins.



THE intense heat having spoilt our proposed cruise, by laying up our captain with a sun-stroke, we have no refreshing recollections of the briny deep to offer this month. Our ideas seem dried up, like the cucumber-vines; for, in weather like this, when Holmes's "Hot Spell" is the most appropriate song, Church's "Icebergs" the most popular picture, and Arctic soda and frozen pudding the only bearable food and drink, what *can* one do but lie and fan, sighing for east winds and a cloudy sky?

If any of the young Merry's wish to become merrier, let me advise them to go to Van Amburgh's Menagerie, and see young Hannibal, the baby elephant. Although as big as a couple of horses put together, he looks very small beside the full-grown Tipoo Saib, with his flapping ears, old, wrinkled skin, funny eyes, and gouty-looking legs. When he squeals for seed-cakes, robs pockets slyly, rolls over the camels, or lies on his back, playing with his own little tail like a kitten, he is so very comical, that every fun-loving person should see him, and have a good laugh, to keep their spirits up, like the temperature.

OWING to the illness of the author, we are obliged to go to press this month without the usual instalment of "Mink Curtiss."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Ragged Dick. By HORATIO ALGER, JR. Price, $1.25. Boston: A. K. Loring.

An entertaining story of street life in New York, originally published in the "Schoolmate."

The Old Brown Pitcher. By the author of "Susie's Six Birthdays." Price, $1.00.

The Temperance Doctor. By Miss MARY DWINELL CHELLIS. Price, $1.25.

These handsome volumes are from the press of the National Temperance Society and Publication House (J. N. Stearns), New York, and are intended for Sunday School and Family Libraries, for which they appear to be well adapted.

MERRY'S MUSEUM

VOL. I.] *SEPTEMBER*, 1868. [NO. 9.

PETS AND SPORTS IN TASMANIA.

JIMMY JUMPER.

SOME time ago, my friend, Miss Wideawake, and I made a charming visit at a country-seat named Elmhill. We spent the daytime with the grown-people of the house, but as soon as tea was over, we went to the library with the children, and played games and told stories.

Miss Wideawake's stories were delightful, at least, the children thought so; and I am going to write out some of them for the readers of the "Museum." I must, however, skip the questions and exclamations of her young listeners; nor can I tell how Geordie nearly broke his neck in trying to climb like an opossum; or how Harry spoiled the jackstraws, making a nest like a swan; or how Nellie screamed like a cockatoo, or how Maggie chattered like a magpie. All this — the spice, as one may say — must be left out, or Uncle Robert will certainly say, "Too long;" and toss the manuscript into his waste-basket. Even now, I fancy him looking it over, and thinking, "Why can't people come to the point at once?"

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by H. B. FULLER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

So, without further explanations, I will give my friend's account of her Jimmy Jumper.

"When I was with my grandparents in Tasmania," said Miss Wideawake, — "Tasmania is an island, lying southeast of the southern extremity of Australia, — when I was in Tasmania, I had an opossum named Jimmy Jumper. I never saw an American opossum; but the Tasmanian is a pretty creature, growing somewhat larger than a very large cat, — dark-gray, black, dark-brown, or golden-brown in color, with delicate ears, brilliantly dark eyes, a nose and whiskers shaped like those of a mouse, and a peculiarly pleasing expression of face. The female cannot spare her forepaws to hold her baby opossum as human mothers hold their darling infants, so she has a pouch into which she puts it as soon as it is born; and in this soft, warm cradle it lies at ease, eating and sleeping until it has acquired some size and strength, when it grows curious about the world it has entered, and pops up its head in a manner very funny to see. By-and-by, it desires to feel the sunshine and to nibble the fresh grass, when it hops out; but if tired, hungry, or frightened, it returns to its resting-place until it is too large for the cozy nest. Possy has a wonderful tail, long, strong, and able to cling so tightly that the owner can swing his whole weight by it; and even when shot in this position, he will remain hanging a minute before dropping to the ground.

"It seems almost cruel to kill the merry creatures, but people do very often; sometimes for their fur, which makes handsome rugs, sometimes for their fat little bodies which are fed to dogs, and sometimes because of their naughty pranks with the farmers' crops. Moonlight nights are dangerous for possy, for then the hunters can see him as he comes out of his house, — usually a hole in a tall tree, a peppermint-tree, if he can find one, — and frolics like a squirrel among the branches, or runs down to feast upon the grass and herbs below. Great is his glee when the corn fills its kernels with sweet milk, but a field of wheat-stacks, carefully bound, and placed in long rows like soldiers at a review, drives him almost frantic with pleasure. He proclaims the discovery to his kindred, and invites all the kangaroos in the neighborhood to partake of the banquet. Soon the fun grows furious. The tricksy creatures unbind the sheaves and let down the nodding heads, they chase each other over and through the fallen grain, they nibble here and there, wasting much more than they consume, and leaving traces of their revelry all over the once well-ordered field.

"Grandpapa, who was one of the neatest of farmers, always looked displeased when opossums were mentioned; and often sent Tom, one of the farm-servants, to shoot them. Neither of them told me about it, however, for I could not bear the thought of their being killed; and so, when I asked, 'What is to be the game to-night, Tom?' he answered, 'Devils, miss,' and passed gravely on.

"I didn't care for the devils; indeed, I rather liked to have them put out of the way; for though they are a species of opossum, they are ferocious animals, always prowling about at night after sheep and poultry; and I feared for my pets among the flocks and in the fowl-yard. I, therefore, slept quietly through the hunts, which I certainly should not have done, had I seen in fancy my sprightly favorites cut down in the midst of their merry gambols. Then Tom really shot or trapped a good many devils, and showed me their skins; also native cats, which were mischievous when alive, and good for nothing after they were dead. He killed a wolf, too, now and then; so that I suspected nothing until I was enlightened by a present of a baby-opossum.

"'You see, I couldn't help it,' said Tom, in an apologetic way; 'I really couldn't. The doe, she was scatterin' the wheat like mad, and bitin' it, and jumpin' on it, and it wa'nt in human nature, leastways in farmer nature, not to raise my gun and pull the trigger. She dropped dead, miss. She never know'd what hurt her; and I jest took this little feller out of her pouch and brought it to you.'

"'Poor little mother! poor little orphan!' I said, sorrowfully; 'but I thank you, Tom, ever so much. I suppose they ought to be killed, at least some of them, for they are very destructive to the grain; and I walked slowly away to ask if I might keep my treasure.

"'Yes, if you choose,' replied grandpapa; 'but, mark my words, you will wish the rascal dead in a week.'

"'I am afraid he will be more troublesome than amusing,' said grandmamma, with a faint sigh.

"'Ye'll be main glad to git red on't,' said the carpenter, who made the cage.

"I was very indignant at these repeated warnings. It seemed so hard-hearted to say such things about a baby-possy, particularly about one who had just lost his mother; but I listened in silence, resolved to admire and love my pet enough for the whole family put together, and fancied myself triumphantly receiving the acknowledgments of the different members when they should

become convinced of his many excellences, — an expectation which, by the way, was never fulfilled.

"Possy was about as large as a red squirrel when he came to me. He had grayish-brown fur, and a sweet winning face. I called him 'Jimmy Jumper,' in anticipation of his future activity, and found no occasion to change his name. He passed the day in a bed of wool and hay, but at dusk, he awoke, ready for supper and fun. He ate neatly enough to shame some little boys and girls at the family table, for he took the bread out of his sweetened milk, held it in his forepaws, which were furnished with long, slender toes, and swallowed quietly, as if he had been trained to good manners all his life. Soon I added parsley, nuts, and grass to his bill of fare, with sugar for dessert, of which he was extremely fond.

"After a time, Jimmy learned to open the door of his cage. I was proud of this accomplishment, and secretly vexed because nobody appeared as pleased as myself. 'Poor, dear little fellow,' I said; 'if you were a cockatoo, or a kangaroo, or Dog Floss, or Puss Silvertail, there would be fuss enough made over you; but, never mind, you shall have everything that a possy can have while you belong to me.'

"So I put a small table in the hall, on which I laid my pet's supper, and every day I fastened a fresh acacia-bush beside, as a reminder of his native woods. This proved most acceptable to Jimmy, who cantered into the house, scrambled up the tree, hooked his tail round an upper branch, and while swinging lightly to and fro took his food from the dish, and swallowed it, head downward. I used to fear he would choke; but when I remonstrated with him on the impropriety of his position, and tried to set him right, he gave me so decidedly to understand, that he knew his own business best, that I afterward kept my anxiety to myself.

"After supper, Jimmy's season of activity began; and such activity! The large, well-lighted sitting-room appeared to him much the best place for his pranks, and if he were shut out, away he scampered to the veranda, and popped in through an open window. If that resource failed him, back he came, and raced up the wall to the top of the door, calling and scolding, and ready to dart through if it were left ajar for a moment. This accomplished, how his eyes glittered! how innocent and unconscious he looked while plotting his small mischief! how he brushed his whiskers with his forepaw, or observed his tail until his plans were formed! and then, how he dashed ahead, minding nothing and nobody! Scud, scud, across

the piano, scattering the music-sheets as he ran; up the bookcase in a twinkling, for a view of the situation, dangling by his tail from the long hook put up for a bird-cage; down to the floor with a thump, to play at hide-and-seek in my skirts; up the back of my chair, to pull my braids, or tickle my ear with a half nibble; then pounce upon the table, eager for that fun of all fun, the upsetting of my work-basket, that he might see the spools roll about, and watch me as I pursued and captured the runaways. Nothing but a thunder-storm could keep him quiet at night. That was effectual. No matter how fully bent upon mischief he might be, the first distant peal, the first flash of lightning, sent him to his favorite hiding-place, a game-bag which usually hung in the hall. There, with his head thrust quite into a corner, and nothing visible from the outside but his overhanging tail, he remained, silent and motionless, until long after the shower had passed by.

"These antics, although vastly amusing at first, were, I must confess, rather wearisome after a time. I fondly hoped that increasing age might make my pet more careful, more considerate, less dangerous to the little conveniences and ornaments scattered about the rooms; but I hoped in vain. He continued just as giddy-headed, just as fleet-footed, and just as merry as ever, while his greater size made him much more destructive. Then, his habit of hooking himself to anything which would support him, and dropping unexpectedly on or in whatever happened to be beneath, was uncomfortable, to say the least. Sometimes he frightened a guest by a sudden descent to his head; sometimes he set Silvertail to growling and spitting by an equally familiar greeting; once he nearly terrified me out of my senses by bouncing upon me at night, after my nerves had been shaken by the death of a favorite dog from the bite of a snake; once he splashed into a great bowl of lemonade; and once he upset a dressing-glass and broke it to pieces.

"Jimmy tried that game once too often, and the occasion was this. Some English people of distinction, named Drayton, were visiting our next neighbor, and grandmamma invited them to a grand dinner which was fixed for seven o'clock in the evening. The whole house was put in gala trim; and I obtained permission to wear my very best dress, a blue silk, with pretty trimmings. Jimmy had his supper in his cage, which was fastened securely, as it was supposed; and the weather being warm, the doors and windows were left open, that the slight breeze which was stirring might find its way through the rooms.

"I meant to dress very early, that I might have plenty of time to decorate the table with cut flowers, but just as I was going to my room for that purpose, Tom brought me his cap full of young quails. The tiny, downy, brown things were so lovely, that I lingered over them longer than I was aware; and when I entered the dining-room with my blossoms, I found that I must make all possible haste. In my hurry, I dropped my handkerchief, and as I stooped to recover it, a light breeze came puff, puff, and sent it quite under the sideboard. I reached farther and farther, and finally almost lay down on the floor in my eagerness to seize it. Before I could rise, bump, thump, and a great blow fell upon my back. I thought my spine was broken. I imagined a horrid snake had darted upon me; but in a moment, I perceived that Jimmy had escaped from his cage, run up the sideboard, curled his tail round the stem of a tall glass dish of preserves, and let himself down on me, bringing his anticipated support with him. Over went the dish, breaking into fragments in the fall; away scampered Jimmy, with a gleeful chuckle aggravating to hear; and down poured the sweetmeats, flooding my skirt, running round my waist, trickling over my neck, and staining my lace sleeves with great splashes of crimson.

"I screamed; and the whole household rushed in, with uplifted hands, eyes wide open, and every variety of outcry and question. Dear, gentle grandmamma, flushed and worried, came as near me as her holiday garments would permit, asking anxiously, 'Are you hurt, my darling? My love, are you cut?'

"Dear, irritable grandpapa danced up and down the room, calling, 'Put him out! Catch him! Kill the rascal!'

"Tom and John, and Betsy and Clerie, following the master's commands, made vigorous dashes at the rogue, who raced across the sideboard, darted up the wall, and finally dashed through the open window to his cage, on which he perched himself, chuckling and laughing, and apparently challenging the entire family to a trial of speed.

"In the midst of the commotion, the guests arrived. My grandparents went to receive them; and I, gathering up my soiled skirts, fled to my chamber. After my blue silk, my wardrobe offered nothing more showy than a plain white muslin; but when I had placed in my hair a cluster of the richly-scented white-fringed stars of the peppermint-tree, which happened to be in blossom, and tied a blue sash round my waist, I was surprised to find myself

less self-conscious, more free, more at ease, and, therefore, in more really lady-like trim than when arrayed in the unlucky garments which had been so unexpectedly spoiled. So, I recovered my spirits, and went to the drawing-room, not only contented, but happy.

"The introductions were over, and I was just seating myself beside a pretty girl of my own age, when there was a skirr and chuckle; and behold, my pet was on my shoulder, greedily catching at the long, narrow peppermint leaves intermingled with the snowy blossoms which adorned my braids.

"'The rascal!' exclaimed grandpapa, his anger rising again at sight of the offender; whereupon, grandmamma gave a lively account of the recent disaster, not omitting my discomfiture at the ruin of my finest dress, or the sentence passed upon the merry, teasing rogue, who was to be shot the next morning, so soon as he should be fairly asleep.

"Tears filled my eyes at this mournful prospect for my poor favorite, which Mr. Drayton saw, and he at once declared that he should be only too happy to accept possy as a gift for his five-years' old son, who would be delighted with this addition to his little menagerie.

"The evening passed charmingly. The dinner was excellent, the conversation was animated, Miss Drayton sang sweetly; and when our guests departed, they took Jimmy with them. I never saw him again, but I learned that he lived comfortably with his new friends until he was killed by a strange dog belonging to a neighboring hunter." M. G. SLEEPER.

TEMPTATION.

LINNET, Bird Linnet! What, not stop a minute?
Whither so fast away?
Come to the garden, dear; cherries are plenty here,
Cherries red-ripe this day.

Come, let me hear you sing; come, dip your glossy wing
Where the cool water-brooks run;
Stoop for the clover-seed; light on the mullen-weed;
Chase the gay flies in the sun.

"No; 'neath the sunny sky, gauzy-winged dragon-fly,
I cannot wait to make mine
Sport I no longer seek, nor may I dip my beak
In the red cherry's sweet wine.

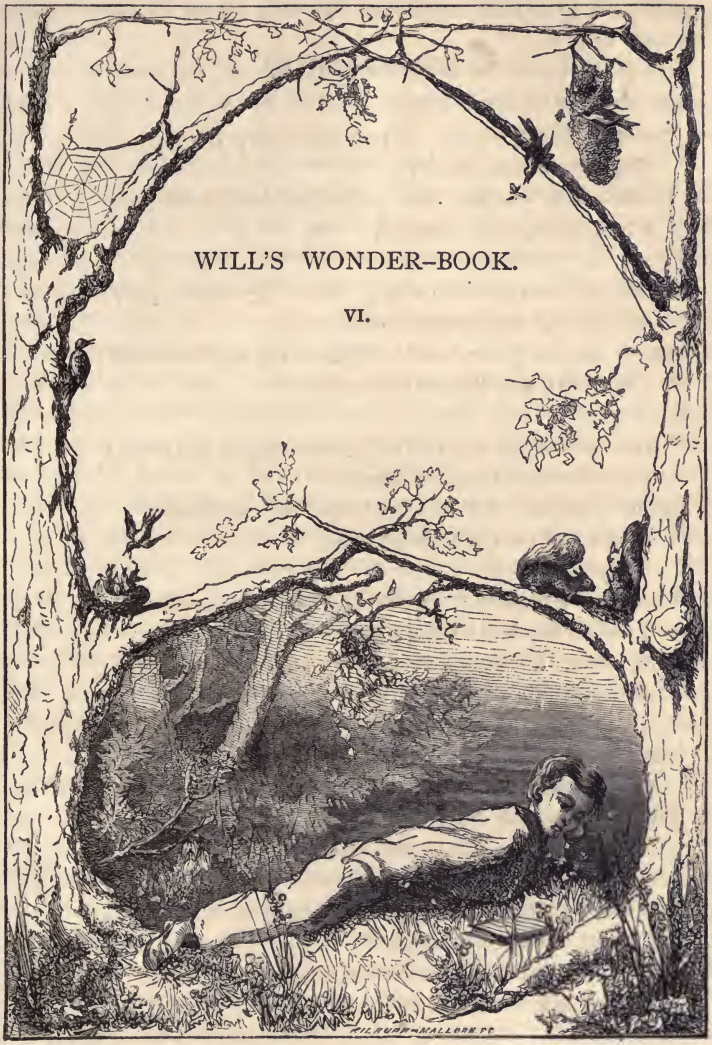
"I may not stay to look ev'n at the water-brook:
Yonder, my little ones three,
They whom I love the best, look from their leafy nest,
Hungry and waiting for me."

Ah, but you should not miss pleasure so great as this,
Ready and ripe for you here;
Though, from the heavy bough, hang they in plenty now,
Cherries don't last all the year.

Far away speedeth he, taking no heed of me,
Caring not here to alight;
Dear voices call to him, they who are all to him,
Why should I hinder his flight?

Go, Linnet; soar away; duty and love obey;
If to the right we hold fast,
We shall find everywhere something that's good and fair,
Even though cherry-time's past.

MRS. A. M. WELLS.



"WE have each got something for you to tell about, grandma," said Polly, one evening, showing a downy little mole which she had taken from her cat.

"Mine's a striped squirrel," added Will, displaying his with the pride of a young hunter.

"Poor little fellow! some cruel boy shot him for sport, I sup-

pose," said grandma, smoothing the soft fur on its breast where the shot went in.

Will looked as if he knew the "cruel boy," but didn't mean to betray him, for he said, hastily, — "Did you ever see a flying squirrel, ma'am?"

"Yes; it was dead, but very curious; and I should have liked to see it fly. It had large black eyes, round ears, and a tapering tail, with the hair disposed flatwise along the sides. The upper part of the body was light-brown; underneath, it was white. A hairy sort of membrane spreads along the sides of the body, and goes down to the toes on its fore and hind legs. This it spreads when flying, or leaping rather, for it keeps them up as the air lifts a kite. They can't stay up long, so they take care to start from high trees, and when they fall, cling to the lower branches. These leaps are from twelve to fourteen feet, my old book says; and when several go at once, they look like leaves blown about by the wind. When not flying, this membrane is folded up at the sides, and the creature looks much like other squirrels, except its queer tail.

"This sort, live in hollow trees, where they sleep by day, and come out toward night, very lively and busy. They live in flocks, several on one tree, which they seldom quit for the ground, always running along the branches. They have three or four little ones at a time, and store up food like other squirrels. They are easily tamed, and being fond of warmth, like to creep up people's sleeves or into their pockets."

"Our gray one used to do that. Tell about that kind, please," said Will; who didn't seem in any hurry to talk of his striped one.

"That kind come from northern climates, and they move from place to place. It is said, in Lapland, when on one of their marches they come to a river, they get pieces of bark and launch them, and, sitting in these queer boats, put up their bushy tails for sails, and cross in that way. If a storm rises, the poor little sailors are wrecked, and the people find many dead ones washed ashore. These they rejoice over, and sell their skins. Here, in parts of North America, they do mischief sometimes among the corn, by climbing up and eating the sweet kernels. Once there was a sort of law in Maryland, that every person was to bring four squirrels every year, and to be sure of it, the heads were given to the appointed person. In this way, many thousand squirrels were killed."

"I'd like to live in Maryland," muttered Will; trying to make

the dead creature sit up on a leaf, with its tail spread like the gray sailors.

"They are so active, that they are very difficult to shoot, and the best marksmen find it hard to hit them," added grandma; who hated guns, and always expected to see Will brought home in little bits, when he went out with his. "Black squirrels are said to swim great distances, using their tails as rudders. But the striped sort does not take to the water, I believe. They, like the common squirrel, gather food for winter, and carry grain home in their cheek-pouches."

"Yes; this one has got an acorn in one of its cheeks," cried Will, showing it.

"If you had found its hole, you would have found a very curious little grainery. They have many galleries, and several doors, so that when pursued they can pop in easily. There are many rooms, in each of which they put a different sort of food, — acorns in one, corn in another, nuts in a third; and so on. In winter, they live here, sleeping much, but sometimes waking, and feasting sumptuously in spite of bad weather. Fine days, they come out a little, but stay at home a good deal, as we do, and keep warm till spring. They are very fond of their young, and when the mother wishes to carry them about, she rolls each up in a ball, tail out, and takes them in her mouth, as a cat does her kittens. There used to be a family in this old elm, and I enjoyed seeing the good little mother feed and take care of her three lively babies. The cat killed the old one, and brought the tail to show me. I was very sorry; but, being an animal, puss knew no better; so I did not scold her."

Something in this speech made Will look uneasy, as he asked, anxiously, "Do the little ones starve, if the mother gets killed?"

"If they are very young, I suppose they do," began grandma; but Will cried eagerly, "This one's baby was running round with her, and getting acorns; so, I guess it won't die."

"*You* killed the mother, then?"

"Well, I didn't think; it was only for fun. I'm sorry, and I won't skin it, but make it a first-rate grave," stammered Will; looking ashamed of himself, for he did think now, and saw that *his* fun was pain and sorrow, death and helplessness, to poor Mrs. Squirrel and her little family.

"Don't look sober at him, he's sorry, and won't do it any more. Tell me if my mole is as nice as he looks?" said Polly; wishing to relieve Will.

Grandma smiled again, and took the plump, velvety mole in her hand.

"Yes; he's a busy little fellow, and does a deal of hard work with these strong fore-feet and snout. Its eyes are so small that it is sometimes thought they have none, but they have; see, here they are, tiny but bright, and half hidden in the thick fur. They hear wonderfully quick, and don't need eyes much, living as they do in the dark. They make arches of earth under ground, with pillars and partitions, weaving in grass and roots, and beating the dirt well to make it solid enough to keep out water. Under the main arch they make a mound, and spread a soft bed of leaves for the little ones, who lie high and dry, no matter how damp the weather. Many paths and galleries branch from the nest, and along these the moles run in and out, getting food, and attending to their affairs. In summer, they like meadows to burrow in, the earth being soft. They dig with their paws, and push the dirt up to get it out of the way, which makes what are called 'mole-hills.' They come out at night to hunt for worms, which they skin in a queer way before eating, and enjoy, as much as the owls enjoy eating the fat moles themselves. They are very affectionate, go in pairs, and don't care for any society beyond their family. In their dark little houses, they live happily together, with plenty to eat, and few enemies to disturb them; for they shut up the doors when they like, and revel down below, unless water or a spade comes to trouble them."

"How do you catch them?" asked Will.

"The cat will tell you," answered the old lady, slyly.

"No; that isn't fair! I won't try it, if you'll tell, grandma."

"Well, Dr. Darwin says, the best way is, to go early in the day, when the moles are working, and turn up one of their hills with a spade, then pour water into the hole, and out pops little moley in such a great fright, that he may be easily caught. When first taken, it squeaks shrilly, and fights with teeth and claws, for though gentle at home, they can be very fierce abroad, and often have battles with strange moles. A viper, a toad, and a mole were put in a cage, and the mole at once killed the two other prisoners."

"Smart little thing! I thought moles were a sort of mouse; they look like mice," said Polly, smoothing the velvet coat of her new acquaintance, while pussy sat purring with all her might, hoping to recover her lost supper.

"No; I believe they belong to the rat family, as they gnaw, and moles do not."

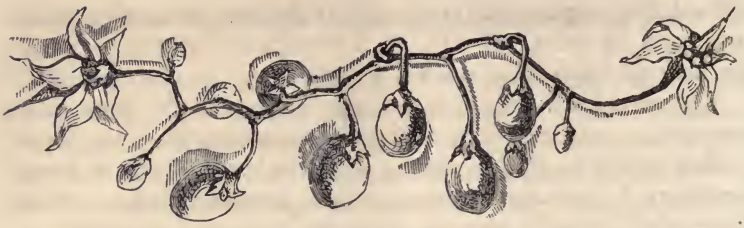
"What opera tune do young mice sing to their mothers?" broke in Will. "'Hear me, Norma (gnaw, ma).' Now, go on about mice, the field kind; we know house-mice, don't we, puss?"

"Field-mice have holes in the ground, and lay up nuts and corn. These holes are often divided into two apartments; one is a living-room, the other a dining-room, quite genteel and proper. As they have eight or ten little ones at once, it is a very sensible arrangement, for Mrs. Mouse could never get her meals with so many children under her feet. The nest of the harvest-mouse is very curious, for it is made of grass and straw, plaited together, perfectly round, and about as big as a cricket-ball. The door of the one I saw was so well hidden, that no one could find it; and the nest was so firm and round, that it rolled across a table without breaking or spilling the eight 'little blind mice' inside. This nest was found in an English wheat-field, hanging to a thistle. These mice use these nests in summer, and in winter live in the corn-ricks where they are carried at harvest-time."

"I like mice when they don't hop quick, and scare me. I wish I had a tame one to play with, they are so soft and cunning," said Polly.

"I read once about a Scotchman, who trained two mice to spin cotton. The machinery was arranged, so that each of these common mice could twist and reel one hundred or more threads a day; and to do this, the tiny little fellows had each to run over ten miles a day, in their tiny tread-mill. A half-penny worth of oat-meal fed one for a month, and at this rate, each mousie earned about six shillings a year."

As grandma paused, the children thanked her, and marched soberly away to the garden, to bury the mole and squirrel in the greenest of graves, — a proceeding which much disgusted and disappointed the cat.



THE STORY OF A ROYAL BENGAL TIGER, AND HOW HE PROVED HIS CLAIM TO THE TITLE.

II.

TALKING, the next day, with my friends, we wandered into a lovely forest-path, that seemed to wind to the summit of a hill. "The murmuring pines and the hemlocks, bearded with moss," stood like sentinels grown gray in the service, and whispered to us of a glorious view to be had from the crest. So, up we went. An enormous black snake rolled his hateful bulk across my path; and as I am foolishly afraid of these harmless reptiles, I proceeded in fear and trembling. But, in the enjoyment of the prospect that met my eyes when I reached the summit, — the five highest peaks of the White-Mountain range, all within the scope of our vision, — I was forgetting my fears, when I heard, in the distance, the voice of the Royal Bengal. "Oh, dear!" thought I; "here is an end to all enjoyment. With a noisy, romping boy to watch, who can appreciate the sublimity of these still mountain-tops?" The party soon came in sight, and proved to be the Tiger, his father, and sister. They had been, as we were, severely bitten by the black flies, with which that region is infested, and had covered their necks and faces as far as possible with their handkerchiefs, to protect them from further assaults. When I saw that, I said to myself, "Now, he will certainly snarl, and show his teeth;" for it really requires a more than full-grown patience to endure uncomplainingly the stings of these voracious blood-suckers. I was, however, pleasantly disappointed. He uttered a howl, which *he* called a "hurrah," when he gained the spot where we stood; waited patiently till the others had taken a long look through our opera-glasses; and then, thanking me for one which I half grudgingly

offered him, expecting to see it go over the precipice, took a rapid survey on all sides, and said, in a hearty, appreciative way, "It pays for the black flies; don't it, papa?"

We related our adventure with the snake, and after some conversation, concluded to descend the mountain together. The Tiger walked quietly by my side, pushing aside the bushes for me to pass; and when I remembered how a meaner animal of his kind would have enjoyed playing upon my fears, and tormented me with false alarms of the snake, I began to feel quite grateful to his tigership for his consideration, and to anticipate the pleasure of his company on other excursions.

Not long after this, we arranged a plan for visiting a famous ice-glen in the vicinity, — a place, deep in the recesses of the mountains, where the good people of the village said the ice never melted; and, though it was described as quite inaccessible to ladies, we resolved to try it. So, early one morning, we mustered our party, consisting of the Tiger's father, mother, and sister; our guide, a boy about seventeen, named *Head*, and one of his friends (who volunteered for the occasion, and whom, from his skilful helpfulness, I afterwards christened *Hands*); my friends, and myself. You may judge of my surprise, when, just as I was stepping into the wagon, which was to convey the ladies of the party to the place where we were to strike into the woods, I spied Tiger curled up in the bottom. He jumped out, as he saw me, with the peculiar growl with which he now always greeted me. "What, Tiger going?" said I, with some anxiety, for it really seemed too hard a jaunt for so young a chap; and I must confess, I had visions of a tired child and an anxious mother spoiling the day's sport.

"Oh, yes; Tiger always goes with us," said his father.

"Better ride till we get to the woods, my boy," added he, as he saw my doubtful looks.

"Oh, no, papa; there's hardly room for the ladies, without me."

"Plenty of room; get in," we all shouted.

"Better get in," muttered Head; "you'll have more walkin' than you'll want to do."

"That horse has got all he can do to carry the load he's got," said Tiger, with an important air that decided the question; and off we started. (What a *Royal* Tiger, not to whine and tease to be allowed to ride and drive, as most boys would have done.)

We awaited the arrival of the rest of the party at the edge of the woods, and presently saw Tiger leaping towards us. He was

in high spirits. "Just cut me a stick, papa," said he; "and I won't ask for anything else."

The stick being procured, we all set off at a brisk pace; but we did not keep it up long, for the deeper we went into the woods, the more intricate became the path, till at length it disappeared altogether. Then Head, with axe in hand, very properly went *ahead*, calling out to us to follow him. We held back timidly. "Where is the path? how can you find your way?" said we.

"Oh! I can tell by the lay of the land," replied he. And thus vaguely encouraged, but not without some misgivings, we proceeded.

Hands was everywhere; now breaking off the boughs, that pulled at our skirts to keep us back; and then standing ankle-deep in a bog, and making a bridge of his knee for us to cross. As for Tiger, he roared and capered at such a rate, that I half expected to see his poor relations, the wild cats, jump out from every covert to greet him. Now and then, Head cut a chip from the trees, as we wound our way in and out, in order that we might know our road home. This he called "blazing" the trees, though I did not see much *blaze* about it. I wished I could; it would have been so cheerful, there in the cold, damp darkness.

On we tramped, for five long weary hours, through almost impenetrable forest. Overhead, a thick tangle of interwoven branches, shutting out every ray of sunshine; underfoot, always a thicket of underbrush, disputing every inch of your passage; here, a great charred hemlock stump, that threatens to impale you on its blackened spikes, and from which you escape, at best, only in the condition of little Phœbe, when she "scratched her face and tore her clothes;" there, a huge dead trunk, which, when you would climb, to survey the waste over which you have wandered, crumbles to powder beneath your feet, and half buries you in the *debris*. Nothing to do, but to pick yourself up, and scramble on over great masses of rock, so loosely piled together, that, slipping on the soft green moss which offers a treacherous foothold, you plunge into the yawning throats of deep fissures that seem ready to swallow you bodily, or fall face downward into a great black chasm, where you feel, if you cannot see, the fiery eyes of hungry bears glaring at you.

At last, our trail led us to a sort of amphitheatre, — a large open circular place, carpeted with beautiful mosses of green and brown, and whose high and almost perpendicular walls of gray rock were hung with the gayest lichens of every color.

Hungry and tired, we threw ourselves down upon the soft floor,

declaring we would go no farther. After some consultation, Tiger's father said, that, having been at so much trouble to come so far, he thought he should like to see the ice, of which he had heard so much; but, as that was only to be reached by another hour's hard and dangerous climbing, he thought that he, with Head and Hands, had better go on, leaving us to await their return in our cool *grotto*. On hearing this, Tiger, who lay panting at our feet, started up with a sniff, and announced his intention to follow his father.

"O Tiger!" exclaimed his mother; "I cannot think of allowing you to go; you are already very tired."

"Mamma, you're too bad. I havn't complained at all. I came to see the ice, and I want to see the ice — with a decided toss of the head. It was natural enough that he should want to go on, equally natural that his parents should oppose it; but I expected that the cat would show his claws, and that there would be some sore scratching before the point was finally settled.

"You *can't* go, Tiger," said his sister, in an aggravating way.

"I *can* go; and I —" (He was going to say *shall*), but catching a look from his mother, he turned it into "Can't I go, papa? I want to go so much?"

"No, my son, replied his father, firmly but kindly; you are not old or strong enough for such a jaunt. If I had known how hard it was, I should not have brought you. If I should let you go on, the care of you would incommode me; your absence would occasion your mother great anxiety; and, besides, she will not wish to be left in this lonely place without any gentleman to protect her; you must stay and take care of her."

This idea seemed to strike him rather ludicrously, for he turned about, with the utmost good nature, saying, "Well, mamma; I am going to stay, and keep the bears from eating you up." Then, with a half regret, "Good-by, papa; be sure and bring me a piece of the ice."

No sooner were they gone, than we heard, far above us, a merry, rippling laugh, and looking up, saw the most beautiful form, dressed in a robe of silver spray, ornamented with diamond beads. Her dress was looped up, here and there, with vines of the emerald green bearberry; and round her head was a garland of the lovely linnea, whose twin flowers of delicate rose-color drooped over her fair forehead. She was, indeed, a lovely Princess Ilse; and she came jumping down, as only a water-nymph can, over the steep steps of the straight rock-wall, and tripped gaily up to where we sat.

How glad we all were to see her, especially the Tiger, who was very thirsty, and now stood patiently holding his little tin cup, which she filled for us each, in succession. Not until we were all quite satisfied would he take his long-coveted draught; and then he laid his head in the lap of the little Princess, and while she tossed his curly locks in wild disorder, she babbled away merrily like an innocent child, and told us in few words, the story of her life.

THE STORY OF THE LITTLE PRINCESS.

"I am the daughter of the Ice King," said she; "and my home is away up yonder in the ice-glen. My father has a cold hard heart, and the atmosphere of our home is always so stiff and formal, that when I was yet very little, I longed to escape from it, and to run down into the valleys and play with the happy children, whose voices I heard now and then, as they strayed into the edge of these dark woods. But when I murmured, and fretted, my father's stern form chilled me into silence; and so I remained always a a prisoner, yet ever striving to be free, till one warm summer day, when I had got older and stronger, the warm south wind stole softly into our cold dark dwelling, and whispered to me of beautiful sights and sounds out there in the bright world. Then, I could stand it no longer. 'I *will* be free,' I said; and breaking away from my father, who would have held me in his strong grasp, I dashed madly down these rocky steeps, fuming and foaming as I went. Seething and boiling with rage, I rushed ever faster and faster away. Oh! I was very, very angry, I can tell you; and I beat down everything that stood in my way. It was I who hollowed out this great hall where you are sitting, and a wild-looking place it was that day, but the summer comes every year and decks it anew, until it is now, the handsomest vestibule of my father's palace.

"I tore up, in my wrath, the great trees that lay in your path, as you came up. I tossed the great stones into heaps. Oh! I made sad havoc, as I streamed away into the broad sunshine: and I was so happy and gay when I got there! I laughed and frolicked, and leaped and tumbled, in the noisiest way; but at last, the miller caught me, and said, 'Ho! little one; it is not good for young folks to lead such a wild, aimless life. You will do much mischief if you rove about so, unrestrained All play and no work, makes Jack a mere shirk. You must come home with me. I will make you a broad bed, and tuck you in nicely, so that you

can't tumble out, and there you shall sleep quietly every night; but in the morning, you must get up early, and turn my great wheel, so that I can grind flour for the children's bread. And if you turn steadily all the morning, in the afternoon, I will open my gate, and you may run off to the meadow, and play with the children."

"Anything was better than going back to my cheerless home; so I agreed to the bargain. And now, I must scamper away, or the miller will scold."

So, off she ran, singing cheerfully as she went; and Tiger, who now heard his father's voice in the distance, and knew that we should soon bend our steps homeward, gave his mother a self-satisfied look, which said plainly, "You see, after all, I'm not the *worst* child in the world;" and ran shouting after her. But she was too fast for him, and a few moments later, we overtook him, and all walked slowly out of the woods together.

We were all footsore and hungry. The excitement of the thing was over, and nothing to anticipate but a long, tiresome walk. There was every excuse for us all to be cross, and complaining. Tiger did not seem to think so. He was as cheery and active as when he started. He said, once or twice, he "guessed supper would taste pretty good;" but he did not make the way longer and heavier by wishing "we *could* get there," and saying "Oh, dear! I'm *so* hungry; I wish I hadn't come," as many another boy would have done. He came running to me with the round-leaved orchis in his hand, which, in his eagerness to pluck, he had broken; and when I told him it was a rare plant which I had long been wanting, you should have seen the enthusiasm with which, tired as he was, he raced up and down the forest to find me a perfect specimen.

Just as the sun was sinking, we emerged from the woods. We stopped to drink some milk at the miller's, and there we saw the little Princess, in her dark working-dress, turning the great wheel for an extra grist. Here, the Tiger confirmed my good opinion of his good manners, by refusing to drink till all the rest were helped.

"Now, the animal will take his food," said he, to me; as his father gave him a swimming bowl of milk, which he swallowed with a rapidity that showed the keenness of his appetite.

After this, we had many pleasant excursions together, and during the three weeks ensuing on our first acquaintance, I was delighted to find him always the nobler animal; and at the end of my pleasant vacation, I was ready to do homage to his *Royalty*, and to crown him King of Boys.

COUSIN ALICE.

LITTLE PEARL.

CHAPTER VI. — MULBERRY HILL.

LITTLE Pearl had passed a restless night. It was late in the morning, and she was not yet awake. Agnes was setting the little play-table out on the piazza, and getting a nice breakfast for her; Bliss was sitting on the ground, making a hole in a heap of wet sand; and Cassy was riding Lenny, the pet pony, around the prairie. What a radiant morning it was. Sunshine poured down from the sky; the bobolinks and blue-jays sung blithely; the prairie-flowers looked as if they too knew how to be happy; and the tall grass waved in billows like the sea. Cassy was heartily enjoying her ride. She had no saddle nor bridle, and was sitting astride; but Lenny was in fine spirits, and ran round and round with the swiftness of a bird. "Now, Lenny, I'm agoing to shut my eyes," said Cassy; "and make believe I'm flying; and don't you run into the woods, and bump me up against a tree." Lenny didn't run into the woods, but she went a long way down the road; and when Cassy opened her eyes, she saw something in the distance, that caused her to jump off of Lenny's back, and run with all possible speed to the house. "O Agnes! Agnes!" she cried, running over Bliss, in her haste, and putting him in a passion; "father's coming. And there is another carriage behind him, with two gentlemen in it; and one is that Mr. Humphrey, I know it is; and he's come to 'marry me.' Oh, where shall I hide? Where shall I hide?"

"Why, Cassy Marsh! you little goose!" But before Agnes could say anything more, Cassy ran into the woods, and hid herself. The father came alone, though Cassy did see "another carriage behind him."

"I'm going to Mulberry Hill, today," he said to Agnes; "and one of you may go with me, if you'll get ready quickly."

"O papa! May I go?" said Pearl, who was dressed, and had had her breakfast. "I would like to so much;" and her face brightened.

"Why, it would not do for her to go; would it, father? She'd get her death of cold, coming home. Can't I go?"

"Whoever will get ready first," said the father. "But, Agnes, I think you had better let your little sister go. The ride might do her good."

"Pearl, you've nothing fit to wear," said Agnes. "Your clothes are all out of fix, and too small for you. It would take as much as an hour to get you ready; and father is in a hurry. Be good, darling, and you shall go next time. Cassy will come and stay with you; you'll not be alone; and I'll bring you a lot of good things when I come back."

Pearl turned away with a quivering lip. To go to Mulberry Hill with her father would have been the only pleasure that she could have really enjoyed. But Agnes hurried and dressed, and was in the carriage, waiting, before her father had time to give the matter a second thought. It was always a great delight to the children to go to Mulberry Hill; for, besides the ride, they had some very pleasant little friends there; and then, it was in every way a charming place to visit. Mrs. Pierce, the mother of their little friends, had been their mother's most choice friend; and to go there now was almost like going home, for they dearly loved their aunty, as they called Mrs. Pierce; and she was almost as fond of them as of her own little ones, and had kept them with her a long time after their mother died.

"Miss Muggins, take good care of the children," said the doctor, as he drove away from the door. "Find Cassy, and make her stay with them."

Cassy had just come to the edge of the woods, to take a peep toward the house, as Agnes and her father passed. "Why, where is the other carriage?" she said to herself. "I don't believe there was another; and where is Agnes going? Oh, where is Agnes going?"

Agnes tried to think that she was very happy, riding with her father that pleasant morning, going where she could see the town, going to Mulberry Hill. But, down in the depths of her heart, there was nothing but pain. Ah! little Agnes! other feet have turned aside out of the right way, to walk in pleasant paths, and found nothing but pain.

It was noon when they arrived at the Hill; and Agnes was tired and warm, and thought that the best part of the ride was going up the cool, shady avenue to the house. Mrs. Pierce came to the door as the carriage drove up. "My darling child! How glad I am to see you," she said, kissing Agnes over and over again. "And who have you there, doctor?" she exclaimed, pointing to the back of the carriage. "Why, surely, that is not Cassy? It can't be Cassy?"

The doctor turned quickly around, and, greatly to his surprise and shame, he did, indeed, find Cassy. There she was, sitting doubled up, back of the carriage, her feet hanging down, and covered with dust; her clothes and hat badly torn and soiled; and her long curls blown into stringlets, and quite hiding her sunburnt face.

"Cassy," said her father, "I shall punish you for this."

Mrs. Pierce, deeply grieved, led the poor child into the house, and took her up into the nursery, and gave her a bath, and had her dressed in some of her little girl's clean clothes; and then, her father told Mrs. Pierce to let her go into a room, and remain there alone, until he went home. But Mrs. Pierce said that "Cassy had sufficiently punished herself. She was very tired and lame, and her face was badly burnt;" and she thought that he had better excuse her this time; and, finally, he said that he would.

"Cassy Marsh, you ought to have one good whipping for this," said Agnes, when she and Cassy were left in the room alone for a moment, after Cassy came down into the parlor.

"I don't care what you say," said Cassy. "I'm here, anyway; and I'll have just as good a time as you do. It was very fine, wasn't it, for you to be all dressed up, and ride beside father? but I guess you wouldn't have come if I had been at home, old Miss Niceness."

"You mustn't be so afraid that somebody is coming to marry you next time," said Agnes, with a tantalizing laugh.

"Now, Agnes Marsh, if you go and tell Marly Pierce about that, I'll never forgive you, never! I'll do something to you that you won't like so very well."

Just then, Marly and his two little sisters, Helen and Jessie, rushed into the room. "We are just out of the schoolroom," they cried. "We knew that you were here; but Miss Brown wouldn't let us come down."

There was a joyous greeting. Jessie and Cassy were in each other's arms in an instant.

"Cassy, aren't you going to kiss me?" said Marly.

"No, of course not. Girls don't kiss boys," said Cassy; "but I'll shake hands with you;" and she put out her little brown hand with such a winning smile, that Marly said, "Well, boys kiss girls," and stooped to steal a kiss; but Cassy gave her head a sudden toss, and the thick curls covered her face.

"Oh, come with me, Cassy. I've got a lot of things to tell you," said Jessie.

"And so I've got a lot of things to tell you," said Cassy, following Jessie into the garden and down into the summer-house.

"Now, in the first place, do tell me how you ever got here, riding back of the carriage," said Jessie. "Why, I should have thought that you would have tumbled off every minute."

"No, I didn't tumble off," said Cassy; "but I had an awful time. Once, we passed some emigrants; and there were two big,

ugly-looking boys riding on a horse, and when they saw me, they began to laugh, holla, and go fast, so as to get up to me; and one of them said, 'Let's catch her, and put her into a meal-bag;' and then they whipped up the horse, and went just as fast as they could; and I tell you, if I wasn't frightened! I come pretty near screaming out."

"Oh, dear, dear me!" exclaimed Jessie. "What, if you had happened to have tumbled off just then? Why, I should have been frightened out of my senses. But I don't believe that I could do such a thing," said Jessie. "I don't know what my mother would do to me, if I did."

"Would she whip you?" asked Cassy.

"No; mother never whips; but she always shuts us up somewhere, and makes us stay till we feel pretty bad; and then comes and talks to us, and looks so sorry herself, that it is just as bad. I'd rather she would give a good whipping, and done with it."

"That's the way my mother used to do," said Cassy; "but father whips. Oh, he gave me an awful whipping once. I —"

"Listen," said Jessie. "Isn't Marly calling us?"

Yes; Marly was calling; and he soon found them in their hiding-place. "What are you way down here for?" he said. "Come up to the playhouse; we are ageing to have dinner there, all by ourselves, and they are getting it ready now."

"Oh, won't that be nice?" said Jessie; "dinner all by ourselves. Let's go, quick!"

Now, Helen and Jessie had the prettiest playhouse that any little girls ever had. It was, really, a little house by itself. It had been built for a smokehouse; but now it was painted, and had two windows with green blinds, and set in the garden in the shade of four great apple-trees. Inside, it was carpeted, and nicely furnished, and the walls were hung with charming little pictures; and here the children were to take their dinner. Helen and Agnes were already busy setting the table.

"Jessie, you and Cassy must be company," said Helen, when the others came; "and go, walk in the garden till dinner is ready."

"What's Marly ageing to be?" asked Cassy.

"Oh, Marly is ageing to be Agnes's husband; and I am ageing to be old-maid sister," said Helen.

"And you and Jessie," said Marly, "are to be the two Miss Noodles, from town; and you must be very nice, proper young ladies."

"Well, I shan't," said Cassy, "I don't like nice, proper people; they are afraid to sneeze as loud as they want to."

"Remember, Helen, that we are agoing to be company after dinner, too," said Jessie, with a meaning look; and she and Cassy ran back to the summer-house.

When dinner was ready, and the children were seated at the table, Mr. and Mrs. Pierce and the doctor came to the playhouse-door to take a look at them.

"Why, Agnes, you do not seem quite so merry as the others; what's the matter?" said Mr. Pierce.

"Oh, I'm mother," said Agnes; "I'm being dignified."

"Oh, that's it."

But Agnes was not merry, remorse and haunting fears took away all the pleasantness of the day, and she was heartily glad when her father was ready to go home.

"My dear," said Mrs. Pierce to her, as the carriage was waiting at the door, "I am coming to see you in a few days, — tomorrow, perhaps, — and I shall want to have a long talk with you, such as I sometimes have with my own little girls. You have not been happy today; and aunty wants to know all of your little troubles, dear. Will you tell aunty everything?"

Agnes's heart was full; tears filled her eyes in an instant. But there was no time for words. Her father was calling, and she hurried to the carriage.

MINK CURTISS; OR, LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS.

BY AN OLD HUNTER.

CHAPTER II.

(*Continued from the July Number.*)

NEVER did two happier boys return from wandering; and how much they had to tell. What a feast their supper was too; though both declared that the venison was not half as good as that they had eaten in the cabin of the hunter. And, how they teased their father to purchase them guns! The very height of their ambition now was to be like old Mink Curtiss!

"I remember the man well," said Mr. Martin, when they had finished their story. "He is a rough diamond — an unlearned but honest man, and a skilful hunter."

"And lives all alone?" interrupted Frank.

"Yes," replied his father; "most of his class do; they appear to love solitude. I will see him in the morning, my boys; and if there is not danger, I have no objections to your going with him."

Do you think the slumber of the tired boys was dreamless that night? If so, you are mistaken. Rabbits and squirrels, and musk-rats and deer, were strangely commingled; and, standing in the very midst of them, was the tall form of Mink Curtiss!

The boys needed no calling, and were up very early. The little song-birds were not sooner astir. Frank was first out of bed; and, running to the window, looked anxiously at the sky. The sun was not yet up; but there was a luminous gray mist hanging over the clearing and woodland, that gave promise of a pleasant day.

"Come, George!" he shouted, tugging at his more phlegmatic brother. "Come, it's time we were up; and, as I live, there is Mink Curtiss waiting for us!"

His words were true. The old man had been there for some time, sitting upon a log, waiting their coming. He had his trusty rifle in his hand, and a hound lay by his side, looking up, ever and anon, into his face, with wistful eyes and a low whine, as if chiding him for delay.

"Mornin', boys," he said, as they issued from the cabin-door, laden with the bountifully-filled basket their good mother had made ready for them.

"Good-morning, Mr. Curtiss," replied both, in a breath; and then, Frank continued, "What a splendid dog!"

"Wal, he am jest as good as he am han'some," replied the pleased old man. "Thar hain't er better dorg in ther hull state, and yer'll say so berfore night comes; won't they, Buck?" and he patted the head of his favorite, as one might have caressed a child.

"He must be splendid, indeed, if he is one-half as good as he is handsome. But, does he know as much about deer-hunting as you do, Mr. Curtiss?"

"'Han'some is as han'some does,' in all ther matters of this world, my boys; but what Buck don't know erbout huntin' hain't worth ther larnin'. Howsomever, thar hain't no use er praisin' even er dorg, ontil his work am done; so, we'd better be ergoin'. It

am er splendid mornin' fer huntin'; goin' ter be cloudy; and ther scent will lie long in ther sloos of ther perarer and ther thickets of ther forest. Am yer all ready, boys?"

"Aye, ready!" was responded with a most hearty good-will.

"Er good thing ter be. Did yer father ever tell yer that it whar ther arly bird that catches ther worm? Wal, thar am truth in ther sayin'; and though it am what some folks call er humbly one, you'll find it applies ter all ther things in life — shootin' deer, and all. Come, Buck; you and I orter know whar ther does find the browsin' ther sweetest;" and he whistled to his dog, and was about to start, when Mr. Martin issued from the house, and made his boys supremely happy by handing to each a gun he had procured for them after they had gone to sleep.

"My sons," he said; "in this country, more than any other, perhaps, in the world, it will be necessary for you to know the use of firearms; and you could have no better instructor than your good friend. Mr. Curtiss will instruct you in their use, and take care that no harm comes to you. May I not ask this favor of you, sir?"

"Sartinly, sartinly," replied the pleased old man. "I'll take ther best posserble keer on them; but it am God that watches over on us all."

"That is true; and one who is ever willing to acknowledge that, cannot fail to receive his reward. Good-day, sir. Good-by, my boys; and, remember, to obey your friend in everything."

The trio started, with the noble dog bounding on before, and the old hunter's thoughts found almost audible expression in these words: — "Ef thar whar more fathers in this world that would put more confidence in his boys arter this fashion, thar wouldn't be so many that whar continually breakin' through bonds, like unruly steers."

Was he right or wrong? Children, obey your parents, was a primal and a just law — one that should be ever heeded. Boys, when you think of breaking a parent's commands, remember, that he has greater experience than you, and, consequently, far more apt to be right, — the old hunter, Mink Curtiss, to the contrary notwithstanding.

The clearing was soon passed, and the dense, almost trailless forest reached. That done, the old man carefully examined the weapons of the boys, loaded them, placed them upon a "run-way," that is, where the deer would pass, and gave them his advice.

"I'm goin' ter send ther hound off; he knows ther trail, and jest as soon as he finds er deer will drive it this ar way. You must keep berhind this ar big tree, and when it am er passin', shoot it; and — wal, that am erbout all that kin be said. The rest will have ter be larned by experience. Don't talk, howsomever; but keep as still as church-mice."

The boys promised, and took their places under his watchful eyes; and, after a few words addressed to Buck by his master (as if he were a reasoning being), they saw the noble hound dash away, and remained in almost breathless silence. And not long (fortunately for their patience) were they kept in suspense; for, in a few moments, they heard the yelping of Buck, ringing as loud as a trumpet-call through the grand old woods.

"Hush!" whispered the old hunter, standing as firm as the trees around him, while the boys trembled like the wind-swept branches above; "hush! Buck has erwakened him from his mornin' nap, and he'll soon be crashin' down onter us. Then," he added, with a great deal of emphasis, "Don't fergit ter shoot."

The boys turned their eyes in the direction of the sound, and the "run-way" being clear of underbrush, they could see for some distance; and what a sight!

With a burst of speed such as nothing else can equal, a noble buck was dashing towards them. His head was thrown back; his antlers resting almost upon his shoulders, his nose in the air, his eyes flashing with fear, his sides throbbing with the wild beating of his heart, and his short tail waving like a white flag, as he cleared fully twenty feet at a bound. Ah! it was a glorious sight, even to the old man whose rifle had suddenly put an end to many such a race. As for the boys, they stood motionless as statues, almost as breathless.

And on! on! came one of the most beautiful of all God's living creatures. There was the sharp-fanged dog behind, and three death-dealing weapons in front. But he knew nothing of them. The sharp yelp of the hound had aroused him from his morning nap; he had sprung up, startled with dread, and dashed away almost with the speed of the wind. There could be no pause for rest.

But the eye of the old man was fixed upon the boys, rather than upon the deer, and his lips were parted with a peculiar smile. In a moment, the buck was upon them — had passed — and the boys stood, with open mouths and eyes, stupidly gazing after him, without having raised a gun!

"Why didn't yer shoot?" asked the old hunter.

"I — I — forgot I had a gun," replied Frank.

"And I — " responded his brother.

"Wal," said the old man, "yer hain't ther fust ones that has forgot ter shoot, by er long shot; and won't be ther last. But, don't take it ter heart. Thar 'll be enother erlong soon, or I don't know nothin' of deer or dorg. So, stand firm, and try ter remember what yer came her arter. Hark! Thar comes another. Look sharp, now!"

All their attention was turned to the swift-coming deer.

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

Both of their guns had gone off at the same instant.

The twin reports aroused the slumbering echoes of the forest, and the boys dropped their guns and sprang forward at the same instant, fully satisfied that they had proved themselves great hunters. But in this they were very much mistaken. There was neither blood nor venison, where they had expected to find both; and they turned, sadly disappointed, to where the old man was standing, leaning against a tree.

"Didn't we hit him? Didn't we hit him?" asked both in a breath, and trembling with excitement.

"Ef it had bin er elerphant, or er haystack, or ther side of er log cabin, yer mought have done so; but yer didn't aim cluss enuff ter hit onythin' else. Besides, it hain't ther easyest thing in ther world fer er green hand ter hit er deer when it am ergoin' past like er flash er lightnin'. It requires practice and keer, and er firm hand, and er steady and er quick and er true eye. So, don't be downhearted, boys; you'll larn yet."

"But the deer. We shall not get another; and I did so long to take father and mother home something I had shot myself," said Frank, with tears gathering in his eyes.

"I know jest how yer feel," replied Curtiss, with a sympathetic manner. "I remember, when I whar er boy, and my poor old father lay er dying, and my mother was sick too, and ther warn't er nabor within twenty miles on us, and nothin' ter eat in ther shanty, er takin' ther old man's gun, and ergoin' out, and tryin' ter kill er deer. But what, with sorrer and fear, I missed more'n one. Ah, me! It's many the year since then; and I'd give all ther deer and ther bear and ther catermounts I have shot, and ther beaver and otter and mink I have trapped, ter stand once more by my mother's knee."

Poor old man! He was alone in the world — all alone. There was no one to welcome him when he returned to his cabin; no one to mourn for his absence; no one to weep over his grave, if indeed, he had one when he was dead; and his thoughts naturally travelled back to the scenes of his childhood; and he mourned, as we all do, who are hastening towards the valley and the shadow of death, to be again an innocent little child — to stand by our mother's knee, and look into her sweet, almost holy face, for advice and tenderness.

"Yer kinnot understand this," he continued, drawing his hard, brown hand over his eyes, to wipe away the big tears that had gathered there; "yer kinnot understand this, boys; but ther time will come, ef yer live ter ony great length, when yer will. Howsomever, I shan't be long, now, before I see my old mother."

"She is living, then?" asked Frank, gulping down a sob, forgetful at the instant of all else in the world, save the sorrows of Mink Curtiss.

"Yes," he replied, sorrowfully, and pointing at the same time upwards: "yes; she is living there."

There was silence for a time, and then, he suddenly resumed, but with an entire change of voice and manner; for men leading the life he had, have but little time to waste in useless regrets. There lives are full of action. They may be called even from the burial of one they love, to protect themselves and their property from the Indians; may be awakened at midnight by the ringing war-whoop; may have their dreams dispelled by the house burning over their heads. So it had been with Mink Curtiss; and it had become second nature with him to command his feelings, or at least, disguise them.

"But, boys," he continued; "you've missed ther deer, and er fine four-point buck he whar, and I am sorry fer it. I almost wish I had shot myself. I think I mought have made him drop his white flag."

"What do you mean? A deer with a flag — a white flag? That is a signal of distress. At least, I think my sailor uncle so used to call it;" and Frank, forgetful of his recent sorrow, laughed heartily.

The old hunter was not wise enough in the ways of the ocean to correct the mistake he had made, and answered, in perfect good faith, "So it am er signal of distress. Yer mought have noticed that ther tail of er deer am white; that's what we call ther flag.

Now, when he am er runnin', full of life and anermile sperrits, he carries it high up; but jest as soon as he is hunted by er shot, he drops it. That's what we call lowerin' his flag; and yer may well say that it am er signal of distress. But that's nuther here nor thar, now. You want ter take hum some venerson; and we kin do it, though we'll have ter travel er pooty long distance."

"Can we not find the same deer again?"

"Not er bit on it. Many's ther miles he's erway now; and more'n likely, with ther does and ther fawns, er tellin' them what er run he had, and how two boys pointed somethin' at him, and made er noise like thunder; and how something rattled erway erbove his head like hail through the thick branches."

"Then we shot above his head?" asked George, whose chagrin had hitherto kept him silent.

"Sartinly. Yer hain't used ter yer guns; and it mought be that they go off hard, and when yer pulled ther trigger, it threw ther muzzle up in ther air, and it seemed as ef yer whar er taking aim at ther moon;" and the old man indulged in one of his silent laughs.

"I will remember that, thank you, sir, when I have an opportunity to shoot again."

"Thank you, sir!" The old hunter looked with wide-eyed astonishment upon the manly little fellow who answered him thus. Politeness was the exception, rather than the rule, in the vicinity where his cabin stood; and it did more towards riveting his friendship for the boy than any other one act could have done. Ah! if all the young readers (and the old ones too) of the MUSEUM would but practice politeness at all times, and the more especially towards the aged, how much more smoothly life would pass.

"Yer mind me," said the old man, with a smile of pleasure lighting the wrinkles of his face, "yer mind me of er leetle thing my mother taught me, that I hain't thought of fer many er year. She made me larn it, and I hain't fergit it yet. It am this:—

> "'Perliteness is ter do and say
> Ther kindest thing in ther kindest way.'

Always remember that, my boy, even with those of yer own age, and yer won't find many sticks or stones in yer trail of life. But we am er wastin' time. Let me see ef yer know how ter load yer guns. Be keerful erbout ther powder; fer though it am er good friend ter man, it am er most mighty bad enermy, I kin tell yer."

The old man watched them very carefully during the process of recharging their guns, giving them, now and then, minute directions; and when they had finished, he whistled to the dog, that had lain for some time panting by his side, and intently watching him with his great earnest eyes. "Yer think," he asked, "that yer good fer er long tramp, and er hard one too; do yer?"

"Yes," was the response of both, who were eager to have an opportunity to try their skill again. "Yes; we are certain that we can walk as fast and as far as you can."

"Young blood! Young blood!" laughed the old man. "But, although I don't mean to tire yer onnecessary, yet, yer'll find out berfore night that yer hain't no match fer these ar old bones and sinners."

"He is calling himself an old sinner," whispered Frank to his brother, not understanding that the word was a corruption of "sinew;" "and I think he is a mighty good man; don't you?"

"Yes," was the reply, also in a whisper; "but don't talk, Frank. Let's listen to him. I wonder what he is stopping for now?"

MILESTONES OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

V. — ENGLAND, UNDER THE NORMAN KINGS, THE FEUDAL SYSTEM, THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY, AND THE HOLY WARS.

N the red field of Hastings, Battle Abbey was built, and holy monks settled there to pray for the souls of all that were slain; and now, the luckless Saxons began to feel the weight of the Conqueror's strong arm, in the introduction into England of the *feudal system*, which, for a long time, had been in operation in other countries. By this system, no man could possess property, except by gift from the king, who, reserving the lion's share for himself, parcelled out the land in *fiefs* to his nobles. Each noble did homage for the gift by kneeling, uncovered, before his majesty, saluting him as his master, and swearing from that day to be his liegeman. So, the nobles and princes became what were called vassals of the king; and were obliged to obey his summons in time of peace, and to supply him

with arms, men, and money, to carry on war, according to the quantity of land they had received. The vassals, in their turn, divided their fiefs into estates, and gave them to those knights whose society they desired in peace, and whose service in war they wished to control; the knights bestowed smaller territory upon the *franklins*, a lower order; and so, the distribution was continued through all ranks, till it came to the peasants and laborers, who were called serfs, or villains, and were really slaves, being bought and sold like beasts, with the farms they tilled. In fact, the *feudal system* was a military despotism, in which there was no law but that of the strongest; and its motto of justice was, "Might makes right." Thus, it often happened, that one of these great crown vassals became more powerful than his sovereign lord; and so it had been with all the dukes of Normandy, who had behaved very haughtily to the French monarch; so that, when William came to conquer England, he did it in his own right, and without asking consent of his liege lord, the king. Having made himself king of England, he set about rewarding his followers, in true feudal fashion, with the fertile lands of the English, reducing the rightful owners to the condition of serfs; indeed, it is said, there is scarcely a noble family in England today, that can trace its descent from the Saxons before the Conquest. It provokes a smile, when an Englishman, nowadays, boasts of his ancestry, that they "came in with the Conqueror." Doubtless, there were some of noble birth, like "William *de* Conigsby" of the old rhyme, who —

> "Came out of Brittany,
> With his wife Tifany,
> And his maid Manpas,
> And his dogge Hardigras."

But William's army was a perfect rabble of nameless adventurers; and many a stout Flemish weaver and heavy Norman drover, whose hands had known no weapon save the shuttle or the goad, who had seized the dark bow, and donned the quilted frock, to follow his lord as a foot-soldier, found himself at last on horseback, "girded with the knightly baldric," and rode rough-shod over the "Saxon dog," as he soon learned to call his unhappy thrall, often of nobler blood than himself. Troublous times these for the Saxon. The Norman lion was everywhere rampant, and "blood was shed at random, and the bread was torn from the mouths of the wretched people." One thing only, they never yielded to the

brutality of the Conqueror. This was their native tongue; and the Saxon, modified only by Norman French, and a few other foreign elements since added, forms the groundwork of the English spoken by you and me today. So, when William made a register of all the lands for distribution, his courtiers called it *Le Role Royale;* but the Saxons, with sad significance, the "Dom-boc," for they knew it was a book of doom to them, and as the "Doomsday-Book," it has come down in history. The worst deed of this ruthless king, who, in the quaint words of the chronicle, "loved the tall deer, as if he had been their father," was the laying waste, by fire and sword, of a vast tract of country, to make himself a hunting-park, called the New Forest. After this wanton act, which brought starvation on "one hundred thousand souls, of both sexes and all ages," William, fearing the people would get together at night, to talk over their grievances, ordered them to put out their lights and cover up their fires on the tolling of a bell, called, from that circumstance, the *curfew*. He was of giant stature and unusual strength. His laugh was something between a snarl and a growl, and he liked to frighten people with his horrid oaths. "By the resurrection of God!" cried he, one day; "that little Robin Shortboot will be a clever fellow," alluding to his oldest son, whom he nicknamed *Courthose*, on account of his short legs. William loved his queen; but they disagreed about the management of Robert, who wanted Normandy during his father's lifetime. Robert was really more noble and generous than his brothers, William the Red-head, and Harry the Fine Scholar, who played him a great many mean tricks, and were far from being a comfort to their parents. Richard, their second son, a promising boy, died of a fever brought on by malaria in the New Forest, where he hunted.

When the great duke sailed on his voyage of conquest in a ship whose prow bore the image of his darling boy, in the act of aiming an arrow at England, he little thought that arrow was to pierce his own soul in the undutiful conduct of his son. In the twenty-first year of his reign, waging war against the King of France, who had been incited against him by Robert, he received a mortal hurt. When he found that he must die, he shook and wept for very fear; but, at length becoming calmer, he confirmed the gift of Normandy to Robert, gave England to William, and to Henry, only a scholar's portion of five thousand pounds of silver that had belonged to his mother. Red William, waiting only to learn his own portion, galloped with indecent haste from his father's death-bed, to secure his

kingdom. Henry, sullen and disappointed, soon followed; and the body of the dead king, deserted by his children, abandoned by his nobles, and plundered of its rich apparel by his servants, lay naked on the floor, till a country gentleman carried it in pity to the Abbey of St. Stephen's, for burial. Scarcely had the monks begun to chant the service for the dead, when, at an alarm of fire, they all scampered away; but a few reluctantly returning, the solemn farce was hurriedly completed. It seemed, however, as if the despoiler of lands was not to be granted even six feet of earth for his grave; for, as the coffin was about to be lowered, a Saxon angrily claimed the spot as the former homestead of his father, and it was not till Henry, who had by this time appeared, paid the challenger one hundred pounds of silver, that the ashes of William the Conqueror could rest in peace. William Rufus then became king of England, and, perhaps because he was not quite sure of his title, ruled with more moderation than his father. He was very fond of fine clothes. Pulling on his boots one day, he asked his chamberlain what they cost.

"Three shillings," replied the man.

"How long," cried the purse-proud Rufus, "has the king worn boots of so paltry a price? Go, and bring me a pair worth a mark of silver."

The valet returned with a much cheaper pair, and assured the vain monarch that they had cost more than a mark of silver.

"So, so," said William; "these are better suited to majesty."

In such silly ways his extravagance made him the prey of unprincipled men. He quarrelled with Robert for the possession of Normandy; and, at last, took it in pawn from the latter, who wanted money for his outfit to the holy wars. The very day on which he meant to take possession of his new lands, he planned a great hunt in the New Forest. As he mounted his horse, a man handed him some new arrows. "Sharp arrows for the best shot," said William, gayly, as he passed them to his friend Sir Walter Tyrrell; and together they rode to the chase. At sunset, the king aiming at a fine stag, his bowstring snapped. His friend hesitated to interfere.

"Shoot, in the devil's name!" cried Rufus.

Tyrrell shot — the arrow glanced — the king fell, dying. Fine Scholar, riding at his side, put spurs to his horse, and rode off to secure the royal treasure. (Such was the love the Conqueror's family ever showed each other.) When William Rufus forsook the

death-bed of his doting father, he could not foresee that the mossy turf of the forest should be the regal couch, its drapery the purple and golden clouds of an autumn sunset, where, thirteen years later, alone, unwept, and unshriven, he should breathe his last. Let us hope, that, as his life ebbed slowly away upon the green sward of the New Forest, — fatal spot to so many of his race, — and he heard the distant voices of his barons rendering homage to his successor, he reflected upon the instability of all earthly kingdoms, and repented that his deeds had not been such as to assure him of an immortal crown. Some charcoal-burners passing, tossed his body upon their cart, and it was buried, next day, at Winchester; "but his tomb," says the chronicler, "was watered by no man's tears."

"Of what use is silver," Henry had petulantly asked his dying father, "to a man who has not a roof to shelter him?" "Be patient, my son," the Conqueror had replied: "thy time will come." So, by the death of his brother, came Henry's time to reign. Always deceitful and politic, he tried to court the favor of his English subjects by marrying Edith of Scotland, great-grand-daughter of Ironside Edmund; but, to please his French courtiers, he changed her name to Maud or Matilda. Where was Robert, meantime, who would have made a better king than either of his brothers? He had won high renown in the First Crusade; but dawdled in Italy on his return, and so, lost the succession, — lost Normandy too, by his indolence, — finally, lost everything but his miserable life, and was shut up in prison by Henry, and kept there till he died. Retribution came to Henry Beauclerc, in the death by drowning of his only son, after which, he was never seen to smile. He died in the thirty-fifth year of his reign, a victim to his gluttony.

These were the famous days of *chivalry*. The little folks then had no pleasant primary schools and beautifully-printed books. There was no High or Latin School for the cramming of dull boys with mathematics and Greek; no careless, happy, college-life for the stripling. But, in those days, the lad of seven was made a page in the castle of his father, or some neighboring lord, and his first lesson was one of perfect obedience and courtesy to his master (which makes us almost long for the days of chivalry to come again). He was taught to run and ride, to swim and shoot; and from the ladies of the castle, he learned poetry, music, and religious precepts. At fourteen, he received his sword from the

priest at the altar, and thus promoted to an *esquire*, the severity of his duties increased. The most difficult gymnastic exercises were taught him; he carried the banner of his lord in battle, and performed for him the most menial services. At the age of twenty-one, the young esquire prepared himself, by fasting and prayer, for his admission to knighthood. From the bath, where he was supposed to be cleansed from sin, he was led to a bed, the emblem of eternal rest; and the next night, clad in a crimson robe, a white tunic, and a surcoat of black, by which were signified the blood he was to shed as a true knight in the cause of Christ, his own purity, and the death that awaits all, he was conducted to a church to keep his solemn vigil of arms. Alone, in prayer, he passed the still watches of the night; and, at dawn, having been rigidly examined, he received the sacrament, and swore to be a loyal knight, to defend the church, to protect the ladies, to succor the oppressed, and to avenge all wrong. While yet upon his knees, he received from the ladies his armor and spurs, and then rose up a knight, eager to distinguish himself in his new career. Adorned with the colors of his lady-love, boldly he rode forth "to proclaim her peerless worth." Let a careless jester but utter a doubt of her beauty, the good lance of the knight laid him low in the dust. No adventure was too perilous or too romantic to be undertaken for God and his mistress.

In the latter part of the eleventh century, Mohammedanism reigned supreme in the East. Even in the holy city of Jerusalem, the crescent had displaced the cross, and Christian pilgrims at the tomb of our Lord were cruelly treated by the Turks. Peter the Hermit, a French monk, who had seen their sufferings, resolved to arouse the chivalry of Europe to go to the rescue of the holy sepulchre. Barefoot, and in rags, he went up and down the land, telling the tragic tale with such pathos, that the people caught his enthusiasm, and followed him in great numbers. Meantime, Pope Urban took up the cause, and made a powerful speech, urging all men to enlist. So, in the spring of 1096, went out the advance of the *First Crusade*, — hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children, each wearing on the shoulder the red-cloth cross, — a vast mob, shouting and singing as they went, led by Peter and Walter the Penniless. The excitement was intense. The peasant shod his oxen like horses, piled his family into a cart, and joined the mighty host; and you might hear his children ask, at every large town they passed, if that were Jerusalem. Hundreds per-

ished on the march, thousands more were cut to pieces by the Turks, before they saw the sacred city; a few only escaped, and returned long after. But when, a little later, the pomp and power of chivalry went forth, it was a glorious sight indeed. Noblest, wisest, bravest of all, there was Godfrey of Bouillon, whose ancestor was Charlemagne; and there was Hugh, the great Count of Vermandois, a haughty prince indeed; and Robert of Normandy, rash, but merciful withal; and Raymond of Toulouse, the vindictive fanatic; and Boemund, the dark Italian, cool and crafty; and Tancred, his gallant young cousin, frank, courteous, and gentlest of all generous knights, — and with them a splendid array of lords and gentlemen.

Three years after, on a scorching July day, a remnant of this brilliant army, plague-stricken and fainting, thinned and wasted by thirst and famine, broken and torn by fever and fighting, reached the strong walls of Jerusalem, and fell upon their knees before the gates, and wept and kissed the sacred ground. But the knightly spirit was still strong within them, and after a terrible siege, they rallied for a last assault, and Godfrey and Tancred, equal in courage, leaped into the town, followed by their soldiers. The carnage was fearful. Chanting pious hymns, and slaying as they sang, wading up to their horses' knees in the blood of the Infidels, these gory warriors threw aside at last their reeking swords, and prostrated themselves in penitence at the tomb of the Prince of Peace.

The patriarchs and Christians of the city, recognizing Peter the Hermit among their deliverers, fell upon his neck rejoicing, and heaped upon him and his associates their hoards of corn and oil, and silver and gold.

When they had purified themselves from the stains of battle on Mount Calvary, the nobles elected Godfrey king of Jerusalem; but, with rare humility, he said that it did not become him to assume a crown of gold, where his Lord had been mocked with a crown of thorns; and so, leaving him with the honorable title of "Defender of the Tomb of Christ," the weary Crusaders gladly turned their faces westward. COUSIN ALICE.

WRITING TO PAPA.

MAMIE wants to write to her papa: —

First, — To tell papa to send a long letter every day to mamma.

Second, — To tell papa not to forget to bring some pretty things to Mamie.

But, instead of using a lead-pencil to write with, as her mamma told her she must, Miss Mamie would write with a pen; and she puts it so far into the inkstand, that she has made her hands and face as black as a little chimney-sweep's!

What will mamma say to that?

CHINESE NAMES FOR THE STARS AND STRIPES, AND THE YANKEE NATION. — A writer in the *Boston Courier* is responsible for the following statements: The language is mainly our own, for the sake of shortness. When the "Stars and Stripes" first appeared in Canton, the news was soon circulated among the Chinamen that "a ship had come from the other end of the world, with a flag as beautiful as a flower;' and our ships are called, to this day, "flag flower ships," and Americans, "flower flag countrymen." Now, the remarkable thing about this designation, is, that the two Chinese characters, *Yan kee* (Yankee) signify the "flag of the ocean." But this is not all. The Chinese have no D in their language; and with their alphabet, "Yankee Doodle" would be written *Yan-kee-too-te-le*, which signifies "flag of the ocean — sovereign people of the world." The name of WASHINGTON, too, is happily spelled in Chinese, as it thus becomes *Woo-shing-tung*, which signifies "Rescue at last." In this way too, the name of our late minister to China, Mr. CUSHING, became *Cu-shing*, meaning "ancient *glory;*" which, as John Chinaman sets great value on high-sounding names, gave him unusual *prestige* and influence among the Celestials. We have not verified these alleged facts by looking them up in a Chinese dictionary, but this new proof of the name of "universal Yankee" being honestly come by, is, to say the least, worthy of the genius and patriotism of a BOSTING MAN. If what he says is not true, it *ought* to be. If it is a hoax, it *ought not* to be.

THE EAGLE. — Uncle Sam had goodly company when he chose the Eagle for the national emblem. It was first borne as a standard by the Persians. The Roman ensigns were Eagles in silver and gold, sometimes having thunderbolts in their talons. The Emperor Charlemagne adopted an Eagle with two heads, A. D. 802, when he became master of Germany, to signify that the two empires of Rome and Germany were united in him. The Eagle was the Imperial standard of Napoleon I., as it is now of Napoleon III.; and also of Russia, Austria, and Prussia. The *White Eagle* and the *Black Eagle* are likewise the names of orders of knighthood in Poland and Prussia.

STRAIGHT lies, with neither break nor swerve,
The sharp-drawn line of DUTY;
Soft flows, with many a waving curve,
The lovely line of BEAUTY.
Follow the first inflexible, and ever thou wilt see
The second's fairest arabesques run side by side with thee.

F. R. S.

answers all the July enigmas, and wins his second prize.

QUESTIONS, ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

240. I am composed of 26 letters:
My 1, 15, 3, is part of the human frame.
My 16, 15, 5, 24, 4, 8, is possessed by most animals.
My 2, 22, 19, is a pronoun.
My 20, 22, 14, 12, is a boy's nickname.
My 13, 15, 26, 23, is a kind of grain.
My 10, 2, 15, 7, 18, is to move.
My 24, 25, 15, 21, 24, 3, is a boy's name.
My 17, 11, 6, 9, is sometimes spoken of as an ornament.
My whole is a very useful household article.
Clara A. H.

241. I am composed of 12 letters:
My 7, 11, 12, 6, is an earthen receptacle.
My 2, 3, 1, 6, 4, is a fish.
My 7, 8, 10, 9, 5, 6, is part of a gun.
My whole is a vehicle.
Benny T.

242. I am composed of 16 letters:
My 3, 10, 11, 15, is the name of a river in the United States.
My 14, 11, 13, 6, 4, is the name of an animal.
My 7, 4, 2, 12, is the name of a bird.
My 9, 16, 8, 1, is a knob.
My 1, 11, 5, is a vehicle.
My whole is the name of a celebrated general.
Wild Rose.

Fill the following blanks with the same words transposed:

243. If —— —— her hair, she will —— her bonnet. *Fred.*

244. The ——— took refuge in a ——— (six letters). *J. K.*

245. The —— gave a loaf, which she ——, and a cup of ——. *Violet Forest.*

246. If a —— had ——, would you —— with him. *Ixia.*

247. The —— lamb followed the ——. *S. Harp.*

248. How many —— will you —— me? *Fritzchen.*

Names of Flowers Enigmatically Expressed.

249. A bird of dark plumage, and half of a habit.

250. A bauble for tyrants, but freedom shall nab it.

251. A handsome young fellow in love with himself.

252. Affection sore wounded and laid on the shelf.

253. Behead what you will find in almost every house, transpose, and leave what you will often hear. *Cousin May.*

254. Entire, I belong to the tree or the water; behead me, and I am what every one should do; again behead, and I am a fish; again, and I am an affirmation; again, and I am an interrogation. *Guilielmus.*

255. Entire, I am vegetable; beheaded, I denote ardor; beheaded again, I am a verb; again, and I am a preposition; again, and I equal x, y. *Franc.*

256. I am a word of six letters. In me may be found (1) an animal, (2) an article of food, (3) to tear, (4) to rend, (5) a sailor, (6) a ceremony, (7) science, (8) mature, (9) to glean, (10) a fruit, (11) part of a wagon, (12) a weed, (13) equal value, (14) degree, (15) to hit, (16) to babble, (17) a brace, and (18) part of the body. *Wolverine.*

What Cities Mean when Transposed.

257. An article of food.

258. A drudge.

259. To extirpate.

260. A command.

261. A boy's nickname. *C. F. W.*

Words Enigmatically Expressed.

262. Approach love fed. *Auntie.*

263. Ill-natured lover. *Tempy.*

264. Hook fifty. *Hero.*

265. A high vowel. *A. R. T.*

266. Fight an insect. *Wolverine.*

267. Enter tardy Susan. *Gilbert.*

268. A1I500010. *Alice Tipton.*

269. 1000110. *Bittersweet.*

270.

Aunt Sue.

☞ *Answers must reach me before the 5th of October. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send all communications intended for the Puzzle Drawer to "Aunt Sue," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Answers to Puzzles in July Number.

183. The United States of America.

184. Timothy Titcomb.

185. Emigration.

186. Escargatoire.

187. Sedulousness.

188. Incomprehensibility.

189. Seraglio ("girasole" added).

190. Taciturnity.

191. Outer route.

192. German, manger ("reward, drawer" credited. The answer to 244, present No., is still different).

193. Felt, left.

194. Earl, Lear.

195. Caravan.

196. Coin, loin, join, foin.

197. Burnside.

198. Sheridan.

199. Karney.

200. Grant.

201. Mail, acre, iron, lend.

202. Pear.

203. Support.

204. Mountebank.

205. Recollect ("reassemble" credited).

206. Attenuate.

207. Breath.

208. Clove.

209. Songs.

210. Continue the Constitution and Flag of our Union inviolate.

Of the above Puzzles, —

F. R. S. answers all.

Max answers all but 194.

Belle answers all but 195.

Keystone answers all but 191, 194.

Florian answers all but 191, 201.

Joe Kose answers all but 191, 207.

Robbie Eddowes answers all but 194, 207.

Bertha answers all but 186, 192, 207.

Florence answers all but 186, 191, 194.

Hero answers all but 186, 189, 191, 194.

Chester answers all but 186, 194, 199, 207.

Ypsi answers all but 191, 195, 207, 208.

C. W. J. answers all but 186, 191, 196, 203, 204.

Cicero answers all but 191, 192, 194, 195, 196, 207, 208.

Carrie A. Leonard answers all but 192, 194, 196, 201, 203, 204, 205, 207, 208, 209.

Willie Mack answers all but 186, 187, 195, 196, 198, 201, 203, 205, 206, 207, 208.

Eddie answers 183, 184, 193, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 202, 204, 205, 206, 209, 210.

Cad answers 184, 197, 199, 200, 202, 206.

Notices to Correspondents.

Hero. If you really "must" know, I will tell you. The "Uncles" you mention have now no connection with the *Museum;* "*they* have left us." It is the same *Willy Wisp.* I did design the rebus in "Our Young Folks" to which you refer.

Carter. I am very glad to "class" you among my correspondents, and wish they all wrote as much to the point as you write.

S. L. D. Much obliged to you for taking the trouble to draw and send that labyrinth; but what would the Cousins think, if we published such a crazy-looking thing! It resembles a town, with 8,000 population, struck by lightning, — population and all.

F. R. S. I congratulate you on winning the prize, because you have sent your answers so faithfully every month. Is your address the same as it was in May, '67?

Gilbert. Did you receive your prize?

Coy. I have not seen *your* "Uncle Robert" in 1868. The present "Uncle Robert" I have never seen. Thank you.

Eddie. It would save me some trouble, if you would write your answers in one column, on each side of your page, rather than crowd them in together on one page, so that it is difficult for me to sort them out.

Bob. You are as "welcome" as the flowers in May, or as ice-cream in September. Our Merry Class is like our city cars, never so full, but that we can take in *one* more.

E. B. You have taken so much pains with your enigma, that if you will send me your address, I will return it to you. An enigma "composed of sixty letters" is rather formidable; I think twenty-five should be the outside limit.

E. W. W. I have a book of monograms, but I only care to collect those of my personal correspondents. I am about to make a collection of the signatures of all my friends, including the Merrys. I only wish I had begun it ten years ago.

H. M. The present French Emperor is called Napoleon III., because when Napoleon I. abdicated his throne and retired to Elba, his son was entitled to the title of Napoleon II., although he never reached the throne. Victor Emanuel is the son of Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, who abdicated, in 1849, in favor of his son.

Hugh Howard. Your last rebus is a great improvement; the only fault now is, that it is too easy. The other is in the hands of the engraver.

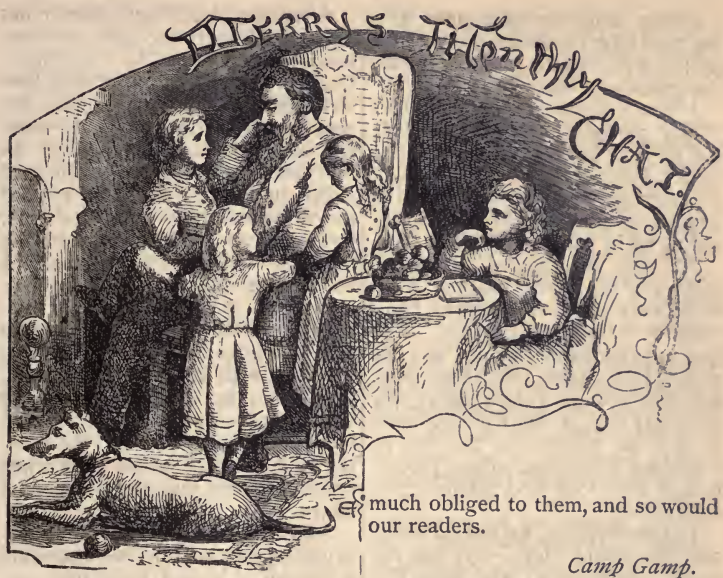
Joe Kose. You needn't brag about your mosquitoes. We have that kind in Brooklyn about which history tells; many of them weigh a pound, and some get on the trees and bark.

Albert says, "If a toad has to climb up a well twenty feet high, and he climbs up eight feet every day, and falls back four feet every night, doesn't it take him five days?" No, dear. On the morning of the fourth day, he is twelve feet from the bottom; isn't he? Then, he climbs up the remaining eight feet that day, and hops off, without waiting for the night to set him back four feet. Those problems are mere catches.

Kitty Carroll's account of the late wedding in *Bloomsbury* Square was very interesting, though a trifle *flowery*. I hope she will send us another communication.

A list of 23 correct answers received without signature, postmarked "Bridgewater, Mass."

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to C. W. J., Eddie, Hugh Howard, Carter, Ypsi, Cad, Hero, Keystone, F. R. S., Max, and Belle.



We sincerely wish that we could imprison in this column some of the fresh sea-breezes that are singing by as we write, and convey them to city readers, thereby making our Chat both lively and welcome. They would tell of the fleet of fishing-boats, flying down the harbor like white-winged birds; of the lighthouses, who seem to have closed the bright eyes that all night watched the coast; of the rocky islands, where the surf breaks white and foaming; of the gulls, dipping and screaming over the bay; the merry children, frolicking like little cupids on the beach; the cheerful parties going to and fro, intent on making the most of their summer holiday; and last and least, the gossiping winds would mention the brown-faced person, who, perched on a rock, sniffs the sea-breeze, and wishes every one else was enjoying the same delights.

Cousin Tribulation, who is evidently "on the rampage," sends an account of her last experience, in answer to our suggestion. If others would do the same, we should be much obliged to them, and so would our readers.

Camp Gamp.

Dear Merry's, — Have any of you tried camping out? If not, you have lost a great pleasure; and I advise you to make a point of doing so next summer. Here is a sketch of some of the fun which such frolics produce: —

A party of seventeen jovial young persons, with the most motherly of matrons to chaperone the lasses, pitched their tents on the shore of Lake Q——, and spent last week there, enjoying sylvan adventures, perils, pleasures, and housekeeping, to their hearts' content.

The big tent was devoted to the seven ladies; one of the smaller ones to the men; the other was the storeroom; and a little one sheltered Bob, our colored servant. Bob had been a sailor, and possessed the happy art of turning his hand to anything; so, he was made chief cook and bottle-washer, and earned golden opinions from us all.

Our tent stood on a little knoll; the others near the water's edge; and, on the smooth turf, sloping to the lake, we spread our meals, or ourselves, in the shade of the chest-

nut-trees, lounging luxuriously, with the blue lake shimmering before us, dotted with islands, or dimpled by the passage of many boats.

I don't think seventeen jollier young persons ever got together; for we had been acting plays the week before, and the pleasing consciousness of having earned a handsome sum for the Freedmen, put us all in the gayest spirits.

All day, we boated, gossiped, read, ate, sung, and laughed, as if there were no such things as business or care in the world. Bob got up sumptuous meals; and we revelled in chops, pancakes, soup, fish, flapjacks, and chowder, as few picnicers do. Nobody minded ants in the tea, spiders on the pie, or confiding little caterpillars promenading over food and feasters promiscuously.

In the evenings, we floated about over the moonlit lake, enjoying the music of our band, who sang like a flock of nightingales, delighting us, and startling the wood-gods by wild choruses in unknown tongues. I'm afraid the Q—— mermaids were scandalized by "Lanegan's Ball," "Kafoosleum," and the pathetic ballad of "Hamlet," as sung by our opera troupe, who woke the echoes with the classic refrain, —

"Too ra loo ra lay,
Ri fol too ral tweedle;
Tweedle lac I fol,
Rumsty doodle deedle."

Our nights were varied by skirmishes with "skeets," who invaded the camp in legions, and were smoked out; also inquisitive cows, who prowled spectrally, and poked their heads in at our tent-openings with startling moos. Our beds of hay were decidedly more attractive to them than to us; for, after making our nests with much henlike cackling, we found it hard to settle down, and kept breaking out into peals of laughter, as Molly's boots were found under Sally's pillow, Bessie slid down onto Kate, or Effie talked comically in her sleep.

Adventures of great interest befell us, and every incident, however small, was found to be "thrilling." One day, a sailboat upset, with two strangers in it, and of course, our men rushed to the rescue; while we stood in agitated groups on the shore, armed with brandy, hot water, and fans, ready to restore the drowned. No one was hurt, however; and having righted the boat and wrung out the men, our boys came rollicking back, all the merrier for the scare.

The "admiral" got a fish-bone into his finger, and Nurse P—— officiated with knives and tweezers, the gallant tar turning faint during the operation only added to the interest of the thing; and the making of a poultice under difficulties produced more laughter than most farces.

Luly, the belle, fainted away because her ear-ring hurt her, and made a tableau of herself lying pale and pretty under the trees, in the early dawn, while her adorers rushed wildly about with cholera medicine and rubber blankets. A fine thunder-shower revived us after a hot day, and we all huddled into the big tent, feeling that a trifle of shelter was highly agreeable. Supper was endangered by the shower, and we were feeling rather forlorn at the prospect of cold tea and drenched toast, when Bob, the indomitable, quieted our fears by heroically holding a sail over the fire and food, all through the shower, and marching up after it, dripping like a fish, but proudly bearing the dry, hot supper, "fer de young ladies and gemman, sar."

I think, a ballet troupe of boys, airily dressed in rubber blankets, was the event of the season. Boots performed strange antics, and the "leap-frog dance" brought down the house.

We broke camp reluctantly; but an easterly storm was evidently brewing; so, after hearty cheers for everybody and everything, from Bob to the cows, we piled into our

boats, and sailed away in a pouring rain, damp, but jovial to the last.

The Grand Quiddle, as we called one bachelor, who carried seventy-one articles to the picnic, including a bootjack, to drain on after bathing, was a sight to behold, as he sat in one puddle and tried to engineer some dozen lesser ones, which collected in every fold of his rubber coat.

The "lazy man" likewise came to grief, for he was made to row the heaviest boat, and sat pensively pulling, with drops streaming off the end of his nose, the starch vanishing from his collar, and the color washing out of his smart red tie.

We were received at the hotel with as much curiosity as if we had been shipwrecked mariners from a desert island. One lady said we were "as good as a menagerie;" another inquired if we were "the strolling actors, who had lately played at L——?" and a third observer added that we "looked like a rough set, whoever we were." So we did; for sun, rain, rips, dirt, and fun rendered us a sight for gods and men.

We felt like a circus when we were packed into a big omnibus, and went bumping away over the hills, tired, but well satisfied, mildewed but merry; and I advise all who love fresh air, wholesome exercise, and the best of fun, to try camping out in the summer-time.

COUSIN TRIBULATION.

UNCLE TIM, from whom we have not heard for a long time, sends an interesting story of "A Freedman's School."

In the summer of 1865, myself and companion were engaged by the American Missionary Society to go to the State of Georgia, and open a school for colored children, in the vicinity of Savannah.

After a pleasant and very interesting voyage from New York to Savannah, in an ocean steamer, the particulars of which I will not mention in this letter, we arrived in that southern city, and engaged an ambulance, to take us out into the country about twenty miles, as the railroads had all been torn up by General Sherman's army a short time before.

Our schoolroom was the front parlor and sitting-room of a splendid mansion, belonging to a very wealthy planter, but deserted by him and his family, and very much injured and disfigured by the soldiers in General Sherman's army. It was our design to collect the colored children of two large plantations into this building, to teach them as well as we could.

We accordingly gave notice to some of the colored people, that on the next Monday morning, at nine o'clock, our school would commence. The idea that a school for black children was to be set up, that it was to be free and open to all, created as much excitement as the opening of Pandora's box among the Celestials. Every peeping-place was ornamented with a woolly head and a grand display of glistening ivory until Monday came.

The hour appointed for school to open was at nine; but, by half-past seven, my companion had occasion to go to the door for some purpose, when an exclamation of surprise called me also there, and such a sight I never looked upon before. The steps in front, the gravel walk below and for a number of yards back, was covered as thick and dense as a lump of sugar is sometimes with those little red ants which occasionally infest the pantry. Such a chattering could not have been equalled had all the blackbirds in Georgia been gathered for one grand concert.

Schooltime came at last. We had provided for each of us a long, heavy switch, in case there was any danger of our fortress being taken by storm; and well was it for us and the children too, that we had this forethought; for no sooner were the front doors thrown open, than on, on came the crowd of children, all eager to be first to enter. The rush of the crowd was fearful to look

upon. We gathered our switches, and by laying on with all our might, finally beat back the crowd, and saved the lives of some of the smaller children. Finally, when all were seated, on the floor, of course, for benches were out of the question for such numbers, those large rooms were closely packed. We first taught the children that the ringing of the hand-bell meant silence. We next took down the names of all, and of those who knew their letters. But here an unexpected difficulty occurred. We might as well listen to the barbarous chattering of a Chinaman, as their plantation lingo; and had it not been for some house-servants present, we never could have got through with it. But one difficulty was scarcely provided for, before another broke out. All were willing to keep silent, and very anxious to help us along in keeping all the rest silent. Some one made some slight noise. His next neighbor immediately began to hush him with "sh — sh — sh!" and in ten seconds, four hundred voices were all let loose with that abominable plantation hiss of silence, "sh — sh — sh-h-h-h!" We screamed with all our might; but the storm was a hundred times stronger than our voices. We seized our bells with one hand, and with our switches in the other, finally restored order once more. We found seventy who partly knew the alphabet, and three hundred and thirty who knew nothing about it. In eight months, we had one-half of them in the "Second Reader." Some few we could do nothing with, and all the rest had mastered the "First Reader."

Such was our first experience in teaching the children of the Freedmen of Georgia. There are many other interesting incidents in connection with our freedmen's schools in the South; but time and space will not permit them to be introduced in this letter. Possibly, the subject may be resumed at some favorable time.

Charlie. You can make that domestic barometer in this manner: — Get one of the long (German) cologne bottles. Put into it two drachms of camphor, half a drachm of pure saltpetre, half a drachm of muriate of ammonia, and two ounces of proof spirits. Cork it up tight, and shake it well. Now make a little hole through the centre of the cork, by piercing it with a red-hot cambric needle; tie a string around the neck of the bottle, and hang it near the window. In fine weather, the solution will remain clear. On the approach of change, little stars will rise in the mixture; and stormy weather will produce quite a commotion in it. But you will soon learn the signs, if you watch your barometer carefully.

Bertie. Yes; "Mink Curtiss" "really was written by 'An Old Hunter'," — a gentleman who lived many years in the Far West, among the Redmen, and at one time acted as their interpreter.

T. C. B. C. W. McC.; H. S. V. C.; M. F.; Mrs. A. L. F.; E. H.; A. Q.; M. E. B.; M. A. L.; A. A. R.; W. C. H., F. W. C. L.; and S. B. H. Your premiums have been mailed to you. The delay was occasioned by the loss of the illustrations for the books.

Minnie W. Have you received "Sunny-Eyed Tim?"

Kittie H. is welcome. We have one *Evening Star.*

To Contributors. — All manuscripts intended for publication in this magazine must be sent to the publisher. Write your name on the manuscript. Accepted articles are paid for on publication; and rejected manuscripts returned to their authors only when stamps are sent to prepay postage.

MERRY'S MUSEUM

VOL. I.] *OCTOBER*, 1868. [NO. 10.

THE STORY OF GLAUCUS.

"He left a name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale."— SAM JOHNSON.

THOUSANDS upon thousands of years ago, there lived a mighty king named Minos, who was ruler over the beautiful isle of Crete, a long, hilly tract of land, rising up out of the waters of the Mediterranean, to bask, as it were, in the sunshine. It was a pleasant place, this island of Crete, I assure you, my young readers. The rigors of winter were unknown to the inhabitants; and snow could be found only by climbing to the top of the high mountain, which shot straight up from the centre of the island into the clouds. Soft, cooling breezes played around in the warm season, which served to weaken the force of the summer heat. There were grassy meadows, sprinkled with flowers of brilliant hue, limpid streams, whose banks were skirted with all kinds of shady trees, and vast groves of cypresses and oaks and maples. Scattered here and there, throughout the island, were cities and villages; and so many were they in numbers, that the Greeks, who lived on the other side of the sea,

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called the island "hundred-citied Crete." But the most beautiful of all the towns and cities of the island was Gnosos, which stood not far from the coast, on the banks of the Cæratus. There the great King Minos lived, with his eight beautiful children, in a huge marble palace, adorned with statues which possessed the power of speech; and there he proclaimed his edicts from a magnificent golden throne, studded with glittering diamonds.

Minos shared his splendid throne with his queen, Pasiphae, who bore him his eight pretty children. Glaucus was one of the youngest of these, and his father's pet. He was a bright child, with an honest, beaming countenance, and a great abundance of pretty flaxen ringlets. But, oh! how mischievous the little fellow was. He was a constant source of anxiety to his queenly mother; yet, although he was constantly getting himself into innumerable scrapes, his indulgent father could not find it in his heart to punish his little bright-eyed son.

One pleasant, summer afternoon, little Glaucus wandered restlessly about the huge palace, with nothing in the world to do. He had thrown aside his toys in disgust, and the string of his little Cretan bow was broken; so he thought that he would go upstairs to play with his sister Ariadne. But the pretty Ariadne was busy, and crossly told him to go away, and not plague her. The birds were chirping merrily in the great walled garden behind the palace, and, hearing their harmonious notes, Glaucus seized his sling, and rushed out into the garden to shoot the feathered songsters. But the birds would not let him come near enough to hit them; and soon tiring of this fruitless sport, the little Glaucus looked blankly about him for something to do.

In one corner of the great garden stood a huge cask, filled almost to the brim with golden honey. In this island of Crete, honey, you must know, was a sort of national dish, both of the rich and of the poor; and King Minos himself, was so fond of the sweet food, that he always kept a good supply of it on hand for his own use. This huge cask of honey met the eye of the little Glaucus, as he looked around the garden for something to do; and, in spite of the oft-repeated cautions of his loving father, not to go near the tank, he was strongly impelled by his curiosity to take just a little peep inside, and only a *taste* of the honey. He wasn't by any means tall enough to reach the top of the cask, even on tiptoe; so he got him a chair, and looking around to see that none of the servants were near, he placed the chair carefully against the

side of the cask, and stood up on it. He had to tug with all his might and main to lift the heavy cover; but when at last he had pushed it well back, there he beheld the thick, golden honey, almost filling the cask, and looking so inviting, that it made his little mouth water to gaze upon it. He reached quickly out to grasp the dipper, which was floating out of reach, on the top of the honey, and, losing his balance, the little fellow fell down, down, into the thick, yellow liquid, which, pouring in at his mouth and nose, suffocated them in its sweetness.

When evening came, Glaucus was for the first time missed, and Ariadne was sent into the garden to call him. But no little voice answered her summons; and, after a fruitless search, she ran back to her father, to tell him that Glaucus was not to be found in the garden. So they searched the great palace over and over again, and Minos himself went into the garden, and peered up into every tree, and thrust his torch into every shady nook; but no Glaucus was to be found. He knew that it was impossible for Glaucus to have climbed the high stone wall with which the garden was surrounded; and as the great brazen gates of the palace had been closed all the afternoon, he could not have escaped from the palace. The royal parent began to feel more and more anxious at his little son's disappearance, and aroused all his subjects in the good city of Gnosos, to join in the search for the lost prince. For the whole of the next week, the city was in a turmoil of excitement; everybody joined in seeking for the little mischievous fellow, whom they all loved; but in vain were the most inaccessible retreats explored; in vain was the country for miles around tramped over and over again; in vain was every little stream dragged; no little Glaucus could be found. And all this time, no one ever thought of looking into the great honey-tank, which stood in its corner of the garden, neglected now; for Minos was too sorrowful to think of his favorite dish.

The poor father and mother, as each attempt to recover their lost boy proved futile, grew daily more and more despondent, and had almost given him up as dead to them forever, when Minos, as a last resource, turned to his patron god, Apollo, and supplicated him, with all the beseeching prayers and entreaties he could invent, to assist him in recovering the lost Glaucus. Now, Apollo liked Minos, who was his most enthusiastic servant, and the most untiring of his followers in his efforts to advance his worship, and for this reason returned a gracious answer to the petition of the

Cretan king. The divine response was, that whosoever should find an object which might be most appropriately compared with a cow, which could assume three different colors, would be granted the power of finding the lost prince.

The receipt of this answer infused fresh hope in the breast of the despairing Minos, and he no longer doubted that he should soon see once again his bright-eyed, mischievous little boy, romping as of old through the great resounding halls of his marble palace. To obtain a solution of the problem proposed by the god, Minos caused his heralds to proceed to every city and town, large or small, throughout his own extensive dominions, and also to the great cities of neighboring Greece, and proclaim that magnificent presents, and the good-will of the mighty King Minos, awaited whomsoever should solve the riddle. All the wise men and philosophers in the world puzzled their brains for a long time over this strange enigma; and, at last, an old soothsayer, whose name was Polyidus, and who lived in Argos, far away in Greece, declared that he had discovered a solution of the problem. Accordingly, he was brought in state to Crete, and led into the presence of the great king, who was seated on his golden throne, with a brilliant array of courtiers, all magnificently attired, around him. Then the Argive told Minos, who was anxiously awaiting the promised answer, that a mulberry was like a cow, which could assume three different colors, — for, when it was unripe, the mulberry was white; as the warm season approaches, it grows red; and when perfectly ripe, it is black.

There was great rejoicing throughout the palace, when this solution of Apollo's problem was advanced, and Minos cried out to the old man to bring him his son, and receive the reward.

The soothsayer, telling them all to follow, led the way, as if by inspiration, through the great hall of the palace, right out into the garden, and, to the surprise of all, he went straight up to the huge honey-cask, and, thrusting his hand into the sweet liquid, drew forth the inanimate form of little Glaucus.

There was wailing and weeping in the great palace of King Minos, as the lifeless body of the young prince was taken from its tomb of honey, and borne through the echoing corridors to the low bed on which he used to lay his weary little body after a long day's play; and, as he was carried along, the sweet liquid dripped from the saturated clothing, and formed small rivulets of honey on the marble floors of the palace. The grief of Minos, as he beheld

the inanimate form of his little son, whom he had expected to see alive, was terrible to behold. He beat his breast, he tore his hair, he reproached the god Apollo ; and, at length, his grief turning to anger, he fell upon the old soothsayer, and commanded him, under pain of death, to bring his child back to life. The old Argive, although he could solve a difficult riddle, could not bring the dead to life again, and knowing that it was simply impossible for him to obey the command of the cruel king, passively prepared for death ; and the barbarous and unrelenting Minos caused the venerable Argive to be confined alive in the same tomb with his unfortunate child.

It was a huge sepulchre in which Polyidus found himself, whose marble walls were cold and damp, — the small holes pierced in the stout iron door, permitted him to see, all around the tomb, stone coffins, in which lay the bones of former kings of Crete, and other ancestors of Minos. Here, in a beautiful sarcophagus, ornamented with gold, was all that was left of the Cretan lawgiver, the good and just Minos, the grandfather of the Minos who had so inhumanly entombed the old soothsayer alive. Here too were the coffins of Tectamus, of Ascanius, of Lycastus, the father of the second Minos, of Ida his mother, and of other celebrated mythological Cretans.

After he had carefully explored the tomb and its contents, the unfortunate soothsayer sat calmly down in one corner of the sepulchre, to await grim Death as calmly and as peacefully as he could. He never once thought of attempting to escape, for he knew that was impracticable, since he could see, in the vicinity of the tomb, the guards that Minos had stationed there. So he sat in his corner, silently thinking over the events of his past life, and the probable future. A serpent, which had crept through a hole in the wall, and was gliding slowly towards the spot where lay the body of the little Glaucus, disturbed the old man from his reflections. He rose hastily at sight of the reptile, and seizing a stone, crushed the serpent to death. Once more he resumed his seat, and buried himself in his thoughts, but was soon awakened from his meditations by the entrance of a second serpent, which, finding its venomous mate dead on the ground, quickly glided out of the tomb, and in a few moments returned with some leaves in its mouth.

The curiosity of Polyidus was excited by the strange actions of the serpent, and he observed the reptile intently, as it slowly

approached its dead comrade, and placed the leaves on its body. To the great surprise of the soothsayer, signs of life began to appear in the body of the serpent he had but a few moments ago crushed to death with the heavy stone; and soon, the reptile, restored to life by the miraculous herb, joined its mate, and together they quitted the tomb.

The soothsayer, trembling all over with the excitement of this chance discovery, sprang from his seat, seized the leaves, and laid them on the lifeless clay, which had once been a bright, mischievous little boy. How anxiously did he bend over the child, to catch the first glimpse of returning life! How joyful did he feel as the miraculous power first began to be exercised, and the bosom of the child slowly heaved with the new sensation of vitality! How gladly did he hail the Cretan women without, and tell them to fetch King Minos, for Glaucus was again alive!

There was gladness and great rejoicing in the marble palace of the Cretan monarch, as the sprightly Glaucus, laughing and mischievous as ever, was brought in, to be clasped over and over again in the loving arms of father, mother, sisters, brothers, — in everybody's arms, until he came very near being suffocated again. And not the least-pleased person was the old soothsayer himself, who was sent back to Argos, laden with the richest presents the whole kingdom could afford. Ever afterwards, little Glaucus kept away from the great honey-cask, and learned by this first lesson of experience, that disobedience is always visited with its due punishment.

F. H. V.

MINK CURTISS; OR, LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS.

BY AN OLD HUNTER.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued from the September Number.)

MINK CURTISS was standing as straight and as firm as one of the trees around him, with his rifle ready cocked, and thrown into the hollow of his arm.

"Hist!" he said, in a very low tone of voice, as George and Frank drew cautiously to his side. "Hist! Look there!" and he motioned to a thicket, a little distance ahead.

Then the somewhat terrified boys saw a sight they might have heard of, but certainly had never seen before, — a sight that thrilled them through every fibre. To Curtiss, it was nothing new; he had seen the same thing, perhaps, hundreds of times. With its head raised some little distance from the ground, was a large — it appeared immense to them — black snake. Its mouth was open; its lidless eyes seemingly emitting sparks of fire; its tongue vibrating, and its body moving in gentle undulations. Before it, was a little bird, whirling rapidly around, and uttering cries of terror, — whirling, struggling apparently to get away, and yet constantly contracting its circles and drawing nearer to its death. So much occupied were the snake and the bird, that neither noticed the man and the boys that were watching them.

"In ernuther minnit," whispered Mink Curtiss, "and that ar bird will fly strait inter ther snake's mouth;" and he raised his rifle, quick as thought, and fired. The head of the snake was completely severed from the body and rolled to some distance, while the body twisted in frightful contortions. The bird too, released

from the fatal charm, had fallen to the ground, and Frank, now that all danger had passed, rushed forward to pick it up and smooth its ruffled plumage.

"Yer kin pick it up, and welcome," said the old hunter, as he was carefully wiping his beloved rifle. "Yer kin pick it up; but yer'll find it jest as dead as ther snake."

The result proved the truth of what he had said. The little heart was still; the strong wings were nerveless; the eyes closed; and the tongue that had poured forth songs of praise to its Maker, at morning and evening, would never utter note again.

"How came it dead, Mr. Curtiss? I am certain that the snake was not near enough to touch it," said Frank, as he carefully examined the tiny form.

"No; yer right thar. The snake didn't touch it; but I knew yer'd find it dead. I've seen jest such things berfore."

"What, then, was the cause of its death?"

"Now, yer ax me too much," replied the honest old man. "I hain't larned ernuff to answer ther question, though I orter know more erbout it than ther most of men that have put stories in books concarnin' it. I concate, howsomever, that it am fright and ther pisonous breath of the sarpint that killed it. We call it snake-charmin'."

"I have often read about it."

"And now, yer have seen it, and kin speak fer yerself. No, no; ther bite of er black snake hain't pison ther least grain; and it must be somethin' in ther breath that does it."

"Have all snakes this strange power?" asked George.

"Rattlesnakes sartinly have it, jest as well as ther black ones; but I can't say erbout ony others."

"And can they charm a man as well as a bird?"

"I've hern tell on sich things; in fact, I knew er young gal once, that said she had bin charmed by er sarpint, but I never saw it."

"But you believe it?"

"Sartinly. Thar's many er thing that's jest as true as ther Bible, that I have never seen; and it mought not have bin right fer me ter shoot ther snake; fer ther good Lord created it, and gave it ther power, in order that it might catch its prey. Somehow, I can't help shootin' er sarpint. They hain't like anythin' else. I may be wrong — I hope not; but I never kill any other thing from mere wantonness." And the old man gave them a

lecture upon the sin of destroying bird's nests, and throwing stones at harmless little birds, that we wish every cruel boy — and some girls too — could have heard. In the meantime, Frank, with a swelling heart, had smoothed the bright feathers of the dead bird, wrapped it in leaves, and placed it in his pocket, so as to take it home and show, when he told the story; and they had resumed their march. And for many miles it was continued, with only a rest by a clear spring, that trickled from a gray rock, to eat their luncheon. The prairie, smooth and level almost as the ocean, had long since been left behind, and they had ascended a steep range of hills. Then again, the old man paused, placed the boys upon another run-way, and started his faithful dog upon the trail.

"This used ter be er famous spot fer shootin' deer in other days," he said; "and I never come here without gittin' one or two, and sometimes more; but it whar dangerous shootin'."

"What made it dangerous, Mr. Curtiss?"

"Ther Injuns. They used ter be jest as thick as ther leaves on ther trees."

"Is there any danger from them, now?" asked the boys, in alarm, and more than half-regretting that they had ventured so far from home.

"No; I don't think that thar am. Howsomever, it's allers best ter be on ther safe side; and —"

The ringing voice of the hound interrupted further explanation. He motioned the boys to be ready, placed his own rifle in position, and said, — "I'll give yer er chance ter shoot fust, and ef yer both miss, then I'll shoot. Ready, and steady, now!"

A doe, closely followed by the hound, came dashing down the side of the mountain. It leaped into the cleared space he had chosen, saw them, and turned aside; but at that instant, the boys fired; and immediately afterwards, the rifle of the old hunter sent forth the fatal bullet. The "flag" dropped, as he had said.

"I've known er deer ter run er hundred rods," he said, "arter it had got its death-wound. Ef its breath is er bein' drawn in, it will do so; but ef it am er goin' out, it will drop at once. Now, I know that I hit that ar doe spang through ther heart, and we'll find it stone-dead."

Without waiting to reload, the two started into the thick undergrowth; but they had not proceeded far, before the woods rang with a terrible shout, and they found themselves surrounded by,

and the prisoners of, a band of grim and hideously painted Indians.

Trembling in every limb, the poor boys gazed around upon the savage forms that hemmed them in on every side, and rendered escape impossible. There were fully twenty of the warriors, armed with the primitive weapons of their race — the bows, arrows, and stone-headed hatchets — and the more deadly rifle and pistols they had procured by trading their hard-earned skins and furs with unscrupulous white men. The boys had not the slightest doubt that they would die a sudden and a violent death; and, childlike, their thoughts flew backwards to their happy home — their kind father and mother; and vainly they struggled against the strong hands that restrained them — vainly they fought for freedom.

With the old hunter it was very different. Save the sigh that escaped him, as his cherished rifle was torn from his grasp, there was nothing to tell that anything outside of the common course had transpired. He was just as calm as when seated in his own little cabin, smoking his pipe, he indulged in day-dreams as to the amount of peltries he would be able to secure during the coming autumn and winter. But little time, however, had they for reflection. The Indians knew that they were upon a dangerous trail, although a swift runner had brought them word, that the great chief, "Black Hawk," had dug up the hatchet, and taken the war-path with his braves; and with scarcely a moment of respite, the prisoners were hurried away to where their rough, but swift-footed, and hardy ponies were waiting, and mounting them, proceeded at as rapid a pace as possible, westward.

"O Mr. Curtiss!" exclaimed Frank, as they chanced to be riding side by side. "O Mr. Curtiss! Where are they taking us? and what will they do with us? My mother! My poor, dear mother!" and the bright eyes, that, but a brief time before had been dancing with hope, were filled with tears.

"Wal," replied the old man, almost under his breath; "wal, I concate that they am ergoin' ter take us ter one of thar villerges; but what they will do arter they git us thar am ernuther thing. Ther Injuns am jest as unsartin as er sarpint, and thar's no tellin' what they will do."

"But, suppose they should kill us?" — and every horror perpetrated by the red man, of which the boy had read, arose before him.

"It hain't likely. I don't hardly think they will do it; and yet,

they may. But er man should always be ready ter die. I am like er old tree, whose branches are berginnin' ter be dead at ther top, and whose root is erdyin' in ther ground, and it don't make much matter when I go ; but yer young and fresh, like er green saplin', and it would be a pity fer yer ter be cut down so suddinly. But yer mustn't talk, boys. Ther redskins don't like it, nohow. Watch every step of ther way keerfully, and break a twig now and ergin, ef yer kin ; so that, ef onythin' should turn up, yer'd know yer way back hum ergin."

A brutal-looking Indian, who had been riding the nearest to them, rode in between at the moment, and waved his tomahawk threateningly above their heads, at the same time exclaiming, in his broken English, — "Pale-face no talk, or me cut tongue out ;" and, to be certain that his command was not disobeyed, he separated the old hunter from the boys, and made him ride some distance in the rear of them. It was a slight consolation, however, to the brothers, that they were permitted to remain together, even though the watchful eyes of the savages forbid them to speak ;

but they remembered the advice of Mink Curtiss, and carefully observed the course they were travelling and the ground over which they journeyed, hoping against hope, that the knowledge might, at some future time, be of use to them.

With the first gathering of darkness, the Indians halted, and prepared to rest for the night. Forcing their captives to dismount, they fastened them securely to the trunks of trees, standing some distance apart; fettered their ponies, to prevent their wandering too far; built a fire; flung upon the glowing embers the flesh of the deer, and offered it, when half-cooked, to the old hunter and the boys, together with a draught of water in rude birchen vessels. The former eat with a great relish, if one could judge by appearances and the quantity he devoured; but the latter pushed it aside, almost with disgust, until the low whispers of Mink Curtiss reached their ears.

"Try ter eat; that's good boys," he said. "It'll make ther redskins mad ef yer don't; and bersides, yer need it ter keep up yer strength arter yer long walk and ride; and, above all things, don't let them see that yer erfeard. Thar's nothin' they hate so much as er coward."

Thus urged, they managed to force down a small quantity of the venison; but the contrast was so great, to the clean cooking and snow-white table-cloths and shining dishes of their mother, that it was with extreme difficulty they did so. Ah! Home was to them such a place of delight as they had never dreamed of before; and how they would prize it when they got back again, — if, indeed, they lived to do so.

It was a weary night, especially to the poor boys; for the bonds, that had been increased after the meal was finished, forbid the exercise of their limbs, and it was with great difficulty that they could turn over. But, at length, completely worn out, they slept heavily, and were dreaming happy dreams, when the Indians again aroused them to the realities of life. It was not yet light; but the fires were kindled, the rude breakfast being cooked, and the ponies saddled, and ready for a start. Mink Curtiss too was wandering around, freed from his bonds; and seeing that they looked upon him with astonishment, he walked towards them, and hastened to explain.

"Some of ther redskins know me of old," he said; "espeserly, that ar tall chief thar, with ther crow feathers twisted in his scalp-lock. His name is ther 'Flyin' Crow,' and he's er mighty brave

warrior, though er savage one. Wal, as I whar er sayin', he knows me, and he knows that I allers tells ther truth. So, when I promised him that I wouldn't try ter escape until arter I got ter ther campin'-grounds, he jest cut ther elm-bark fastenin's — prisoner-strings, they call 'em — and gave me my liberty. Yer see what er good thing it am ter be known as one that allers tells ther truth."

"The pale-face must not talk to the young braves," said the "Flying Crow," who had stood silently listening to the words of the old hunter.

"Yer heard what I said," was the answer; "and I hain't ershamed on it. I never broke my word ter either ther white man or ther red, and I hain't ergoin' ter bergin now."

"The Mink is a great brave," replied the Indian. "His song is true as that of the robin, and not false like the cuckoo;" and satisfied that the old hunter would keep his promise, both in the letter and the spirit, he turned away, and left him with his young friends. But the crafty old man — honest too, as the sun — had been very careful what he had pledged himself to; and as soon as the "Flying Crow" was out of hearing, he began giving the boys advice for their future guidance, and instructing them as to the best means to compass their escape. Very greatly to the satisfaction of all, they were permitted to ride together during the day; and, when the shadows of night were gathering around for the second time since their capture, they reached the village of the Indians, and were welcomed with a great outcry and with beating of drums.

"It am er bad time fer us ter be brought heah," whispered the old hunter, as he saw that the faces of both the warriors and squaws were blackened; that not a particle of brilliant-colored paint was to be seen on their tawny skin; and that they were totally devoid of ornament, even what was considered the magical wampum being absent.

"What do you mean?" asked George, in the same guarded manner, while his brother was looking curiously around. "Why is it a bad time?"

"Becase, thar has bin er battle somewhar; and ther redskins have been worsted, and have lost er good many, and am er mournin', and even more savage than they usuerly am. I'm most erfeard that it will go hard with us; but we must trust in ther good Lord, and mayhap, He'll deliver us out on thar hands."

To the boys, even though they were in a desperate situation, the

scene was an interesting one. On every side, the cone-shaped wigwams, framed with poles, and covered with bark and skins, could be seen through the interstices of the forest. From the apex of some, the thin smoke curled up; and in front of others, little fires were burning, and over them were suspended kettles, around which the squaws and the younger children were waging war with the half-starved dogs. In a circle, upon the open space, in the centre of which stood the terrible post of torture, the warriors were gathered, sitting in stolid silence, and passing the huge calumet or war-pipe, from hand to hand. One look at their faces would have satisfied any one that all other feeling was swallowed up by a desire for vengeance. But, as is their custom, they showed nothing of what was passing in their minds, and were far too reticent to even speak of the matter amongst themselves, until the proper time came. So, when the captives were brought into the encampment, they continued smoking in silence, and scarcely raised their eyes from the ground. This, as the old hunter had stated, was a bad sign; and he was not at all surprised when they were led to the prison wigwam, and closely fettered there. He knew that nothing would be done until the morrow; that there were mystic rites and ceremonies first to be gone through with; that the medicine-man of the tribe would be called upon to perform his mummeries before they would be led forth to torture and to death.

For himself, he cared but little; but that the boys, while under his care, should have been captured, wrung him to the very heart; and as soon as he deemed that the red man's etiquette would permit, he sent for the "Flying Crow," and conversed long and earnestly with him. But of the purport of that conversation, the boys knew nothing, for it was carried on in the Indian tongue.

"Yer see, Crow," he said, "they am scarcely more'n papooses; have never bin on ther war-path; never had er fire-weapon in ther hands berfore terday; and hain't never done yer race ther least grain of harm."

"My brothers have fallen like leaves in the autumn-time, when the north wind sweeps in its wrath along," replied the Indian, bitterly.

"I know all that; but they whar men, and took ther risk of losin' thar scalps, when they whar er tryin' ter git others."

"The Manitou of the red man is angry. He is thirsting for the blood of the pale-face."

"Yes; I know that am yer berlief, and I hain't got nothin' ter say ergin it. But yer say he wants blood? Wal, jest let them ar

boys go back ter ther homes, safe and sound, and yer may take me, and tie me up ter yer post of torture, and cut and burn jest as much as yer have er mind ter."

"My pale-faced brother would give his life for those he loves?" replied the chief, with a look of admiration.

"Sartinly," answered the old man; "sartinly I would; and er hundred lives, ef I had 'em. Yer see, I promised ter take good keer of ther boys, and bring them safe back hum ergin."

"And he would keep his word to the death?"

"Yes, yes!"

The Indian turned away without a word. As he admired courage in his own race, even so could he the courage of his enemies; and he pleaded long and fervently, when the council was assembled, that the request of Mink Curtiss might be granted, hoping that something might transpire by which he could also save his life, for he had known him long, and respected him. But he plead in vain. He might as well have argued to the senseless trees.

"All must die!" was the decision of the head chief of the tribe. "The thirsty earth has drank up the blood of our brothers; their bones are lying unburied; the wolves are howling around them, and their squaws and papooses are bowed in the cold ashes of their wigwams. The pale-faces must die!"

"Ugh! Yes!" was echoed by every lip, save that of the "Flying Crow," and he returned sadly, to inform the old hunter of his fate. He entered the lodge where they were confined, sat down, drew his blanket over his head, but spake never a word. And none was needed. Mink Curtiss knew well what it portended; and when at length, the Indian rose to depart, he said,—

"I have ter thank yer, Crow; fer I know yer have done ther best that whar posserble; and when our speerits are travellin' ther dark road that leads ter ther happy huntin'-grounds, I want yer ter promise me ter see ther boys buried arter ther fashion of thar people. Fer myself, it don't matter much; and I reckon ther good Lord kin find us, no matter whar we be, in ther great and terrerble day of judgment."

There was much of this that the Indian did not understand. But the happy hunting-ground was familiar to him, and he knew enough of the mode of burial customary among the white men, to understand the wishes of the old hunter, and so promised.

"And," said Mink Curtiss, "I concate we won't have ter wait long, and our fate is fixed?"

"Tomorrow! Pau-guk!" was the curt reply; and the "Flying Crow" hurried away, as if fearful of farther questioning.

"Yes — death!" continued the hunter. "Wal, it must come to all; and, — but ther poor boys, — ther poor boys!"

The guard that had been appointed to watch over the prisoners during the dark hours came in, and interrupted him. They examined the fastenings, saw that there was no possibility of escape, and then took their places on the outer side, so as to completely surround the wigwam.

To prepare the boys for the swift-coming and terrible death that was in store for them, was the first thought of the old hunter; but he refrained, and even talked to them hopefully of the chances of escape. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," was the motto he somewhat perverted to fit the situation. "I've bin in er tighter place than this am, boys," he said; "and I hain't ergoin' ter give up beat now;" and he managed to turn himself over, so as to reach the bonds of Frank with his head, and began to untie the knots with his teeth. But it was a very difficult task. The fingers that had bound them were skilled in the performance of such duties, and what a knife would have accomplished in a minute, was to him the work of hours. Still, he succeeded in the end; and then he whispered to the boy, to do the same good office for his brother and himself. And at length, they were all released. But of what good was it? They were surrounded by guards, and in the very heart of the encampment; to escape, was almost an impossibility.

With a whispered word of direction to keep the utmost silence, and refrain from talking, the old hunter raised the covering of the wigwam, and looked without. It was a night of almost starless darkness. The moon was hidden behind dense clouds, and the wind soughed solemnly through the branches; but the sharp eyes of the old hunter instantly detected that there was one side of their prison-house left unguarded, and giving the boys the clue, he crawled thither, and soon all were creeping like dogs towards the thick wood. They reached it in safety, — were confident that no one had seen them; and a prayer of thankfulness was already forming on the lips of all, when, from behind the giant trunks, a dozen stalwart warriors sprang out, and they were instantly dragged back, and secured ten times as strongly as before.

WHAT THE FLOWERS SAY.

GOOD–DAY, little children; we're winking
The dews from our opening eyes;
So glad you have come to us early,
While morning is yet in the skies.

Wherever we flowers are growing,
In by-lane, on hillock, or hill,
We like to be gathered by children,
Some purpose of love to fulfil.

Mamma, with her vases all empty,
How gladly she welcomes us there!
And how papa smiles when you give him
A bud in his waistcoat to wear!

Little Susie lies ill in her chamber;
Go there, a sweet gift to confer;
In her thin eager hands she will clasp us,
And we shall be precious to her.

Come, little ones, happy and healthy,
Wild roses are waiting for you;
Sweet meadow-pinks, buttercups, daisies,
Red-clover, and grass-flowers blue.

We toss our heads this way and that way,
As gentle winds over us move;
Come, gather us quick, little children,
And run on your errands of love.

MRS. A. M. WELLS.

LITTLE PEARL.

CHAPTER VII. — LIGHT FOR THE NIGHT.

THE ride from Mulberry Hill seemed very long to Agnes; and her first thought when she reached home was of her little sister. "Miss Muggins, where is Pearl?" was the eager question, as she rushed into the house.

"Where's Pearl? Great deal you care where Pearl is," was the answer. "Go away, and leave her to herself all day, and she sick. She's in the other room, sick-abed; and my opinion is, she'll never be any better."

Pale and trembling, Agnes went into her father's room, and found Pearl lying on her little trundle-bed, asleep. But it was a restless sleep. She tossed about, and moaned, as if in pain; and her flesh was burning hot.

"O Miss Muggins! What's happened to her? What makes her so much worse? Did she feel bad because we went away?"

"Of course, she did; and I couldn't be right at their heels all the time. About noon, just when it was hottest, Bliss run away somewhere. Pearl went after him; when she got back, she was all heated up, and said she was tired; so, I told her to come in here, and lay down; and she has been here ever since."

The father came in to see her. "Yes; she is sick," he said; "she is very sick!" — and his low, troubled tones filled the sisters' hearts with terror. And when Pearl awoke, and they found that she did not know them, that she was unconscious of everything around her, they were indeed stricken with grief; and all that

night, Agnes, unable to sleep, watched at the bedside with her father; and Pearl, in her delirium, would now call, "Mamma! Mamma!" in most piteous tones; and then be in some sudden terror about Bliss, or cry out that robbers had killed her father; or beg Agnes and Cassy not to run away, and leave her. In the morning, she was more restful; but the doctor said that she had the brain-fever, and that unless she was most carefully nursed, and kept very quiet, she would not live.

"Would not live!" How full of sorrowful meaning were those words to Agnes and Cassy! What if their little sister died, and never knew them again, — never knew how sorry they were for all their selfishness and neglect? They could not bear to think about it. Awed and stilled, they hardly dared to move or speak, and even Miss Muggins stepped softly, and spoke low, as if she too was anxious and sorry. Early in the afternoon, Pearl fell into a sort of slumber, and the father went into town to get a nurse. He said that he would come back as soon as possible, and told Agnes to watch beside Pearl, and keep perfectly still, and that perhaps she would not awake until his return. Kind Mrs. Fenwick, who had been with them since morning, had gone home, and Agnes and Cassy were left in the room alone with their little sister; for Cassy came and watched too. She could not play any more; and hours of that pleasant summer afternoon, they sit there in silence and darkness; and, though the sunbeams strove to steal in through the blinds, and the birds sang blithely in the trees around, and Tad and Lule peeped in at the door, yet, they were not lured away.

Pearl awoke just as it was about time to expect the father back. She moved, and seemed to speak. Agnes bent low to hear; and she thought that the name of Bliss was repeated once or twice.

"She is worrying about Bliss," thought Agnes. "I'll go and see where he is;" and she crept softly to the door, and went out.

Bliss was not in the garden; and glancing around the prairie, she saw, at a little distance from the house, his dark curly head, bobbing up and down in the tall grass. She ran to catch him, and looking down the road, she saw her father coming; and behind him, there was another carriage — a large covered carriage — such as rarely came that way. Was it coming across the prairie? Who could it be? She caught Bliss up in her arms, and ran back to the house. Pearl was dozing again; and Agnes went to the hall-door, to see if the carriage was coming there. Yes; it had passed

the grove ; it was coming nearer and nearer ; and when the father stopped at the gate, the carriage stopped too. *Who could it be?* The carriage-door was opened ; a glimpse of silvery hair and gold-bowed spectacles, of a pale, sweet face, and lithe, girlish form, sent a thrill to the little lonely heart. It was Grandma and Aunt Nelly! It was Grandma and Aunt Nelly!

APPEAL OF PETER THE HERMIT.*

DURING five hundred years, the pilgrims who have visited the holy city of Jerusalem, have paid tribute to the enemies of the true religion. In these later years, this humiliation is not enough. The land whence our religion sprung, land consecrated by the sufferings of the Crucified One, and by the blood of martyrs, is now in the keeping of a brutal horde of Turks. We, who have made our pilgrimage, to stand for a little time near the sacred places, — heavy of heart, often ahungered, often pelted by raging storms and burned by scorching heat, — at last, we have been turned back from the gates of the City, with revilings and scourgings. Shall we suffer these atrocities to be inflicted upon pious men? Shall we suffer forever the blessed relics to be desecrated? If we are Christians, the Holy City is ours. Men of the true faith, to the far East we must go. The tomb of our Saviour must be rescued from the impious Turks. Let us march to the Holy City! God wills it! God wills it! Come forth from your castle upon the hill, brave knight, and fight under the banner of the cross. Let the trumpet call the serving-men, whose homes are nestled beneath your fortress walls. Come from the cottage and the castle and the walled

* In the latter part of the eleventh century, Mohammedanism reigned supreme in the East. Even in the holy city of Jerusalem, the crescent had displaced the cross, and Christian pilgrims at the tomb of our Lord were cruelly treated by the Turks. Peter the Hermit, a French monk, who had seen their sufferings, resolved to arouse the chivalry of Europe to go to the rescue of the holy sepulchre. Barefoot, and in rags, he went up and down the land, haranguing the people, who caught his enthusiasm, and followed him in great numbers. The above is a supposed exhortation. — *See "Milestones of English History," in September Number.*

town. From every land of the true faith, Christian warriors shall come; even from the distant isles of the ocean; ay, nations I wist not of! We will free from polluting hands the sacred places. God wills it! God wills it! Let the wars of kings and the feuds of chiefs be at an end. Let the whole Western world have but one heart, and in resistless might sweep from the face of the earth the followers of the false prophet, who now impiously tread upon holy soil. They call us dogs and infidels, and scoff at our faith. Infidels! With the red cross mounted on our shoulders, and gleaming on our banners, and the battle-axe in our right hand, we will force these dogs to eat their taunts. We will do brave deeds beneath the walls of Jerusalem. Under the cross, we will do battle; and when death comes, the golden gates above shall open to all who go forth in this Holy Cause. J. LOOMIS.

BIRD-THOUGHTS.

MINE is a happy life;
Here, in the forest dim,
Distant from scenes of strife,
I sing my peaceful hymn
To Him who gave this life to me,
And made me happy, glad, and free.

I'm but a little bird;
And yet, my song so clear,
I think is often heard
By Him who placed me here.
I think He loves to hear me sing,
And takes my little offering.

So, at the earliest light,
And when the sun is high,
And when the shades of night
Creep softly o'er the sky,
I still will sing to Him above,
Who made my life so full of love.

HERBERT F. ROBINSON.

PETS AND SPORTS IN TASMANIA.

THE BLACK SWANS.

THE children at Elmhill were impatient for Miss Wide-awake's second story; so, at the first convenient opportunity, she gathered them about her, and gave them the following description of some of her old pets:—

"Grandpapa's house," said she, "was a great, rambling affair, with lofty rooms, hinting of summer at every step. Not that we did not need fires sometimes, and rousing ones too; but our winter in Tasmania was very unlike that season in New England. It seldom happened that I could not find something pretty for my vases in the the garden or woods; the bees continued their labors, merely lying idle three or four days at a time, in especially bad weather; and very few plants required a warmer spot than the wide veranda, which ran across three sides of the house.

"A charming place was that veranda, for it was shaded all summer by a tangle of passion-flowers, and jessamines, and climbing roses, and grape-vines, which, in autumn could hardly hold up their great clusters of purple and golden fruit. It was a vast deal pleasanter than the drawing-room or library; and there grandpapa read and wrote, while grandmamma and I busied ourselves with our needles.

"I said grandmamma and I; but the truth is, that I did very little work of any kind there, for I was usually too much occupied in other ways. No sooner were we fairly seated, than Bruno, with ears cocked, and head on one side, begged for a play. He was followed by Mrs. Silvertail, who stretched herself lazily in the shade, in preparation for a nap. A great mistake that of Silvertail; for one, two, or three, teasing, untiring kittens, discovering her retreat, half-coaxed, half-drove her to a frolic. Leaping, tumbling, rolling, were tried; little paws stole around the old neck; little furry balls placed themselves on the panting side; mischievous little teeth snapped at the curling tail, till mamma could not

bear it another minute; and, with vigorous blows, sent her offspring hither and thither, in funny dismay. By that time, the white cockatoo — a beautiful bird, as large as a common fowl — would find out the family gathering-place, and waddle along, calling 'Pretty Cocky! Pretty Cocky!' 'Bruno, get out! get out!' 'Miaow, miaow!' 'Kate! Kate kiss Cocky!' 'Pretty Cocky want spool!'

"Yes, Cocky shall have one; and I wind off the cotton, and give him the coveted toy, when he grasps it with his foot, and splits it at a single bite. Presently, Cocky ruffles his plumage till he looks half as large again as before; he throws his crest, with its double fan of brilliantly yellow feathers, as far forward as possible, and spreads and closes it rapidly. His eyes sparkle, and he yells fiercely, and flies forward, as if for a tremendous attack. Matey the cook, has just stepped on the veranda; and Cocky, having frightened her once, thinks it fine fun to try it again. She humors the feathered wag; puts her hands to her face, and makes belief run; when he laughs merrily, and cries, 'Hurrah! hurrah! Pretty Cocky, hurrah!"

"The magpie had no mind to be overlooked; and when I was kind to Cocky, he drew my attention by singing, in a full, rich voice; and then he hopped up and down, now this way and now that, as gaily as my old dancing-master used to do. Cocky was jealous; and I am not sure that I shouldn't have liked the magpie the best, only that he was such a thief. He stole my scissors, and buried them in the garden, without the slightest regard to my feelings; and he carried off my worsteds, and my beads, and my gold and silver thread. He was a pleasant fellow, but with bad morals, and a sad companion for Cocky.

"Wakened by the noise, Drowsy the wombat, trudged along, with a heavy, rolling tread, like that of a fat bear. When full-grown, he was three feet long, with a large body and short legs. His color was much like that of the gray cloth which we call 'pepper-and-salt;' and his fur was coarse, but long and warm. He liked to be taken up, and stroked, and petted; and he used to stand on his hind legs, to beg for the treat. Poor Drowsy! He became too heavy; and beside, he soiled his paws with overmuch digging. A sleepy fellow was Drowsy, and he rejoiced in a soft, warm bed. Wherever the quilt hung over the edge of one, he climbed by it, and crept in; and thus often gave us a start when we turned down the sheets at night. He hunted after the milk;

and one hot evening, when it was set out to cool, he knocked off the covers, drank what he wanted, and took a bath in the rest. Oh, how Matey scolded, and how grandmamma laughed! Three different times Tom took Drowsy to the woods, hoping to get rid of him; and each time he found his way back, tired, wet, and hungry, and begged to be taken in. Grandpapa did not send him away again, but he had to be shut up occasionally, he burrowed so. I was almost afraid he would undermine the house itself, with his holes and passages deep below the surface of the earth.

"Up in their cage, slept a pair of jerboa kangaroos, night-loving little creatures, who cared nothing for sunshine. They were about as large as hares, grayish-brown above, grayish-white beneath, with a tail which was black on the upper surface. They were my captives; but their nest was so skilfully built, that I should never have found it without Tom's help. Tom knew better than anybody at Seaview, what went on in the woods, and he told me how the mamma jerboa made her nice warm house. First, she sought a hollow spot in the earth, which she scooped out until the roof would be on a level with the ground about it. Then, she hunted up some dried grass suitable for her use, made it into a bundle, twisted her tail round it, and hopped back with her load. This formed the beginning of her roof; and after placing it properly, she went out for more, and still more, until the cavity was completely covered. Even then, her cares were not ended. She must *keep* her house, as well as *build* it; and so, when her little ones were lying cosily within, she never left it, or returned to it, without closing the entrance with a tuft of grass.

"When I was tired of the veranda pets, my glance strayed down the lawn, shaded by groups of noble trees, and reached the sea, which lay in the distance, its soft blue melting into the softer sky, and brightened occasionally by a white sail, which glittered a moment, and was gone. The place took its name of Seaview from this ocean landscape; and its ever-changing hues, and grand, perpetual chant, had for me a strange, sweet fascination. Grandmamma, who had lost two sons in one of its terrible storms, used often to follow the direction of my eye, and whisper softly a favorite Bible quotation from St. John's description of the New Jerusalem, 'And there was no more sea;' but I, to whom it brought no sorrowful recollections, could not help hoping that I might find the wide, beautiful reach of waters reproduced in the heavenly home. The beach was not visible from the veranda; but I could trace

the line of green which marked the little creek setting inland, and dividing Seaview from the next estate, which was called Ferndale, and was the property of our dear friends, the Seymours. Charming, indeed, was the creek, — always playing at being something larger and grander than itself; always widening into pretty lakes, or sweeping out in lovely curves, or fretting over rocky shallows. Here, it lay open to the sky; there, it was closely arched with acacias, which, in their season, roofed themselves with gold, and honey-bearing peppermint-trees, whose pyramids of snowy bloom were set like vast bunches of pearls in the thick, dark foliage. Here, the shores were high and sharp, and carpeted with flowers, from the first white lily of spring, to the fragrant yellow oxalis of winter; there, they were low and moist, and bore many kinds of broad-leafed water-plants, and rich mosses, and plumy ferns. So, we had 'The Fairies' Bath,' 'The Roaring Water,' 'Mossbay,' and 'Lilybank;' and we talked as grandly about them, as if they had been laid down on maps and described in geographies. Better worth seeing too, they were, than many more important places; for there the kingfisher, in violet and red, sat on a dead limb, and watched for his darting prey; and parrots filled the water with bright reflections — ruby and orange, and blue and green — till it seemed to flow over a pavement of gems. There came the wattle-bird — a lively, restless creature — tripping lightly along the branches, careless whether his head were upward or downward, always choosing the freshest blossoms, and thrusting his long bill and slender tongue into their very hearts for the last drop of the sweet treasure. Still better company were the cockatoos. Not the white ones, which are sad torments, settling by hundreds on the grain-fields, and screaming at the very top of their voices, when they do not happen to be feeding, or resting after a meal; but the black ones, which confine themselves to worm-eaten trees, and pick out the grubs buried under their bark. They are as large as a parrot, and as dignified in their movements as a countess at the queen's drawing-room. They move daintily about, bowing and courtesying, and raising and lowering their golden crests in the most comical way imaginable. They were good-tempered and sociable, feeding in parties, sometimes of a dozen or more in number, and talking cheerfully to each other the while. They are usually extremely shy; but no one at Seaview was allowed to frighten them, so that they were comparatively free and easy there; and I could watch them an hour at a time, by keeping quietly hidden.

Their favorite food was a grub, three or four inches long, white and smooth, like ivory, which changed to an immense moth of the most beautiful plumage, generally of rich browns and grays, but often enlivened by large, fresh pink spots on the wings. These grubs lay deep in the wood; and the birds tore away the bark, and then made large chips as they dug, such wonderful woodsmen were they. I used to translate their conversation, according to their tones and gestures, somewhat as follows: —

"'Fine day!'

"'Yes; but rather warm!'

"Cheerfully, but a little less briskly — 'Hard work, this!'

"Softly and consolingly — 'It pays well, though!'

"A trifle wearily — 'How deep the grubs lie!'

"With sudden animation — 'I've found one!'

"Inquiringly — 'Is it sweet?'

"Enthusiastically — 'Excellent! Tastes like an almond!'*

"Affectionately — 'Want any help?'

"Vigorously — 'No; I have it!'

"Generously — 'Wish you joy!'

"In this creek lived my especial and particular pets, — a pair of black swans, which were a birthday present from Harry Seymour. They were called Duke and Duchess, on account of their noble bearing; and one of my greatest pleasures was to feed them with bread and corn, which they took from my hand in a winningly trusting and confidential manner. Their plumage was elegant, being a glossy black; with a few white feathers in the tail and wings, which looked as if a little patch of snow had settled on them. Their bills were a brilliant red, like fine coral; and their heads and eyes were very pretty and pleasing. Their note was sweet and sad, somewhat like the tone of a harp; and when they called to each other, the sound was enchanting.

"When I first had them, I thought that there was nothing left to ask for; but, like most people, I at length began to wish my treasures doubled; and therefore I was delighted, when, one fine October day, — the Tasmanian spring, you will remember, — I heard Duchess say to her husband, 'My dear, we must have a nest!'

"To be sure, this communication was made in the swan language; but I understood it, and spent every leisure moment in

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* A fact.

watching madam at her task, on a low promontory running into the creek. She did not show that tender anxiety for the comfort of her future offspring, which is manifested by many birds. She didn't pluck the down from her body, like the eider duck : or gather the velvet of ferns, like the humming-bird ; or sew her materials neatly, like the oriole ; or build a roof, like the weaver-bird. No, indeed ; she did nothing of the kind. I am almost ashamed to say that she merely collected some coarse water-weeds, and put them loosely together ; and in that slovenly construction, she laid five long eggs, of a pale-green color, tinged with brown, which appeared to me much too delicate and important to be trusted in such a desolate-looking place.

"Up to that moment, I had felt nothing but pleasure ; but then I began to fidget. I was afraid of sportsmen, for roasted swan is excellent eating ; of robbers, who might wish to sell my beauties to some distant proprietor ; of snakes ; of a freshet ; of all sorts of possible and impossible dangers. I am sure, if madam had been half as uncomfortable about her expected progeny, she could not have brought them out successfully ; and I am equally certain that the whole household felt relieved, when word was brought to 'Miss,' that five cygnets tenanted the little reed home by the creek. Snatching my hat, I was out of the house in a twinkling, and reached the creek all out of breath, to find, not five lovely black baby-swans, as I anticipated, but five white ones, they being clad only in the down which all swans wear under their feathers. Notwithstanding my amazement, I imagine that I felt richer than the mother-bird at sight of them ; my next happiest moment being that in which I first saw the stately parents sailing on the crystal water, with their family in a pretty train behind them.

"For three months, I rejoiced in my darlings. Then I went to Hobarton for a visit ; and when I returned, the creek was left to the keeping of the cockatoos and wattle-birds, the parrots and kingfishers. Every one of my pets had been stolen."

M. G. SLEEPER.

MILESTONES OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

VI. — THE HANDSOME USURPER — RISE OF THE PLANTAGENETS — A CHANCELLOR TURNED CHURCHMAN — A LION RAVAGES THE KINGDOM.

WHEN "the bark that held a prince went down," thus depriving Henry Beauclerc of his lawful son, and the destined heir to his throne, he sent for his widowed daughter, Matilda, Empress of Germany, and with great pomp, proclaimed her as his successor. Among the mighty nobles present at this ceremonial, the first to bend his knee in homage was her Cousin Stephen, the young Earl of Blois, who contended for that honor with her half-brother, Robert of Gloucester. Stephen was the son of Adela, the Conqueror's daughter. He was the handsomest man in Europe, and distinguished for his knightly prowess. The common people loved him, because he never put on airs, but was affable and pleasant to all. He was courted and caressed by the nobility. He was the especial pet of the king; and if history speaks truly, the heart of the Lady Matilda herself was not insensible to his attractions. Unfortunately, Stephen was already married; so, the widowed heiress of England was wedded by her father, for reasons of state policy, to a man she never loved. This was Geoffrey, son of the powerful Count of Anjou. He had long been a favorite with the king, who stood as his godfather, and gave him rich gifts when he was knighted; and I suppose it is not to be doubted, that Geoffrey (called Plantagenet, from his jaunty fashion of wearing a broom-plant in his cap for a plume), was, as the chronicler styles him, "a most elegant young man." His manners were graceful, his face and figure fine; he was brave, and, what was more to Fine Scholar's taste, he was learned; but the marriage was an unhappy one, as state marriages frequently are. In fact, it pleased nobody but the king; for the Anglo-Norman nobles thought he need not have gone to France, for a husband for his daughter, without at least consulting them; and the English were indignant, that a princess of Saxon descent should be forced to marry against her will. All Henry wanted was to keep the crown in the family, and annex to

it as much foreign territory as possible; and after he had made his barons reiterate their vows of fealty to Matilda and her infant boy, he died contented.

"When Henry was dead, but before his body was buried," says Roger of Wendover, "Stephen, a man of great bravery, tempted God, and seized the crown;" and the nobility, in spite of their oaths of allegiance to Matilda, gave him a hearty welcome. There were several reasons for this. Stephen had always been popular with them; his young and gentle wife, who loved to trace her ancestry to the Atheling, had won their hearts by her lovely disposition. They feared Matilda's arrogance, for they knew the Conqueror's blood flowed in her veins; and, if the truth must be told, they did not relish the idea of a queen-regnant; for the spirit of chivalry was such, that though every one of them would have done battle to the death for her in a tournament, there was not one but would have thought it a shame, to kneel before a woman, and swear to be her "liegeman of life and limb." So, Stephen got the crown, and ruled, as far as he was able, with moderation; but his reign is a gloomy picture of the evils of the feudal system, relieved only by romantic gleams of chivalry. The chronicle thus paints it:—"They did homage to him, but they no faith kept. Every rich man built castles, and defended them against the king. The land was filled with castles, and the castles with devils and bad men. Then, they seized both men and women, and put them in prison, for their gold and silver. They plundered and burnt all the towns, so that thou mightst walk a whole day's journey, nor ever find a man seated in a town, or its lands tilled. The bishops and clergy were ever cursing them; but this to them was nothing, for they were reprobate. The earth bare no corn. You might as well have tilled the sea, for the land was ruined, and it was said openly, that Christ and the saints slept; and this state of things lasted the nineteen years that Stephen was king, and grew ever worse and worse."

In 1138, a great army of Scotch lances came down to revenge Matilda's injuries, led by her uncle, King David, of Scotland. The clergy came out nobly for Stephen. The old Archbishop of York made a stirring speech to the army, and he let the Bishop of Durham command it. So, you see, that bishops were brigadiers in those days; and perhaps that is where Bishop Polk got his authority for the good service he did the South lately. The English bowmen rallied bravely round the sacred standard (a tall

mast, planted firmly on a great car, from which floated the banners of three Saxon saints, surmounted by a crucifix, in which was set a silver box containing the holy wafer); and on the twenty-second day of August, was won the famous "Battle of the Standard." It was when Stephen tried to humble the power of some rapacious priests, that his reverses began.

Then the clergy went over to the enemy; the secret partisans of Matilda, headed by her half-brother, showed themselves in their true colors; and Matilda, having landed in England, entrenched herself at Arundel Castle, where Stephen might easily have made her prisoner, had she not thrown herself upon his protection, and made him promise her safe conduct to her brother. That she did not fear to trust the honor of him who had broken his oath of fealty to her, and that he kept his promise, shows the power of chivalry over the men and women of that age. Ill requital, this true and loyal knight received for his generosity to his cousin; for, after the battle of Lincoln, in which he was worsted, she kept him a close prisoner in Bristol Castle, for the eight months of her reign, treating him like a base-born criminal. Her abuse of power was such, that the Londoners rebelled, and Stephen's release was effected. After this, we hear of her, besieged by the king, in various castles. Once, she escapes by being carried out in a coffin; again, all clad in white, to elude detection, she is let down from the battlements, on a snowy night, and half-frozen, walks six miles over the icy ground to rejoin her friends, but with never a thought of yielding her just claim to the throne. At last, Stephen, saddened by the sufferings of his people, consented that her son Henry should share the realm with him, and be his successor; and when, by the death of the king, the young Plantagenet found the reins of government fairly within his grasp, he soon showed that he had the courage to hold them firmly. He levelled the lordly castles, from which rapine and murder had stalked to devastate the land, drove home the hired troops of both armies, and reclaimed the estates for the crown that had been pillaged by both parties. To check the extortions of the church was his next endeavor; and, looking about for a counsellor in the reforms he had undertaken, his eye, ever quick to recognize talent, rested at once upon the commanding figure of Thomas-a-Becket. Becket's age was nearly double that of the king; but he was a man of remarkable culture and grace, and already had great influence

with the clergy, though he was not bound by any monastic vows. Like the king, he was fond of athletic sports; and both being shrewd, earnest, and energetic men, they soon became fast friends. Becket was made chancellor; and, as the chronicle tells the story, "The king received him so much into his esteem and familiarity, that throughout the kingdom there was no one his equal." There was not room at his table for the crowds of knights and nobles that flocked to his elegant banquets, and rushes were spread upon the floor (carpets were an unknown luxury), so that those who sat thereon need not soil their rich apparel. Earls and barons counted it an honor, if he would receive their sons as pages and esquires; and the king's son, and the little French princess to whom he was betrothed, were both educated by the chancellor. Though he loved display, and set before his guests the choicest food and the richest wines, served in massive vessels of gold and silver, he himself was abstemious in his diet, wore a hair-shirt under his fine linen, and slept on a hard bed. He was charitable to the poor, kind to the oppressed, a just judge, and a wise minister. The Archbishopric of Canterbury was the last honor which the king pressed upon his favorite's acceptance. It was to both a fatal gift. Often, as they rode together (for both were splendid horsemen), and talked over the affairs of the nation, Becket would say to Henry, "Do not force me to accept an office in which I could not serve you half so well as now. As your prime minister, the king is to me the supreme authority; but, should you make me a bishop, the pope must be my sovereign, the church my state: what, then, would become of our friendship?" Had the monarch but listened to the counsel of his friend, the reign of the first Plantagenet would not have had so sad and weak an ending; but he trusted too much to his love, too little to his honor; and he could not understand the unswerving sense of duty, which made Becket, upon his election to the sacred office, put aside the gay robe of the courtier, for the frock of the monk, and him upon whom princes had waited, wash the feet of beggars. It would be a sad task, even if I had time, to show you all the steps by which the devoted love of these two noble men was changed to a hate so deadly, that, after years of bitter feud, Henry, beside himself with rage, cried out, "Will none of the lazy cowards whom I feed, rid me of this fellow, who came to court on a lame horse, with his estate in a wallet on his back?" And four were found, cowardly enough to stab the old man at the altar; and thus, Thomas-a-Becket re-

ceived from Henry Plantagenet the highest honor he had yet bestowed, — a martyr's crown.

Remorse, and the rebellion of his sons, embittered the rest of Henry's life. "Let all go as it will!" he cried, when he found that John, whom he loved best, had played him false; and then he died.

Too late a penitent, Richard wept bitterly at his father's bier; and his subsequent conduct showed that his sorrow was sincere. The chronicle does not tell us whether he inherited the "lion-face" ascribed to Henry; but his was the lion-heart that inspired the third and most brilliant Crusade. Entirely ignorant of the Saxon tongue, he spent only eight months of his ten years' reign in his kingdom; and did so little for its improvement, that he would hardly be mentioned in the line of English kings, were it not that his military glory dazzled the eyes of the historians of his time. The monks delight to descant upon the splendor of the Crusader, sailing in a gorgeous galley, or going out to single combat with the fierce Saladin, to decide whether Jesus or Jupiter was rightful Lord of all. They show him to us mounted on a Spanish charger, with saddle of gold and housings of scarlet, embroidered with gold lions rampant, gold spurs on his feet, in his hand a golden-hilted blade of proven metal, and wearing a scarlet hat, bedecked with birds and beasts in gold, and a rose-colored vest, ornamented with crescents of silver. But they forget to add, that he bought his outfit by the shameless sale of crown estates, and squandered precious earldoms in his own adornment, not scrupling to declare, that he "would sell London too, if he could find a buyer."

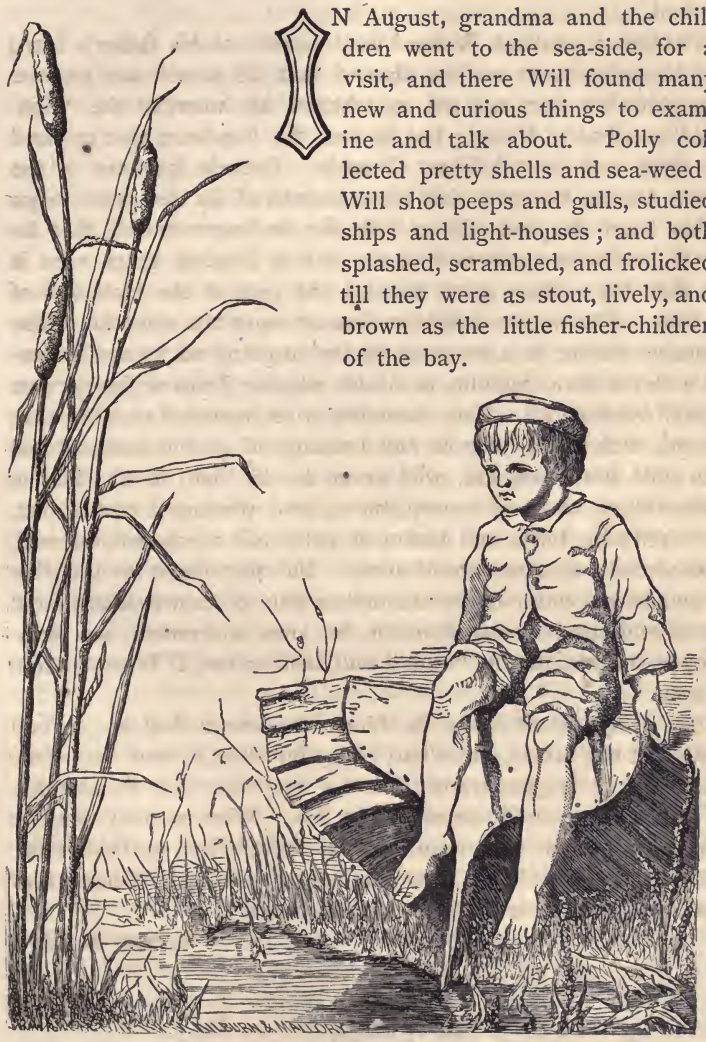
One has said of Cœur de Lion, "he was a bad son, a bad brother, a bad father, and a bad king; but then, he was the prince and flower of knights-errant;" and I may add, that the manner of his death was a fit sequel to his life. When we read that he commanded them to bury him at his father's feet, we think if he had only thrown himself there during that father's lifetime, how much evil and sorrow would have been saved.

COUSIN ALICE.

WILL'S WONDER-BOOK.

VII.

IN August, grandma and the children went to the sea-side, for a visit, and there Will found many new and curious things to examine and talk about. Polly collected pretty shells and sea-weed; Will shot peeps and gulls, studied ships and light-houses; and both splashed, scrambled, and frolicked till they were as stout, lively, and brown as the little fisher-children of the bay.



Grandma used to sit in a comfortable cranny of the rocks, knitting or reading, while the young folks played; and when they

grew tired of climbing about, they brought their new-found treasures to her, and rested, while she told stories about them.

"I've got a live snail. I picked him off a rock, and wanted to see his horns; but he shut himself up in a great hurry, and I can't make him come out," said Will, tapping at the little brown door which Mr. Snail had shut in his face.

"Put him in that pool of water, and let him alone; then he will pop his head out, and you can watch him at your ease," said grandma, moving Polly's fleet of clam-shells to make room for the snail.

"Has he got any eyes? How does he walk? Can't he ever take his shell off?" asked Will, lying down on the warm rock, to enjoy his luncheon as luxuriously as possible.

"Yes; he has eyes at the ends of his two longest horns. They look like two black dots; but they are regular eyes, and the snail can move them to and fro, or draw them out of sight, as it likes. Under the two smaller horns is its mouth; and though it seems too soft to bite anything, yet it has eight teeth, and chews leaves, and even bites bits off its own shell with them."

"Is it true that they can mend their shells? I trod on one once, and father said the snail would mend it if I let it be," said Polly, who was making paper sailors to man her pretty white boats.

"They have a slimy substance which hardens when exposed to the air, and with this they mend their broken shells. Even when they seemed crushed to pieces, they can repair the damage, though you can see the places which they mend, for the new shell is fresher than the old; so, the little patches show. They can't grow an entirely fresh shell, however, for the experiment was tried, and failed. Swammerdom carefully took off a shell, and hoped the snail would make a new one. The poor thing tried, but died of cold before it was half done."

"Are these little ones the baby-snails?" asked Will, fishing up some tiny white shells from the pool.

"I think so. The old ones lay eggs as big as small peas, and put them under a clod of earth, or in some cool, moist place. From these eggs are hatched little snails, with their houses all ready on their backs. That sort is the garden-snail. I don't know about the sea-snails, but fancy they are a good deal alike. This kind do harm among the plants, spoiling fruit and young leaves. Another sort are very large, and used to be eaten in Rome. They had *snaileries*, called *Cochlearia*, where these crea-

tures were kept, and fed on bran and wine, and when fat enough, boiled or fried, and considered great delicacies."

"Don't believe I should like the slimy things. I'm afraid my big one is dead; it don't stir," said Will, poking the snail, who appeared to have shut up his house for the season.

"Don't be impatient; he'll come when he is ready. No fear of his being dead; for snails can bear a good deal, if all the stories are true. My old book gives two anecdotes, which may interest you. One is of a man, who kept some snails for fifteen years, and then gave them to his little son to play with, supposing that of course the creatures were dead long ago. The boy put them in a basin of water, and left them there. Next day, he came running to tell his father that the shells were walking about the sides of the bowl. M. Simon could not believe it; but, as they lived in the city, he knew the boy could not have found any other snails; and, strange as it seemed, there were the old ones, promenading round the basin, as lively as possible, after their fifteen years' nap. They were kept and shown as great curiosities; and if the tale was true, they certainly *were* remarkable snails. Another person was making a shell-tower for an ornament; and finding her pretty pebbles and sea-shells gave out, she went into the garden, and got a handful of snails. In order to kill them before sticking them on the tower, she poured boiling water over them, and set the bowl away with her other things, to be ready to finish the work next day. But, when she went to the place in the morning, instead of being dead, the snails were out of the basin, sticking all about the table, some examining the tower, and others actually eating the paste that they were to be stuck on with. Having a kind heart, the lady picked them all up, and carried them back to the garden, finishing her work with less pretty shells, rather than be cruel enough to boil the poor snails over again."

"Tell about the little seal we saw down on the wharf. The man keeps him in a great cask, and feeds him with fish; and he's very funny, with no ears, and big eyes, and only two flippers, or feet. I poked him, and he made a queer noise, and dived out of sight. But presently, he popped his head up, and winked at us, and wiggled his nose, as he wanted more fish. I asked the man lots of questions; but he only said he caught little Jack in the bay.

As Polly stopped for breath, grandpa replied, "The common seal is called the sea-calf, and inhabit all the European seas. They are very large, some of them, with round heads, pretty black

eyes, and no visible ears. The front legs are very short, and the back ones are only used in swimming, being close to the tail. They live on fish; in summer, going on shore a good deal, but taking to the sea in winter. They swim and dive very swiftly, and are hunted for their skins and oil. The Greenlanders could hardly get on without them, they are so useful in many ways. The flesh serves for food; the fat makes oil for lamps, fires, and cooking; the fibres of the sinews are used for thread; the skins for carpets, clothes, tents, and boat-coverings; and of the bones, they make tools of all sorts."

"How do they hunt them?" asked Will, with his mouth full.

"The men go at night to the caves where the seals live in great numbers. Armed with torches, they row in as far as they can, and getting into good places, begin to shout all at once. This wakes and frightens the seals, who rush out as fast as they can, and in the confusion are easily killed by striking them on the nose, where a slight blow soon finishes them.

"The Ursine seals live in the neighborhood of Kamtchatka. They are very large and fierce, and fight bravely before they can be taken. They live in families, and are very affectionate. The cubs are as playful as puppies, and have mock-fights; while the parents look on with pleasure, caressing those who win. They make a loud noise when angry; low like a cow, when happy; and wail dismally if sick or wounded. Some kinds are easily tamed, and will learn to love and follow a master, like dogs. I saw one once who went creeping about the house when it liked to get out of its tub. It would kiss its keeper with a funny little smack, sigh and shed tears when he left it, and play several tricks if ordered. It fell ill, and its pretty eyes were very pathetic as they followed us about, seeming to ask help. We could do nothing for it, and it died; but my friend kept its skin, which was as soft as velvet.

"I shall enjoy seeing Jack more than ever, now I know something about him. I'm afraid he's homesick, for he sighs and looks as if he wanted his mother. I shall ask the man to let him go; and if he won't, I'll get papa to buy Jack, and then we'll let him swim away."

Will was so interested in Polly's plan about the seal, that he forgot to look at his snail, till grandma told him the little gentleman was out; and there he was, sure enough, moving his horns about, and creeping slowly toward a clam-shell, as if anxious to get aboard, and sail home to his native pool.

CHRISTIAN HEROISM. — The following most touching story is told by Bishop Kelly, of Newfoundland, who heard it from one of the survivors of the terrible storm on the coast of Labrador, last October.

The bishop makes his missionary journeys along the dangerous shores of Newfoundland and Labrador in a "Church-ship," which has weathered many storms. This true tale of Christian heroism shows that the teaching of the missionaries has not been in vain.

"A poor boy, whose name no one knows, but we may be sure that it is in the Book of Life, found three little children, who, like himself, had been washed ashore from one of the many wrecks, and they were wandering along that dreary coast in the driving sleet. They were crying bitterly, having been parted from their parents, and not knowing whether they were drowned or saved. The poor lad took them to a sheltered spot, plucked moss for them, and made them a rude but soft bed; and then, taking off his own coat to cover them, he sat by them all the night long, soothing their terror, until they fell asleep.

"In the morning, leaving them still sleeping, he went in search of the parents, and to his great joy, met them looking for their children, whom they had given up for dead.

"He directed them where to find them, and then he went on himself to try to find some place of shelter and refreshment. But, when the parents were returning with their recovered little ones, they found their brave preserver lying quite dead upon the snow, not far from where they parted from him. The long exposure in his exhausted state was too much for his strength, and having saved his little charge, — a stranger to them, as they to him, — he lay down to die. 'Greater love hath no man than this.'"

LITTLE THINGS. — Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship; a bridle-bit is a little thing, but see its use and powers; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the parts of a large building together; a word, a look, a smile, a frown, are all little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things. Pay that little debt; if it is a promise, redeem it; if it is a shilling, hand it over. You know not what important events hang upon it. Keep your word sacred, keep it to children; they will mark it sooner than any one else, and the effects will probably be as lasting as life. Mind the little things.

STRAW BONNETS. — The advent of bonnets of wheat and barley-straw, ornamented with sheaves of grain, which first made their appearance in the streets of London, in 1817, seems to have been met with a crusade of ridicule as great as that which has since greeted the more modern innovation of *hoops*. The following stanzas, written at that time, will show the kind of ordeal they had to pass through before their ultimate triumph: —

"Who now of threatening famine dare complain,
When every female forehead teems with grain;
See how the wheat-sheaves nod amid the plumes,
Our barns are now transferred to drawing-rooms;
And husbands, who indulge in active lives,
To fill their granaries, may thresh their wives."

TRAVELLING STONES. — They have walking stones in Australia, and, as we are informed, they have travelling stones in Nevada. Here is a description: —

"They were almost perfectly round, the majority of them as large as a walnut, and of an irony nature. When distributed about upon the floor, table, or any other level surface, within two or three feet of each other, they immediately began travelling toward a common centre, and there huddle up in a bunch, like a lot of eggs in a nest. A single stone, removed to a distance of three and a half feet, upon being released, at once started off with wonderful and somewhat comical celerity to rejoin its fellows; taken away four or five feet, it remained motionless. They are found in a region, that, although comparatively level, is nothing but barren rock. Scattered over this barren region are little basins, from a few feet to a rod or two in diameter, and it is in the bottom of these that the rolling-stones are found. They are from the size of a pea to five and six inches in diameter. The cause of these stones rolling together is doubtless to be found in the material of which they are composed, which appears to be loadstone, or magnetic iron ore."

A GOOD RULE. — A certain man, who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he said, "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money until I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in a day, I must do that the first thing, and in an hour. And after this I was allowed to play; and then I could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity."

"PAPA, please buy me a muff when you go to Boston," said little three-year-old Ruth. Her sister Minnie, hearing this, said, —

"You are too little to have a muff."

"Am I too little to be *cold?*" rejoined the indignant little Ruth.

THE length of England, from Berwick to Land's End, is estimated at four hundred and twenty-six miles.

WHY does the fish-hawk build its nest in a tree? Because it can always find a perch there.

MAKE not an idol of your clothes, and you will not be enraged with the thief.

ONE good act is worth two good promises.

A HANDFUL of good life is better than a bushel of learning.

WILD rosemary is said to keep away mosquitoes.

A WARLIKE tune — pon-tôon.

CHESTER

answers correctly the greatest number of the August puzzles, and wins his first prize.

QUESTIONS, ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

271.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Foundation Words.

We travel onward, hand in hand,
We are your friends indeed;
If we were banished from the land,
You'd have no books to read.

First Word.

Hidden in a secret place,
I'm a very wondrous thing;
Would you think that flowery grace
From my littleness could spring?

Second Word.

I think that you must know me well,
You all have read about me;
And though I my own praises tell,
No library without me
Would be complete, for girl or boy.
Can you now guess my name?
Since I have given you many a joy,
And brought the author fame?

Third Word.

I was one of some islands, grouped lovely and bright,
On the calmest of oceans reposing;
And I sprang with rejoicing to knowledge and light,
While my sisters in stupor were dozing.

Fourth Word.

Now shout aloud, ye merry wits,
And tell me who I am;
Your uncle, true; but what name hits?
Tom, Dick, or Will, or Sam?

Fifth Word.

Oh, fie! You need not turn away,
And say you cannot eat
My dainty morsel; others say
That I am surely fit,
A dish to set before the king.
Now, can you choicer viands bring?

E. O. P.

272. A very curious thing am I,
I'm sometimes found in dreams;
The farmer sees me in the sky
And in the murmuring streams;
The maiden, in her lover's face
Will see me, and will smile;
The mother, in her child's disgrace,
Sees me, and weeps the while;
The old man feels me in his bones,
The young man in his muscle;
I'm heard sometimes in thunder-tones,
And sometimes in a rustle.
I'm tangible; and yet, in fact,
I am intangible;
As Nature's laws, firm and intact,
And yet, I'm frangible.
A. S.

273. I am composed of 18 letters:
My 3, 4, 10, 6, is one of life's greatest blessings.
My 11, 17, 13, is a fragment.
My 7, 1, 8, 12, 5, is a fabric.
My 6, 1, 7, 15, is part of a ship.
My 2, 9, 18, is a recluse.
My 14, 9, 15, is a kind of dwelling.
My whole is the man we want for our next president.
Alfred D. F.

274. My first is part of the body; my second is a girl's nickname; my third is uncomfortable; my fourth is an interjection; and my whole is an animal.
Ixia.

275. My first is an animal; my second is a part of him, and my whole is the name of a lake in the United States.
Wolverine.

FILL THE FOLLOWING BLANKS WITH THE SAME WORDS TRANSPOSED:

276. Some ——— of ——— robbed ———, but did not leave ——— on him. *Fred.*

277. I have an —— in —— arm. *F. F.*

278. ——— exclaimed —! —. *Cis.*

279. The —— flew ——. *Belle.*

ANAGRAMS.

280. Rip marine isle. *Joe Kose.*

281. Indian's merci. *Charlie.*

282. Dob's dance. *Ned W.*

283. Lily C. Rancid. *Bob.*

284. Transpose an animal into a perfume.

285. Transpose a bird into part of the body. *Fred.*

286. Entire, I am an article of food; curtail and transpose, and I am an animal; behead again, and I am part of the body. *Snow Drift.*

287. Behead an implement, and leave a dwelling; behead again, and transpose, and leave what we all love; curtail, and transpose, and leave an abbreviation; behead, and transpose again, and leave an exclamation; behead again, and leave another exclamation. *Cis.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

288. Don't be so scared. *Charlie.*

289. Play upon words mildly. *Joe Kose.*

290. Twice tardy. *Belle.*

291. Beneath mortar. *Ned. W.*

292. 3005050010025O *E. W. W.*

293. 8050020001180. *Max.*

294.

Aunt Sue.

295. Make sense of the following puzzle: —

I L R F R T Y L S C I O P L O U S

E F B L R F T F S G E U R F U O S

☞ *Answers must reach me before the 5th of November. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send all communications intended for the PUZZLE DRAWER to "Aunt Sue," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER.

211. All is not gold that glitters.

212. Carlisle.

213. What you now read.

214. Ton.

215. She's long in her face,
She's fine in her form;
She'll quickly get fat,
Without cake or corn.
She's clean in her jaws,
And full in her chine;
She's heavy in flank,
And wide in her loin.

216. Waterloo.

217. Cedar Falls.

218. Bedford.

219. Council Bluffs.

220. There, here; never, ever.

221. Miasm, Siam.

222. Clematis.

223. Tuberose.

224. Shamrock.

225. Barbacan.

226. Insinuate.

227. Attainability.

228. Amuse.

229. Mendacity.

230. Spaniards.

231. Thoroughness.

232. Saturated.

233. Sensibilities.

234. Patrician.

235. Cider, cried.

236. Codicil.

237. Coxcomb.

238. Exceed (X C d).

239. Venture on nothing till you have well thought on the end.

Of the above Puzzles, —

Chester answers all but 222, 225, 239.

Belle answers all but 222, 223, 225, 239.

Max answers all but 221, 225, 231, 238.

Robbie Eddowes answers all but 221, 222, 230, 238.

F. R. S. answers all but 221, 222, 225, 230, 238.

C. W J. answers all but 212, 219, 221, 227, 230, 239.

Ixia answers all but 221, 223, 225, 227, 230, 233, 239.

Clara answers all but 221, 222, 223, 225, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 237, 239.

Z. T. Hedges answers 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 228, 229, 234, 235, 236, 238.

Pussie answers 211, 212, 213, 222, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234.

Charlie C. answers 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 217, 219, 226, 235.

Fanny Fern Marble answers 212, 213, 217, 218, 219, 235.

Kitty Hunt answers 211, 212, 213, 215, 217, 219.

Notices to Correspondents.

Forrest. Thanks for your kind words. I am glad you liked the pen. Your remarks concerning the futility of cutting off one's own nose, are eminently sensible; yet, how many there are who do indulge in that style of amputation, and then go about whimpering, and blaming others for the deed.

Z. T. Hedges. Thanks for your nice budget of puzzles. I will exchange photographs with much pleasure. A "true name," or a *nom de plume*, is entirely optional with the writer.

Clara. Your pleasant messages are inspiring. I credit you with "228" for its ingenuity.

Auntie. Webster says, "as a numeral, E stands for 250." And "among the ancients, A was a numeral denoting 500." In puzzle No. 207, the second "8" should have been a "5."

Lula. Did you receive the missing numbers?

Lula, lives in Mississippi, and sends an interesting letter, in which she says, "I raised six beautiful chickens, intending to sell them, to get money to pay for *Merry's Museum* for this year; but pa was so sick, that they were all taken to make soup for him; but ma says she will pay me for them as soon as she can spare the money. My dear pa is dead now, and we have no one to give us any money.

"I do wish you would send the missing numbers, for I want so much to hear all about 'Little Pearl." Lula's mother adds: —

"I am exceedingly anxious that my little daughter, who is not eight years old, should continue to take your magazine, which we all prize. But I am poor, and fear I cannot afford it. The war has reduced us from affluence to penury. Still, my child must be educated, and I prize your book as one of my helps. My oldest daughter took it before the war, and the numbers are often read by all the children.

"I enclose one dollar, which will pay something more than what is now due. If I *can*, I will renew Lula's subscription before January. Do, *please*, send the missing numbers. She speaks of Little Pearl so frequently; and it would afford you *real pleasure* to witness the joy of the children when the *Museum* comes. We live sixteen miles from the post-office, and I write before day, having an opportunity to send."

Hugh Howard. Do you wish to have your last "alias" signed to the rebus?

Coy. Long may it be ere that "last 'link' be broken." See remarks to "*Auntie.*"

T. H. Logan. Yes; I can cheerfully recommend the "Novelty Microscope." I carry it in my pocket, and enjoy many a treat through its silent but eloquent instructions. One can be mailed to you for $2.15, by addressing "John Hall, Bergen, Hudson Co., N. J."

Pussie. Come again next month.

Vincent. Write just as often as you choose, and ask as many questions as you like. I am always glad to hear from you. I never see or hear from the young lady you enquire about: am glad you like your new acquaintance.

C. M. E. Thanks for the autobiography. Shall always be glad to see you.

Fanny Fern Marble. I am glad you have such a kind brother. Anagrams should only embrace the letters which are used in the original word. You cannot transpose "rats" into "stars."

Charlie C. You are very welcome.

"*John's Mother.*" I always give "credit" for solutions which answer all requirements, although they may not be the original answers. For instance, I credit "Water lily" to (223); but I cannot credit "Fish-kettle" to (225). No apology necessary for the "blunders." I rather enjoy them.

Chester. You left out one important word in answering the rebus. It seemed almost unkind not to credit you with 239; but how could I, if the answer were imperfect? As you have already had the heart-puzzle in your family, I shall be happy to send you something else equivalent, if you will name your wishes on the subject.

Joe Kose. Accept my sympathies. Did you take *drops* on the occasion? They might have had a *Joe-vial* tendency, I am sorry that I cannot "answer" for you this month.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to Clara, Dictator, Coy, Auntie, Vincent, Hugh Howard, Fanny Fern Marble, and Charlie C.

A RED leaf fluttering in at the door, reminds us that October is come, with its apple-picking, nutting, husking and harvesting frolics for country-folk; and for city people, the pleasant home-coming, with healthy, brown faces, good appetites, and happy recollections of the summer holidays.

Every one ought to have a little harvest of his own, showing that something has been planted and tended through the summer, in garden, heart, or life, and is now ready to bear fruit, making autumn a hopeful, rather than a melancholy season.

I once knew a little old woman, who lived in a little old house, with one little old apple-tree and a sage-bed belonging to it. Every spring, she rejoiced over her apple-blossoms and purple sage flowers; and every autumn, she gratefully gathered in her one bushel of fruit, and tied up her little bunch of herbs, contented with her harvest, for she had done her best to increase it. Seeing this, always reminded her neighbor to go and do likewise, that her own crops might be as well worth the harvesting.

A satisfactory little crop of good words and wishes for MERRY'S MUSEUM, seems to have sprung up during the year, to judge from various signs; and a most energetic sowing and reaping of pleasure and profit is planned for the coming months.

IN Grecian Mythology, Minos (See "Story of Glaucus"), was a son of Europa and Zeus. He is said to have been King of Crete, and after his death, to have become one of the judges of the dead. He is the same as the Indian Manu, the son of Brahma.

WE are sure our boys will thank Mr. Loomis for the spirited declamation he has written for them in this number.

It is our intention to publish, from time to time, original and selected declamations and dialogues for the Merry Circle.

W. L. We do not care to publish your "new tricks with cards," and advise you to make better use of your time.

A. W. Your lines will not do. Learn to write prose, before you attempt poetry.

MERRY'S MUSEUM

VOL. I.] *NOVEMBER*, 1868. [NO. II.

JACKO.

A TRUE STORY.

BRYANT had a monkey which his sailor brother had brought him from "that land of wonders," the island of Java. Its name was Jacko, and it was of the short-tailed species. Some monkeys have no tails; others have short, and others long tails. To distinguish these, the no-tailed monkey is commonly called an ape; the one with a short tail, a baboon; and the long-tailed one, a monkey. So, you see, that when "The monkey married the baboon's sister," he did not go out of the family, but took his cousin as his wife; and, if we may credit the rhyme, was exceedingly fond of her, though his way of showing it was rather boisterous. Now, you must know that the monkey is not a quadruped, like other animals; nor is he two-legged and two-handed, like man; but his feet are all hands, though his fingers are not

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all thumbs, as we sometimes say of those of a clumsy boy, for he uses them very dexterously; and his long tail serves as a sort of fifth hand.

There are many varieties of the monkey-tribe. Those of the Old World are not at all like those of the New. In South America, there is a kind called the Howler, that often terrifies the traveller with his frightful noise. Another, called the Spider monkey, hooks his tail to the branch of a tree, and drops down upon you, like a great black spider, swinging from his web. Then, there is the Weeper monkey, with its plaintive cry, like that of a human being; and the Capuchin monkey, with an ashy-pale face, and a black crown, like a monk's cowl. In Africa, there is the King monkey, whose head is covered with long flowing hair, like a wig; and the Variegated monkey, who, by the way, is a notorious gamb'ler (*gamboller*) and *blackleg*, with brown body, green head, and yellow cheeks; and the Diana monkey, with a white crescent on its forehead. The Negro monkey, with soft and silky black hair, is a native of Java, and is hunted for his fur by the inhabitants.

Jacko, as I have said, was born in the wonderful land of Java. He was rather a wild young monkey, and, I dare say, had run away from home, unbeknown to his mother, when he was caught by a sailor, who had leave to go ashore, and impressed as a seaman on board the vessel of which Bryant's brother was mate. Poor little Jacko! When he found himself chained to the deck, the laughing-stock of the jolly tars, I don't doubt he repented of his naughtiness, and resolved never to do so again, if he could once get back to his beautiful forest home. He behaved pretty well on the passage, except when John Chinaman attempted to come up from below, for a little fresh air. At sight of his pig-tail, which I suppose Jacko considered an encroachment upon monkey's rights, he would fly into a tearing passion. Once or twice too, he got loose, and running up aloft, slyly let go a rope. Then down rattled the heavy sail, and up sprang the sailors at the command of the mate, to make all right again; and there sat Jacko on a spar, as demurely as if he had nothing to do with the mischief. It was late in autumn when Jacko landed in America, and that winter he suffered much from the cold. He had never seen the snow before, and it made him melancholy. Bryant was very kind to him, and gave him a warm bed; but he sat most of the time, crouched in a little closet, close by the kitchen-fire, and was the most homesick-looking monkey you ever

saw. When the spring came, he recovered his spirits; and the pranks he played then kept the whole household in commotion. He would snap his chain, and scamper to the top of a great elm-tree that stood in the yard; and up after him would go Bryant and his brothers, to the detriment of their pantaloons, and the discomfort of their good mother, who had them to patch; and just as they reached the limb where Jacko sat, off he would jump to the next tree, and grin and chatter, as much as to say, "*Don't* you wish you could?"

Bryant's father had a fine orchard, and was very proud of his fruit. He often used to lead us children from tree to tree, carefully picking for us the handsomest apples; but no sooner were our backs turned, than Jacko, who had watched the performance, would mount the tree, and shake down a golden shower of the precious fruit.

One day, the family was startled by a terrible noise, like the falling of a chimney. They rushed upstairs, and opened the door leading to the garret, when down tumbled boxes, barrels, everything movable, and much that till then had been thought immovable. When at length a passage was cleared, Jacko, the author of all the confusion, was discovered, making his escape through the window to the great pippin-tree by which he had entered. It seemed as if he had been seized with a sudden spirit of enquiry. The cradle was rocking in a corner of the garret, as it had not rocked since Bryant was a baby. Round and round buzzed the great spinning-wheel, as it had not worked since the days when the yarn for his little socks was spun. The farmer's seed-corn was shelled and ground and sifted, by the nimble jaws and paws of the monkey-miller; and the house-mother's hops and sage and sweet-marjoram mingled their odors in a promiscuous heap upon the floor. All the almanacs, from the first number of the "Old Farmer's," gave evidence of recent consultation; newspapers had been opened, and their contents literally devoured. But what seemed to have been the special object of his spite, or fancy (for his friends have never been able to determine whether he was moved to their destruction by his disapproval of the political articles therein contained, or his hunger for literary food), was two bound volumes of the *New-England Galaxy*, a paper printed in Boston, many years ago.

How long it took to bring order out of Jacko's chaos, and how much longer to catch him after one of his escapades, I cannot

stop to tell; but this is a specimen of the wild life of Bryant's monkey for two years. Then he was seized with a sudden illness. He did not seem to suffer violent pain; but he would not eat, and turned upon his friends, who strove to comfort him, a helpless, and sorrowful, pleading look, whose pathos touched their hearts for the poor little prisoner. Then he died, and was buried tenderly at the foot of the great apple-tree, where he had frolicked so gaily; but, as Bryant patted the last sod on the little fellow's grave, he told his brother that he never wanted another pet of that kind; for he had been thinking, during Jacko's illness, that it was rather a cruel thing to take a merry little monkey from its free, playful life in the tropics, and bring him in chains to our bleak northern clime.

"Mischievous as a monkey," is a proverb everywhere; and the monkey never belies the proverb. Another friend of mine had one, whose favorite exploit was, with one blow of his long arm, to sweep the mantle clear of all its ornaments; and when bust, and bronze, and Bohemian-ware lay in fragments at her feet, and she turned to chastise the malicious imp, he would turn the tables upon her, by winding her up in his chain; and there, as if encircled by the coils of an anaconda, she would have to stand, till some member of the family came to her relief. Yet, with all his wickedness, the monkey, of all animals, most closely resembles man; and I have heard the great naturalist of Cambridge say, that he could not suppress a shudder at the sense of horrible relationship he felt, when a young monkey, at the Jardin des Plantes, put his arm about his neck. The same gentleman tells the following anecdote, which shows the wonderful instinct of these imitative little animals: — He had been amusing himself with a game of ball with the monkey, who promptly returned the professor's pitch, when the latter quickly substituted for the ball a small cocoa-nut. The monkey paused, held it to his ear and shook it, and detecting the cheat, threw it with all his might to the ground; and having thus cracked the shell, eagerly drank up its milky contents.

COUSIN ALICE.

UNDER THE ICE; OR, THE LOST IBEX-HUNTER.

THERE was no braver guide, or more skilful hunter, that ever set foot upon the Matterhorn, or crawled over the dangerous glaciers of Monte Rosa, than Ulric Peterson. He was a man of immense strength and great daring; and had often tracked the wilderness of snow when those who followed the same calling willingly remained in their cottages in the well-protected villages. He laughed at his companions, when they talked of danger; and made light of the fears of his good-wife, when she trembled at the howling of the fierce winds, or the avalanche of snow, that now and then swept down, with irresistible force, upon the little chalets. With well-spiked shoes, a stout alpenstock, confidence in himself, and a firm and fervent trust in God, he avowed that a man was as safe upon the topmost cliffs of the cloud-piercing Matterhorn, as in the brook-threaded valley of Tourmanches. But the timid heart of womanhood could not look upon the matter in the same light, although her trust in the good Lord was equally strong; and so, when she saw him taking down his trusty rifle, powder-horn, and heavily-shod iron staff, one morning, she clung to him, and begged that he would not go upon the mountains. "There is every sign of a storm," she said. "You know how terrible they are. We have food enough in the cottage. Do stay at home with me and the little ones."

"That would I, wife," was the reply, "if I had not seen an ibex as I was coming home, yesterday evening. He was a stout old fellow, with huge horns; and I fancied he was almost laughing at me, as I crept around the cliff upon which he was standing."

"But, Ulric, think of the storm that is certainly coming."

"I have been in many an one, and care nothing for them. I love the free whistling of the wind upon the mountain-tops, and the whirling of the feathery snow. So, good-wife, get me something to eat. I must be off before the day dawns."

With a heavy sigh, the woman did as he had requested; and with his fond kiss still lingering upon her lips, she saw him climb the mountain-side, until a turn in the path hid him from her view. Then she sank upon her knees, by the bedside of her still slumbering children, and committed him into the keeping of that God who had thus far preserved him in the midst of every danger. Meantime, Ulric hastened onward with a light foot. It was still dark in the valley; but far above him, he could see the white peaks glittering in the dim light of the morning, and the fast paling stars. Higher and higher, he climbed; and soon the sun arose, shedding its rays of rosy gold upon the icy piles, and making them flash as if builded of myriad diamonds. To a stranger, it would have been a dazzling sight; to the brave hunter, it had lost something of its charm by familiarity, and he pressed onward and upward. The road grew more rough and difficult. He was obliged to pick his way, to clamber up steep crags; but at last, he reached the edge of a large glacier. He sat down, and rested for a little time, satisfied his hunger, examined his shoes and the point of his alpenstock, and again set bravely forth, leaping the yawning chasms, and guarding against the treacherous cracks.

A wall of polished ice arose before him, and he knew that he would have to scale it, before he could get within shot of the coveted game. With great difficulty, it was accomplished; and, finding the tracks of the ibex, he followed them, until, suddenly turning a ragged point, he found himself within easy shot, and in an instant, the report of his rifle had awakened the echoes of the mountains. With the "thud" of the bullet, the beast sprang forward; but its tail was drooped, its head hanging heavily down, its gait slow, and step uncertain. He knew that the whizzing lead had reached its mark; that the animal would soon die; and he paused to reload his rifle, before he followed him. "I will surprise my good-wife," he thought, "by returning sooner than she expected; and I will have a hearty laugh at the cowards who dared not venture from their snug cottages, for fear of a storm."

With a smile upon his lips, he hastened to where the ibex was lying, and raised it in his arms. Then, with a cry of horror, he

felt his footing give way; and hunter and game were swallowed up in a crevasse of almost unfathomable depth. The thin covering of ice had been sufficiently strong to bear the weight of the beast; but that of Ulric added, had shivered it as if it had been an egg-shell.

Down! down! Hunter and ibex, through the *debris* of snow and ice, lying there for a thousand years. He fancied that the

bottom would never be reached. The most profound darkness enveloped him; his hands could clutch nothing but dampness — but chilling flakes. Fortunately, the carcass of the beast was beneath him. Yet, for all that safeguard, he lay for a long time insensible. When consciousness returned, another day had dawned, and its golden glories had found their way even to the bottom of the yawning grave in which he was lying. He thought upon the utter helplessness of his situation; that he must perish from cold and hunger; of the lingering tortures he would be forced to endure, before death came to put an end to his misery; and every nerve in his body quivered with horror. He looked around, to see if there were not some possible chance of escape. On either side smooth ice-walls arose, emitting a bluish steel glitter. He felt that he was buried alive! "O God! Why was I not instantly killed?" he exclaimed, in the agony of despair; and then, as better thoughts swayed him, he thanked the Almighty, with whom nothing is impossible, for his safety thus far, and prayed to Him for guidance and deliverance.

His next thought was of his gun. When it was found that he did not return, his neighbors would certainly search for him, and by firing the gun, he could attract their attention. Vain hope! Search as he would, he could find nothing of it. Even if he had discovered it, it would have been useless, for his powder-horn was gone as well. Over and over he turned the snow, — down deep he dug into it, until his hands burned like fire, and great drops of perspiration rolled from his forehead, — until his arms grew stiff and sore, and he was forced to give up the useless labor from sheer exhaustion. With his back against the frozen prison-walls, he looked aloft, and saw the great vulture, sailing upon its immense and tireless wings, around the mouth of the chasm; and the strong man shuddered, as he shook his fist defiantly, and murmured, with his hoarse voice, "Your time has not come yet!" He thought, also, of his happy home, and his dear wife and children, and then, naturally, for he was faint and hungry, he thought of the food his wife had prepared for him. Having eaten of the bread and goats'-milk cheese, and drank of the little bottle of wine (which, strange to say, had remained unbroken), he reasoned that it would be cowardly to lie down and die, without an effort; and he remembered the goodness of God, and once more fervently implored his help. Then, a bold idea came to him. Why might he not cut his way through the solid ice? He had a hatchet, such

as his class never travel without. Ah! but he was forgetful that the walls might be hundreds of feet thick; that they were of excessive hardness, and would soon render blunt both hatchet and knife. The bright hope that had been born within him was darkened by no such shadow. For the time being, he knew that he was safe. He was accustomed to the cold, was warmly clad, could use the skin of the ibex, in case of need, and its flesh would drive away the wolves of starvation for many a day. A brief rest, and he began the task, and toiled faithfully, until darkness forced him to stop. A night of uneasy rest, a breakfast of the raw flesh of the ibex, and he resumed his labors. Another day of toil, and he again stretched himself upon the skin of the beast, wrapping it around him as much as was possible, and slept long and heavily, although there had been a sudden fall in the temperature, and it was now excessively cold.

For four days, he toiled thus, his only food the raw and frozen flesh of the ibex; for four nights, he slept within the hole he had cut away in the thick ice-walls, closing up the entrance, and thus obtaining partial shelter from the chilling blasts. And once he heard the firing of guns, and his heart beat wildly within him. He dropped his dulled hatchet, crawled to the centre of the chasm, and shouted with all his remaining strength, — shouted, until his strained voice was reduced to the very ghost of a hoarse whisper. He knew that his friends were in search of him; imagined he could hear his name called; could do nothing to attract their attention; and, as the firing grew fainter, and farther and farther away, flung himself down, weeping and wringing his hands. The last plank to which he had clung had been shivered! His neighbors and friends had come — and gone. They would never search that part of the mountain again. None would ever know of his fate. He was buried in an icy tomb until the last trump should sound and hot flashes of flame dissolve the frost-work around him.

With his mind trembling upon the verge of madness, overpowered by sorrow, crushed by bitter agony, he fell back insensible, and lay for a long time upon the cold, damp snow, that soon must be his winding-sheet. The black vulture flapped its wings above him, and he knew nothing of it. But, after some hours, the hunter's consciousness returned, though he was far too much crushed, in both body and soul, to resume his labors. He crept into the little cavern he had excavated (would it not be to him a tomb?), and gave passionate vent to his griefs. For many

weary hours nothing passed his lips; and, with aching head and fevered brain, with trembling limbs and convulsive sobs, he prayed for deliverance, if by no other hand, at least by the skeleton one of death.

It was rayless, sunless, starless darkness in the ice-cavern, when the springs of his life again became capable of action. He was ravenously hungry, and arose to satisfy his hunger with a portion of the ibex he had left remaining outside in the chasm. He felt around, but could discover no outlet. Had he been frozen in — shut out from God's blessed sunshine forever? Nothing but smooth ice met his burning and blistered fingers. Then, after an hour's search, he found a soft spot, and instantly solved the mystery. He knew that there must have been a heavy fall of snow in the night, and that it had drifted into, and blocked up the opening; and with the strength of despair, he soon dug through. It was still snowing heavily; the flakes fell like great feathers around; and he drew the remnant of the carcass of the ibex into the cave, and made another rude meal. And thus refreshed, a new hope was born within him; and again the ice-walls resounded with the vigorous blows of his little hatchet. But it was slow work, and much of the time was taken up in clearing the chips from the little grotto.

A week passed, — a week of the most severe toil and terrible anxiety, — and yet, he was not disheartened. His trust in God had returned; and love for his wife and dependent children kept alive his often sinking heart. He was yet in hopes of reaching the upper air — of seeing his dear ones again. But even as he was thinking thus, with something of his old-time cheerfulness, a new anxiety took possession of, and nearly overpowered him. The carcass of the ibex, that had been the innocent cause of all his trouble, was picked almost to the bones.

With dire starvation staring him in the face, he bowed his head, and wept like a little child. Starvation, that is dreadful, even in thought! Starvation, that has in it more of horror than a thousand other deaths! He could almost see it silently approaching, and for a time despair alone had possession of him. Then his trust in the Supreme Being returned, and he committed himself unto His holy keeping. "Heavenly Father!" he murmured, from between his parched and blackened lips; "it is thy hand that has sustained me so far — has saved me from all danger. Thou givest food to the young ravens, and markest even the fall

of the tiny sparrow. None but Thou can hear me, or help me. Hear my prayer! Save me, O God! Save me!"

Something of sweet consolation came with the utterance of the words, and he laid down to sleep more tranquilly than he had done for many previous nights. Yet, it was only to be awakened by a new fear. It needed no seer to tell him that the *föhn*, or hot south-wind was sweeping over the glaciers and snow-fields of the high Alps; and that the rain was falling in torrents; and the enormous blocks of ice melting, as by the touch of fire. The cavern he had dug with such infinite labor was almost breast-deep with water, and it was rushing in with all the swiftness of a mountain torrent. Instantly, he was wet to the skin, and stood almost paralyzed with terror. Then he breasted his way out into the chasm, but it was only to return again as quickly as possible. Never cataract raged more fiercely than the surging water there. Cutting little niches in the ice-wall, he climbed beyond the reach of the water, and tremblingly awaited his fate. The waves rose rapidly, higher and higher. He had climbed until his head rested against the top of the little cave — could go no farther. And yet, the waters rolled upwards around him. They reached his waist — surged higher to his breast — crept to his throat, and, despite all his efforts, began to trickle into his mouth. In another moment, he would be strangled by them; his hold would be torn away, and his body dashed hither and thither, against the sharp points of the ice. "O God! Save me! Save me!" burst from him in the terrible agony of the instant — the moment of time that laid between him and death.

A noise like thunder — a shivering crash — resounded through the chasm. It appeared as if the very foundations of the world were tottering beneath him. Now, indeed, he felt that his end had come. No! Terror was instantly changed to rapture. The water rushed out of the cavern with the most amazing velocity; he could descend and stand upon the bottom again without fear. How this had been accomplished, he was forced to wait until the morning light to determine; and, with the first beams, he saw a great fissure had been opened, through which the imprisoned waters had found their way to the valley below. This unlooked-for preservation again inspired him with confidence — rendered more firm his trust in God. Through that tunnel, he saw a way to freedom. It was small, to be sure, but he could enlarge it; and he worked diligently, until his strength utterly failed. The ibex was entirely

devoured. He had split the bones, and sucked out the marrow; had gnawed them over and over again, to appease his hunger. For two days, he had not tasted a morsel of food. The hatchet slipped from his hand when he endeavored to strike a blow, and he was forced to abandon the undertaking. There was nothing left him now, but to die.

Another day passed, and no help came. He lay crouched in a corner, wishing that the end would come, and that swiftly. His eyes were already filmed, and his heart beat faintly. Then, a strange noise aroused him. He looked aloft, and saw a chamois vainly striving to defend itself from the attacks of two old vultures that were striking at it with wing and beak. It was an unequal contest; and at length, the animal, driven to desperation, attempted to leap the broad chasm. The effort was a noble one, but it failed of success. The chamois missed its footing, and fell, bruised and helpless, at the very feet of the starving man. In an instant, his knife was plunged into its throat; and the warm blood was drained by his eager lips. This gave him new life, and he renewed his labor. It was almost a herculean task. More than once, he fell fainting beside it. But hope was very strong within him. Still, he would have utterly failed, had not heaven assisted him.

Again, the *fohn* was busy at its work of destruction; again, the windows of heaven were opened; and the "rains descended, and the floods came," and accomplished more in a single night than his hands could have done in months. With the morning light, he crawled through the now large tunnel; but when he reached the outer end, found, to his horror, that he was on the top of a mighty precipice. His blood boiled; his brain seemed on fire; his heart beat as if it would break through ribs and flesh. He was, if possible, more desperately imprisoned than before. How was he to get down? Through his bewildered mind suddenly flashed the thought of the skins of the ibex and chamois, and he was not long in making a rope of them. He then cut a deep hole in the ice, drove down his alpenstock, fastened one end to it, and swinging himself off, reached the bottom in safety.

With a cry of joy and a prayer of thankfulness, he hastened along the well-known path; and when the bell of the little chapel, that reared its gilded cross in the Matter Valley, was tolling for the evening prayers, he staggered, like a drunken man, into the very midst of the astonished worshippers, — even as the voice of

the good priest was repeating, "God is everywhere with me; and everywhere, even in the most threatening dangers, his voice speaks to me in tones of comfort, and says, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me!'" — staggered towards the altar, to kneel at it, but fell fainting into the arms of his wife, who again nursed him to health, strength, and manhood.

PETS AND SPORTS IN TASMANIA.

THE RIDE FOR LIFE.

THINK," said Miss Wideawake, "that my third story must be about my Tasmanian rides, one of which nearly cost me my life. It makes me shudder to think of it, even now; and, if I am very tired at night, I am almost certain to take it again in my dreams.

"Mamma would not consent to my visiting Tasmania, until grandpapa promised to superintend my lessons, so that I might keep up with my classes at home; and he entered upon the work with great zeal. 'Too much attention,' he said, 'could not be given to the wishes of a mother who had sent her child such a distance for his pleasure. Of course, he would teach me, and in the best manner too. It should be just like a school. There should be no interruptions, nothing to take off my mind; and to that end, we would have a room to ourselves.'

"Grandmamma smiled archly. She thought we should soon tire of our labors; but she kindly gave up her own little sitting-room, which was one of the most cheerful of nooks, and there I spread out the books, maps, globes, and drawing materials, which I had carried from home. For one whole fortnight, I studied diligently; and grandpapa, with a fussy precision which was funny to see, broke in upon every plan of business or pleasure, at the very moment which he had set for hearing my lessons. Visitors were left to amuse themselves as they could; and servants were dismissed without orders, while he plunged into the mysteries of algebra, recalled his old knowledge of Latin and French, or criticised my tumble-down houses, one-sided horses, and awkward dogs, with patient gravity.

"At the end of that time, his resolution gave way. He fancied I looked pale. He thought the confinement did not agree with me. He said I should be a great deal better to ride with him when the sun shone, and study only in bad weather. So we wrote a joint letter to mamma, stating the case with great force, and resolved to take enjoy ourselves in our own way, during the months which must necessarily elapse before a reply to our epistle should put an end to my busy idleness.

"I am afraid I enjoyed it, even better than grandpapa, for it was like being in a new world. The wheat and oat fields were to be visited, the turnips to be looked after, and the potatoes to be watched. Sometimes, new land was to be cleared; and then we had gangs of men to fell the gum-trees, peppermint-trees, stringy-barks, and tea-trees; to grub up the roots, and cut the trunks and boughs into fencing length, — the great logs, six or eight feet long, forming the lower tier, and the branches being laid above, and twisted into a stout barrier, as high as a man's head.

"Another kind of clearing was quite as necessary, but far less laborious than this, to prevent the mischief which would otherwise be occasioned by the fires which often raged in the hot, dry Christmas weather. In anticipation of these, all rubbish near the fences was picked up, and the grass, for the distance of ten or twelve feet on either side, was burned, before the heat had made everything like tinder. Unless this was carefully done, not only the vast lines of fence, made with so much toil and expense, would have been swept away, but the crops, growing and gathered, and even the farm buildings, would have been endangered. For bush-fires were set by land-owners, on some part of their feeding-ground, every year; partly, because the grass which sprang up immediately afterward was better relished by animals than the old growth; and partly because, that when it was neglected, the shrubs and coarse plants matted themselves into thickets, and the dead wood and decaying leaves covered the earth so closely as to check vegetation. These fires always frightened me; but they were very grand, particularly at night. At first, the flames went hissing through the grass; then, they caught the scrub, or growth of thick low bushes; and then, sometimes they leaped into the dry tree-tops, and flew with a thousand darting tongues, from bough to bough, and trunk to trunk, till they seemed to be climbing to the sky.

"The words 'a great farm,' had a little different meaning in Tasmania from that which they bear in New England. They meant fields of grain, to be sure; but they usually meant also vast tracts of country, where hundreds, perhaps thousands, of sheep and cattle ran at large, under the care of stock-keepers, who lived in huts, more or less comfortable, according to their wages and thrift. Every year, the flocks and herds were collected; the sheep were sheared and marked; the calves were branded; and such cattle as were wanted for home use were selected; after which, the remainder were returned to their pastures again. The sheep gave little trouble; but the cattle became frightened and furious, and it required skill, coolness, and strength, to manage them.

"Of course, the work on such an estate was necessarily superintended on horseback; and my pretty pony, Spring, who was as intelligent as he was spirited, soon learned to leap fences and ditches, to push through scrub, and to ford rivers. He never needed the whip; he would stand without tying; and when I was too tired to sit erect, would not only let me lie down on his neck, but would then pick his way with double caution, as if aware that my position was unusually insecure. I used to thank him from my heart for this privilege, for grandpapa liked so much to have me make the rounds with him, that he would not willingly excuse me from them for any light reason; and I, knowing how much he enjoyed my company, never asked to remain at home, unless too ill to keep my saddle. So, laying aside petticoats, and putting on a coarse, strong habit of moderate length, over pantaloons of the same material, that my limbs might be as free as possible, shading my head with a wide-brimmed hat, and defending my feet and hands with stout boots and heavy gloves, I started, for two, four, or six hours, as it might happen. Several dogs usually followed, which occasionally roused a brush-kangaroo, ran down a kangaroo-rat, caught a bandicoot, and once even started a tiger, which made an excuse for grandpapa to buy a revolver for me, and give me a few lessons in its use.

"The most exciting part of the farm-work was the collecting of the herds. It never took less than three weeks; and grandpapa was so tired of the labor and discomfort, that he resolved once to take me with him, for the sake of my company.

"'You don't mean it, my dear! You can't mean it!' exclaimed grandmamma, holding up both hands in terrified amazement, when grandpapa mentioned his intentions.

"'Ah! but I do, though,' replied grandpapa. 'I am not to be cheated out of a great pleasure, because she made the mistake of being a girl. If she were a boy, now, as she ought to have been —'

"'But, 'tis so improper!' broke in grandmamma.

"'H'm!' replied grandpapa, forgetting his habitual courtesy in his vexation; because grandmamma would present what he knew to be the right side of the argument.

"'So dangerous!' pleaded grandmamma.

"'H'm!' said grandpapa again; and so, I, all eagerness and resolution, full of expectation, but a good deal afraid as well, set out for the runs, at grandpapa's left hand.

"Under ordinary circumstances, grandpapa would have taken only eight horsemen; but out of exceeding care for me, he added three to the usual number, thus making me, as I jokingly told him, of as much account as one hundred and fifty cattle. But even with this precaution, I came near sacrificing my life to my own foolish love of adventure, and grandpapa's belief that I was equal to anything.

"That you may understand how this happened, I will explain the mode of collecting the herds, of which there are a number, since they cannot all graze together. When in immediate expectation of finding one, the horsemen ride in single file, and the first who sees it whistles softly. At this, the party stop, and take a survey of the ground. They observe whether there are any thickets or swamps near by, where the cattle can hide from pursuit; and, separating silently, they endeavor to surround without alarming them, and by slow circles to bring them into as small a space as they can readily be made to occupy. If they can be made to 'stand,' other 'lots' are collected, and joined to the first, when all are slowly and patiently urged toward the stockyard.

"If a scrub, with but one path through it, is to be crossed, one or two stock-riders take their position in the clear space beyond, to check the cattle when they come out upon it, leaving the conduct of the herd to four of their number, one riding at the head, one on either side, and one behind. Horses trained to this work are almost as intelligent as their masters, pursuing the runaway beasts through the forest, and wheeling or jumping aside to keep clear of their horns, when, as it often happens, they make an attack.

"The stockyard is fenced with gigantic logs, five or six feet high; and yet, the animals sometimes leap it in their frantic efforts to escape. Here, the most dangerous toil occurs, for the stock-

keepers go in among the infuriated creatures, and let out such as are not wanted, while they keep in such as are. Sometimes they all make a rush at the men, who must then jump through the rails, to escape being gored to death. Often, an animal tries to pass, and must be driven back. If he gets fairly through the opening, those outside spring on horseback and pursue him, cracking their whips fast and loudly. Perhaps they will turn him and bring him back three or four times, before he can be forced into the enclosure.

"Such cattle as are intended for house and farm service, are then driven home. Upon their approach, the dogs are shut up, people retire from sight, and the gates are set wide open; but they are so fearful and suspicious, that even with these precautions, it is very difficult to get them into the farmyard. They come near, then start, and bellow, and rush in every direction; and, after a long and toilsome pursuit, are often brought back, only to do the same thing again.

"Sometimes, the cows refuse to be milked; and then, recourse is had to the 'milking-bail.' In this, the head is held fast; and, if necessary, a leg is tied, which soon convinces Mrs. Moolley of the impolicy of farther struggles.

"Of course, I did not go near the stockyard. Even grandpapa would not allow me to see its terrific labor, which required a great deal more skill and courage than the famous bull-fights of Spain. I only rode with my relative in search of his property, camping with him under the still, warm sky, and cheering his evenings by singing to him his favorite songs, for which he repaid me by stories of his early hardships and adventures before he became a prosperous man in this new country.

"One day, I took a position quite out of harm's way, as I thought, upon the side of a hill. From thence, I was idly gazing at the stock-riders, as they circled round a herd, forcing them into a smaller and smaller compass. I had seen the process so often, that it had lost its novelty, and I took no interest in it, until I suddenly became aware that the animals were beginning to break away in my direction, and I knew that I must ride for my life. I threw one foot over the saddle, pressed the other firmly into the stirrup, and urged my pony to his highest speed. Hardly had I done so, when the beasts were raging behind me, their heavy tread shaking the earth, and their bellowing giving me fierce warning of my probable fate. The ground was uneven and stony.

If Spring should stumble, we should be trampled down in a twinkling. If he should become unmanageable from fright, we should be forced over the brow of the hill, down the steep, rocky descent, and death would be equally certain. There was one chance for escape; and this, after a short prayer for aid, I resolved to attempt. A part of the hill was bare at the top, and for this I knew the cattle would aim. To the left, the ground took a turn upward, with a thick growth of forest trees, but broken by a ravine, the entrance to which was nearly concealed by the overhanging boughs and the long sprays of various climbers. If I could reach this, I should probably be safe; but to do so, I must cross in front of the maddened herd. I thought that Spring was at his utmost speed; but at my urging, it was increased, and I was gratified to perceive that, although going diagonally, I still kept the same distance in front of my advancing foes. On! on! The distance appeared to lengthen, as we flew. My head grew giddy, my eyes grew dim; but, with one last, fearful effort, my beautiful pony shot into the ravine, just as the whole body were sweeping over the summit.

"One minute more I kept full command over myself. There would be snakes in the ravine, and possibly other creatures, which it would be disagreeable to meet. I touched my pony once more, and came out into the sunshine, and then I slipped from his back to the ground, and lost all consciousness. When I come to myself, grandpapa had me in his arms; and, forgetting everything but his pet, had sent one rider to the tent for wine, another to a spring for water, while a third was shielding me from the sun with his coat, and a fourth was fanning me with some leafy branches. In a short time, however, I was able to ride, when grandpapa insisted upon taking me home, declaring that he wouldn't be so frightened again for all Seaview. He watched me as closely as a cat watches a mouse, the remainder of the day; and it was only when I asked, the following morning, if I might return with him to the run, that he could be persuaded I had really received no injury.

"Dear grandpapa! One of the men afterward told me, that when he saw no human aid could reach me, he sprang from his horse, knelt upon the ground, and remained in prayer, till he could venture up the hill without adding to the frenzy of the cattle; and, I doubt not, that the answer to his petitions was to be found in my self-possession, and the successful efforts of my intelligent, swift, sure-footed pony. M. G. SLEEPER."

LITTLE PEARL.

CHAPTER VIII. — BETTER DAYS.

(*Conclusion.*)

THE "better days" had come. Miss Muggins no longer reigned. Good old Aunt Debby, with her smiling face and pleasant ways, was now seen in the kitchen; and throughout the house, the rule of grandma and Aunt Nelly was shown in everything. The sitting-room door was no longer kept locked; the great white rosebush had gone back to its old place; and Cressy's cage now hung at the window. But, sometimes, when Cress was in very high glee, and sang too loud and too long, a covering had to be thrown over him, to keep him silent; for, in one corner of the room, there was a little white couch, and little Pearl was still lying sick. She had recovered from the fever; but instead of getting stronger and better, day by day, she grew more weak and thin. She suffered no pain, but lay there, patient and quiet, not liking to talk much, or to be disturbed in any way; and looking contented and happy, as she watched grandma and Aunt Nelly going about the house, making peace and comfort.

One morning, she seemed much brighter than usual, and talked quite gaily for a little while; and when the children brought her fresh flowers, instead of telling them to "take them to mamma," as she always did, she said, "I'll keep these. I don't think mamma wants my flowers any more. She has got prettier ones."

"Yes, dear; so she has," said Aunt Nelly; "but what made you think of that now?"

"Because, auntie; I saw mamma last night. I truly did."

"Where, darling?"

"Here, beside me. She came and sat down by the bed, and put her hand on my head, and then I went to sleep; and, oh,

I had such a beautiful dream, auntie! I thought I went to heaven, where mamma lives; and, oh, it was so beautiful there! I can't tell you anything about it, auntie; but there were houses and trees, and flowers and birds, just as there are here; and mamma was in a great garden, where there were a lot of little children playing; and she led me all around, and showed me the flowers and all the beautiful things; and I was so happy, auntie! I thought I would like to stay there always. Perhaps I shall go there, pretty soon, auntie."

"Do you want to, darling? Do you want to go, and leave papa and grandma and auntie? What would we do without our little Pearl?"

"If God wants me to come, I must go; mustn't I, grandma?"

"Oh, my darling! my darling!" cried Aunt Nelly. "Don't talk about it any more. Keep quiet a little while now, and see if you can't go to sleep, dear. Auntie will shut the blinds, and make Cress stop singing, and come and sit here beside you, till you wake up; and when papa comes home, we shall have something nice for little Pearl."

"I'll try to, auntie; but let me kiss you first," she said; "and you too, grandma; and Agnes, and Cassy; and where is Bliss?" she asked.

Bliss was out playing, but they brought him in, put him on the bed, and Pearl drew him close to her, and kissed him over and over again. Sometime after, Agnes went softly into the room, to see if Pearl was awake. All was still. Aunt Nelly was sitting by the bed, holding Pearl's hands in hers, and with her head bowed low on the pillow, as if she too was asleep.

"Auntie, is Pearl sleeping yet? Auntie?" There was no answer. Agnes saw a smile on Pearl's face, and she came near and kissed her. Her lips were icy cold. "Pearl! Pearl!" she cried; "wake up! wake up, dear little sister!"

But Pearl did not hear. She was not there. It was only her earthly form lying there, cold and still. Patient, loving, little Pearl had gone home. Her "better days" had come.

It was in the evening, just at sunset, when the little form was laid beside the mother's, in the grove; and, when all was done, and the others had gone back to the house, Agnes and her grandmother sat down by the little grave, and had a long, long talk; and Agnes told how selfish, thoughtless, she had been; how

unkindly she had often treated her dear sister; how naughty she had been, in every way, since her mother died. "But, now, I think I never shall be wicked any more, grandma; never," she said.

"Yes, dear; you think so now," said the grandmother. "Love and sorrow open the heart to all good thoughts and feelings; but evil lies deep, little Agnes; evil lies deep, and we have no power in ourselves to overcome it. All good, all truth, and beauty, come from our dear Heavenly Father, from him alone; and unless we walk in his ways, and keep near to him, we can never have any true happiness. You are young, and do not know yourself yet. You have only begun the great war with evil. But you will find, as you grow older, that you have a long, hard battle to fight, dear; a long, hard battle."

THE KITE.

I saw, from my window, a few days ago,
Three boys that were standing along in a row;
And all looking eagerly up in the sky.
"What is it they see there, I wonder?" said I.
So, I put on my glasses, looked this way and that,
(To see, if I could, what the fellows were at;)
And beheld in the air a magnificent kite.
The paper 'twas made of was red, blue, and white;
Its form was hexagonal: floating behind
Was the tail, and the bobs were all colors combined,
Pink, yellow, and green, and some newspaper too,
All tied in the middle, and gorgeous to view;
Then a very long string, to reach up in the sky,
Completed the vision that greeted my eye.

But, somehow, the kite did not go very well;
It looked all lop-sided, and frequently fell;
Till good Uncle John, who was just going by,
To make it fly better, determined to try.
He altered the bobs, much to Harry's dismay,
And tore half the newspaper-tassel away.
He then tried the kite; then the string he untied,
And changed it a little; and once more he tried,
Till it suited his fancy; then Ned took the string,
And they tried it again. Now up, up, with a spring,
Rose the kite; and the wind took it higher and higher,
Over tree-tops and house-tops, and close to the spire
Of the neighboring church; and then upward again.
Now, quite still for a moment it seemed to remain,
Far up in the sky, where the red, blue, and white
Were lost in the sunshine that gilded the kite.

Uncle John had gone home, and the boys stood alone
On the green grassy turf, in the light of the sun.

They were brothers ; the oldest among them was Ned,
A big boy of eight ; and next came Master Fred ;
Last of all, little Harry, who could not be more, —
Let me think — yes, I'm right, — he was only just four.
Said Harry, " Look ! look at her now ! " As he spoke,
The kite tugged the string, tugged again, and it broke ;
Away went the kite, as if glad to be free,
And over the lake its bright form I could see, —
Off, off, and away, till it vanished from view.
" Oh ! the poor little boys ! " thought I ; " what will they do ? "

First, came a subdued exclamation from Ned,
That was followed at once by an echo from Fred ;
But Harry was little, and scarce understood
That their fast-flying treasure was " going for good."
" Well — it's gone ! " then said Ned ; " Yes — it's gone ! " echoed Fred.
Then, the truth burst on Harry ; he hung down his head ;
His grief-laden bosom heaved heart-rending sobs,
As for evermore vanished those newspaper bobs ;
His tears overflowed and ran down his red cheeks.
Then, seeing his anguish, Ned soothingly speaks.
" No matter ; don't cry. Uncle Johnny will make
A handsomer one, with a string that won't break."
" Oh, yes ; Uncle Johnny will make one," said Fred.
So, half-sad, half-consoled, little Harry they led
Off the grass, down the alley-way, out of my sight ; —
And I hope Uncle Johnny has made the new kite.

Then I looked in the sky ; not a speck could I see,
To indicate where the old truant might be.
It flew over the lake, as I knew very well ;
But what came after that, I am sure I can't tell.
Yet if, in your rambles, you ever should find
A long string of bobs — every color and kind —
Attached to a very magnificent kite,
Of hexagonal form, painted red, blue, and white,
You will know 'tis the one that went flying away
From Ned, Fred, and Harry, that sunshiny day. L. A. B.

MILESTONES OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

VII. — THE POPE'S GIFT, AND WHAT CAME OF IT — THE BEGGAR-KING — THE BROOM-PLANT FLOURISHES — "A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH."

IT was John Plantagenet, that broke his father's heart. Then he conspired against his own brother with the King of France. Next, he deserted his ally, to secure his own succession. But his brother Geoffrey's son, young Arthur, stood in the way; so he murdered Arthur with his own hand, and shut up his sister, the lovely Pearl of Brittany, all her long life, in a gloomy convent-cell. Meantime, French Philip, hearing that the slothful king sleeps till mid-day, and sits long at the feast with his queen, thinks it a good time to recover the territory that John's father had acquired in France.

"Let him take it," said this blusterer over his wine; "I can get it all back in a day."

"Suppose we go out and try," said his barons; but he no sooner heard the enemy's bugles, than he ran away so fast, that he left all his baggage on the field. A traitor is always a coward — cowards are the noisiest braggarts. Abject in adversity, as he was arrogant in prosperity, John begged Pope Innocent to make Philip behave himself; and then was foolish enough to get into a quarrel with the pope about who should be Archbishop of Canterbury. Innocent, who ought to be called Ingenious, for the way he managed it, gave the office to Master Stephen Langton, a "man of deep wisdom, elegant person, and faultless morals;" and to repay the king for robbing him of his right to choose the primate, sent him a fine letter, and four gold rings set with precious stones, hinting, at the same time, that if John were not satisfied with these, the holy Mother Church knew how to punish unruly children. At this, the king raved, and swore by the teeth of God, his usual oath, that, if his mightiness dared to lay England under an interdict, he would slit the noses of all the priests in the kingdom. The nobles would have stood by the king; but they knew he would not keep faith with them, and so the fury of the interdict fell upon the people; and, as the chronicler says, "the gems were turned to groans." It was no light thing for a nation to be suddenly deprived of the consolations of religion, as they were by

this terrible papal sentence. The church-bells no longer called the people to mass. The church-doors were closed against them; and if, from reverential habit, they persisted in entering, the silence and desolation of the place frightened them, for the bones of the saints were strewn with ashes, the pictures and images were veiled in black, and a pall covered the altar. The dead were thrown unburied into ditches; and, if any young lovers dared dream of marriage in this solemn time, the priest performed the ceremony in the churchyard.

To avert the doom of deposition, the craven king went so far as to kneel at the pope's feet, as his liegeman, and own him as his master; and, having confessed his sins to Master Langton, and taken dinner with him, John seemed to think he had nothing more to fear, and began to rule with a high hand. Langton, who saw that his barons despised him, whispered to them, that, in rummaging an old monastery, he had found a paper which had been granted by Henry I. to his subjects, securing certain rights to them and their heirs forever; and, by his advice, the barons, at Christmas-time, sent word to the king that they would trouble him to put his name to this paper. "If they would be so kind as to wait until Easter," John replied, "he would grant their request with pleasure;" and then he set himself to work to counterfeit the seals of all the English bishops, and wrote letters in their name to every foreign country, abusing the English, and promising rewards, in the name of the pope, to any nation that would make war against England. His barons found out this miserable trick; and, in June, 1215, they ordered him to meet them in a green meadow near Windsor, and there they made him sign the Great Charter, by which they were to be protected forever after from the injustice of bad men such as he. After this good deed, the only one to which he ever set his hand, and then only on compulsion, John avoided his nobles, as if in shame at his humiliation, but in reality to plot his last act of treachery, in sending for foreign mercenaries to fight against them.

Unable longer to endure his meanness, the barons sent for Louis of France to come and rule over them; and he had actually landed in England, when the false John, running away as usual from the fight, was overtaken by the tide, lost all his equipage and treasure, and barely escaping with his life, fell ill soon after, and died at Swinstead Abbey, — of shame, some say, but more probably of overeating. Cœur de Lion's extravagance and his own cowardice

gave to John the surname of Sans-terre, or Lackland. If land were all he had lacked, he would deserve our pity; but he had neither purity, nor piety, nor gratitude, nor affection, nor truth, nor honor, nor courage, nor justice, nor mercy; and thus, lacking everything that a man should possess, he merits only our contempt.

The longest and weakest reign of English history was that of Henry III., the beggar-king. That division of Parliament, known as the House of Commons, originated then, and was the second step towards freeing the people from the capricious tyranny of selfish kings. It was to Henry's son Edward, who had already begun to show himself a brave and resolute prince, that men looked for the restoration of all they had lost in the weak and vicious reigns of his immediate predecessors; and they were not disappointed. Edward Longshanks was "the greatest of the Plantagenets." He was shrewd, bold, and courageous. He was never idle, and he hated vice. He added new privileges to Magna Charta; and though he sought to extend his territory, it was not so much for his own enrichment as to consolidate his kingdom, that it might resist the shock of foreign invasion. Still, the glory of his conquests is dimmed by the cruelties that accompanied them. When he wrested Wales from the Celts, who had held it ever since the Saxon invasion, he killed its prince, and sent his head to London, where "it was received with a marvellous clang," says the chronicle. A more ruthless deed was the massacre of the Welsh bards, because they sang patriotic songs, and influenced their countrymen. When the now subdued people, weeping, begged him to give them as a ruler a native of their beloved mountains, one who could neither speak Saxon nor French, "Here is the very prince you ask for!" cried Edward, holding up his baby-boy, born three days before, at Caernavon. What could the rough Snowdon barons do but submit? They kissed the soft hand of the wee baby, and swore fealty to him as *Prince of Wales;* and, from that day to this, the oldest son of the reigning monarch of England receives the same title at his birth. Appealed to as umpire in a dispute concerning the throne of Scotland, Edward demanded to be acknowledged as Lord Paramount of that kingdom, and then gave the crown to the one of the three claimants whom he thought he could subdue the easiest. Baliol would not have accepted it on these terms, if he had had half the nobility of some of his subjects. He submitted himself entirely to Edward, by whom, at last, he was dethroned and banished. Eng-

lish soldiers garrisoned the castles of Scotland, and behaved very insolently to the people, and treated the boys, I suppose, much as the British troops did the Boston boys, during the first days of the Revolution.

A Paisley lad, named William Wallace, determined not to submit to their insults. One day, when he had been out fishing, and was sauntering home with his fish-pole on his shoulder, and a basketful of speckled trout in his hand, some soldiers tried to snatch the basket from him. Wallace generously offered to share with them; but they insisted on having the whole, and in the struggle, one of them cuffed the boy's ears. Wallace was a tall, strong fellow, and anger made him stronger, and he struck the soldier such a blow with his fish-pole, that he killed him; then seizing the dead man's sword, drove the rest away, and carried off his fish in triumph. He was obliged to flee for his life, in consequence; and, hiding among the mountains, he was joined by others as brave as himself, and soon found himself at the head of an army, and fought for years against the Southrons. But a price was set upon his head, "a traitor sold him to his foes;" and at last, he stood for trial before English judges, who accused him of being a traitor, a robber, and a murderer. "No traitor am I," said the noble Wallace; "for I never was the subject of your king. Robber I have been, but only to recover that which the Southrons stole from us; and, as to murder, I am only sorry that I have not been the death of more of my country's foes." Of course, they hanged him; and, worse than that, King Edward had him torn in quarters, and sent every town a limb. Ah! but the fame of the loyalty of William Wallace went farther abroad than did his mangled remains; and patriots of every land admire his courage and devotion. If Edward thought he had heard the last of the independence of the Scotch, when he nailed the head of Wallace to London Bridge, he was mistaken, for Robert the Bruce was left to maintain it. Tracked to the mountains by sleuth-hounds, tossed for days at a time in leaky boats, on the stormy lakes of the highlands, hidden for months in a cave, the courage of Robert Bruce won at last the freedom and the throne of Scotland; and the latter never had a wiser nor a braver occupant.

Some of you may have seen, in Westminster Abbey, the tomb of Edward I., with the inscription in Latin, "Here lies long Edward, hammer of the Scotch." When the powerful blows with

which he tried to crush this brave nation were interrupted by death, he ordered his body to be boiled, and the fleshless bones to be borne by his son at the head of his army, till Scotland was subdued. That son was not a wicked prince, but a weak one. He would not leave his darling friend, Piers Gaveston, long enough to complete the conquest of Scotland. This partiality and Gaveston's sharp tongue displeased the nobility, who murdered the favorite, and then the king went over the border to fight the dauntless Bruce.

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just." At Bannockburn, one hundred thousand Englishmen, led by a usurper, were defeated by a third their number of loyal Scotch, following their rightful prince, and fighting in the holy cause of freedom. The little river ran red with English blood, till its bed was filled from bank to bank with heaps of slain, so that those who fled might almost have passed dryshod, as if on a bridge, over the bodies of their comrades. That was a gallant knight, who led King Edward from the lost field to a place of escape, then turned and said, "My liege, it is not my custom to fly!" and galloped back, to die with his esquires, by Scottish spears.

Betrayed, deposed, and tortured, Edward II. was finally murdered, by command of his wife. Happier far had it been for him, had he slept with his knights, in the gory bed of Bannockburn. The Bruce's sword would not have had for him so sharp an edge as the fangs of the "She-wolf of France." COUSIN ALICE.

MINK CURTISS; OR, LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS.

BY AN OLD HUNTER.

CHAPTER IV.

(*Continued from the October Number.*)

A FEW hours of mental agony passed, and the white captives were brought forth, with their arms bound behind them, and placed back to back against the post of torture. That done, the warriors silently took their places in a circle around; while the man of medicine stalked on the outer side, gesticulating wildly, and muttering to himself vengeance against all who wore a white skin.

To attempt to describe the feelings of the poor boys would be almost impossible; and, indeed, the changes were so rapid around them, that they had but little time for thought. They were fascinated, as it were, and the fear of death driven away for the time. The blackened faces and bodies of the Indians were now striped with the brightest red, and everything possible done to make their appearance horrible. But still, they sat for a time in the most stoical indifference; sat, with the most foul murder brooding in their hearts, as if they were making preparations for some holiday festival. The pipe passed from hand to hand, each taking a mouthful of smoke, and blowing it through their broad nostrils, and listening to the chanting and drum-beating of the squaws, and the incantations of the medicine. Then one, more savage than the rest, sprang to his feet, beat himself upon the breast, and straining his lungs to the utmost, addressed them long and fiercely. Another and another followed, until all, save the great chief, had spoken; and his words were but a repetition of what had before been said. It was a rehearsal of the wrongs they had suffered at the hands of the white man; of how they had been driven from place to place; of hunting-grounds destroyed, and graves torn up; of the Great Spirit, whose bow was bent in the heavens, whose voice was the deep-rolling thunder, and the flashing of whose eyes was the lightning longing for blood. Then, for an instant, he spoke of the captives, and what an acceptable offering they would be, and the weeping and wailing there would follow in the wigwams of the paleface, when they learned that their scalps were hanging to the belts of the red man. He sat down, and his place was instantly filled by the medicine, dressed in his robes of office, such a dress as very few, if any, of the young readers of MERRY'S have ever seen. Of the under-garments, the leggings — a small portion of them, and the moccasins, could alone be seen — were fringed with human hair, to which was hung the rattles of snakes, the teeth of wolves, and numerous tiny bells. A cloak, formed of the skins of birds of gay plumage, and fur of the smaller animals, was belted around him with a girdle of scalps curiously interwoven together. Upon his breast was suspended crescents of silver, carved with quaint designs and mystic emblems. His face, wrinkled with the seams of eighty winters, was striped with alternate lines of black and vermilion, and his head decorated with parti-colored horse-hair, the scaly skins of serpents, and the feathers of huge birds. In one hand, he held a fangless

snake, that darted forth its tongue spitefully at any who came near ; and in the other, a long knotted staff, a formidable weapon in the hands of the still strong man.

To the old hunter, he was simply an object of scorn ; but to the boys, who were totally ignorant of Indian customs, one of curiosity and dread. And the wily trickster instantly saw this ; and, to strike a still deeper terror into their hearts, and glorify his power, drew nearer to them, flourishing his living, twisting wand in dangerous proximity to their face, until they drew back, with a cry of horror. It was in vain that Mink Curtiss told them that the serpent was harmless ; in vain, that he almost commanded them to stand firm. The flashing eyes, and the forked tongue, licking, as it would have done, had they not suddenly drawn back, their very faces, was far too much for them to calmly endure ; and they looked with wonder on the old hunter, who, with a smile of scorn curling his lips, stood as if cast in iron. "Thar hain't any more danger," he said, "than thar would be from er angle-worm ; and ther miserable old fool knows it. Catch him ertakin' hold of er sarpint, ef it hadn't er got its pison-bag out. I've seen ther like of him berfore, and they hain't no more'n ony other man ; though they pertend ter be able ter talk ter ther speerits, and even have ther great Manitou whisper ter them of what will happen in ther futur ; ther impious scouldrels ! "

"But the snake ! " whispered Frank, with a shudder. "To think of having it so very near my face ! "

"Yer must larn ter command yerself, boy, in all sarcumstances ; and yer will, ef yer live on ther frontier long. But it kin hardly be expected on yet. Howsomever, yer must try, and be jest as brave as yer kin ; fer it will only make ther thing worse fer yer, ef ther redskins see that yer am erfeard."

The medicine had been listening to his words, though scarcely comprehending their drift ; and, as if seized with some new idea, turned away, and addressed the warriors with far more of vehemence than one would have expected of his years. He urged them to the very acme of torture, — to the most fiendish outrages that the savage mind could invent ; and all bowed to him in approbation — all, save one. The Flying Crow alone attempted to avert the terrible doom that was hanging as by a single hair over the heads of the innocent ones. He told them again of the offer of the old hunter, and urged them to accept it, and let the boys go free ; and Mink Curtiss stepped boldly forth, and endorsed his

words. "Yer see," he said, "them ar lads am jest as innercent as er unborn baby; and I promised ter see them safe hum ergin. Now, thar am many of yer that know me fer er man of my word; and, ef I don't do it, my people will say that my tongue am forked, and ther trail I travelled whar er crooked one. I don't ax nothin' fer myself; but jest let ther Flying Crow take them back ter thar old mother, and yer may skin me erlive, and burn me arterwards, ef yer see fit. Bersides, thar hain't no glory in killin' papooses like them ar. They hain't never bin on er war-path, and thar is no stain of blood upon thar hands. Yer mought jest as well kill ther leetle ring-dove, that am er cooin' out on ther perarer. As fer myself, I hain't ergoin' ter deny that I have killed er redskin in my time; though nobody kin say that it whar not in er fair fight. So, jest work yer will on me, and let ther boys go free."

It was a long speech for the old man, and one that was not without its effect upon the Indians; but the medicine opposed it with the utmost virulence, and avowed that the Gitche-Manitou —

the Great Spirit — would shower down all manner of curses upon them, if they permitted a single one of the prisoners to go unpunished. Against this decree, all the eloquence of the Flying Crow and the earnest appeals of Mink Curtiss were as nothing. The ignorant and superstitious Indians, who, as the poet has written in the often quoted lines, —

"—— saw God in clouds,
And heard him in the winds,"

would as soon have thought of attempting to grasp the red bolts of the lightning in their naked hands, as to have gone counter to the will of one they fancied was directly inspired by heaven.

Again, the medicine addressed them in a few words; and again, the doom was fixed, for every tongue rang with the terrible word, "Pau-guk! — Death!"

The Flying Crow looked sadly into the eyes of the old hunter, wrung his hand warmly for an instant, and then retired to his wigwam, and covering his face with his blanket, strove to shut out all of sight and sound. Mink Curtiss, too, ceased to plead for those he had learned to love as if they had been of his own flesh and blood; and returning to their side, said, in a voice that was tremulous with emotion, — "I've tried ter save yer, boys, all I could; but it hain't bin of no use. I told them that yer had never done onythin' erginst them, and that I would gladly give my life fer yers. And now, onless ther good Lord takes ther matter into His own hands — and yer sich good boys too."

"Father! mother!" sighed both in a breath; and home arose before them in all its attractiveness, — home glorified, from the fact that they would never see it again.

"Ef yer kin think of er leetle prayer," continued the old man, with his eyelids heavy with tears, "and I know that yer mother must have taught yer one, — yer had better say it now; fer ther agerny of torture may come very soon, and then yer mought not have strength."

The boys dropped upon their knees; the memory of the holy calm of such a time in their father's house, when the evening devotions were wafted aloft upon angel wings, stole over them. The old hunter followed their example, with bowed head and upraised hands, and the eldest boy poured forth, with a fervor he had never done before, the sweetest and purest of all petitions, — that matchless, inspired hymn of adoration — the LORD'S PRAYER.

The Indians stood awe-stricken and astonished for a moment after it was finished, and whispered, one to the other, "that the palefaces were talking to the Great Spirit;" the medicine urged them on to deeds of violence; and the "Amen" had scarcely ceased to thrill upon their ears, before they were whirling around in the wild, fantastic scalp-dance. Lashing themselves to fury, each straining themselves to leap higher, to perform more grotesque actions, to shout louder than their fellows, they continued to whirl around to the monotonous beating of the drum, until even their iron natures became exhausted.

"Now, boys," said Mink Curtiss, "yer might as well bergin ter nerve yerself fer ther struggle. Stand jest as firm as ther post; and mind, when er knife or er hatchet comes er wizzin' near yer, that yer don't dodge. Ef yer do, it'll be sure ter hit yer. Pray fer me, boys; and may ther good Lord have marcy upon our souls, and take us hum ter glory!"

A half-a-dozen of the savages now advanced, bound the old man to the post of torture, and the boys to trees at a little distance, leaving only their heads at liberty; for, with the very refinement of torture, they wished to see them move when the keen steel was thrown near them.

"Rermember what I told yer!" shouted the old hunter; "and try ter fergive them, fer they am but poor heathens, and think they am erdoing right."

"Farewell, Mr. Curtiss!" answered Frank.

"Good-by; may Heaven bless you!" came from the lips of George. "Good-by, brother!"

"Good-by, George! Oh, our poor father and mother!"

The children of the tribe crowded around them, and shot at them with their blunt-headed arrows, and threw their edgeless knives for a time. Then they gave way to the younger braves, who were panting to win a name, to be enrolled in the list of warriors, and to travel, for the first time, the war-path, and gain the first scalp. And not without inflicting some wounds were the hatchets hurled, and the stony-headed arrows driven. To strike the tree as closely as was possible, without hitting the prisoner, was their object; and any failure to do so, any drawing of blood, was hailed with a shout of derision. With the most intense interest, the old man watched the noble conduct of the boys. They behaved like heroes. With scarcely a quiver, with an almost unblanched cheek and undimmed eyes, they braved the

impending fate. Each was trying to outdo the other, each cheering his brother. At least, they would go, hand in hand as it were, to that other and better land beyond the grave; and there was a sad consolation in the thought of their not being separated, even in death.

But the progress of the torture was far too slow to please the bloodthirsty medicine. "Let the young braves retire," he commanded; "and the warriors take their places. Look at yonder sun. It is red as the heart of the paleface; and its fires are thirsting to be quenched from the veins of the palefaces."

It was very little urging that the braves needed. They had looked with scornful indifference upon the performance of the younger portion of the tribe, and were eager to show their skill. So, dividing into groups, they surrounded the prisoners, and very soon the trees and posts bristled with their keen-edged weapons. The boys, from their lack of self-command, were in the most imminent danger, and they received many flesh-wounds, that, smarting severely, added very much to their restlessness. But the old hunter was the chief target. The others were considered too small game for those who had been long upon the war-path, and won a name; and when the order was given for them to desist, he was so surrounded by the weapons, that it would have been extremely difficult for him to move.

"The torture of the knife, the arrow, and the hatchet, is ended," said the grim old medicine. "The men of the tribe have shown their skill; they have proved themselves skilful; their names will be sung in the wigwams, and around the council-fires. Let the torture of fire begin."

The old hunter heard the words, and a groan of agony escaped him. But it was not for himself, although he had seen prisoners at the stake, and watched the flames with a heart bursting with vengeance. He thought, with the terrible death staring him in the face, of the boys, and the promise he had made to their parents only to be broken, though without any fault on his part; and this thought was more bitter to him than all the bodily torture that might follow. The medicine made a sign with his living, writhing wand, and the boys were removed to the post of torture again, and bound, back to back with the old man, and green withes of the pliant elm woven around them, so as to sustain their forms, even after the spirit had fled. Another sign, and the squaws ran forward, with arms and blankets filled with dry bark and branches;

with splinters of the resinous pine and hemlock, and the inflammable covering of the birch, and piled them breast-high around the hopelessly doomed ones.

"I had prayed to ther good Lord. I had hoped that something might turn up," whispered Mink Curtiss, hoarsely, but distinctly enough for the boys to hear, "ter save us — at least you, from this ar death; but it am not ter be — it am not ter be. And it am all my fault. I oughter have known that thar whar no trusting er redskin, and that when they seem ther most peaceful, they am ther surest ter be er preparin' fer er fight."

"No," answered Frank, choking down the sobs that threatened to strangle him as he thought of home, and the loved ones there. "No; it was not your fault in the least. No one could have foretold that such a thing would happen."

"I thank yer, my brave boy; and it takes er great load off from my heart ter know that yer don't blame me. But then, there is your father and mother!"

He could not banish that thought from his mind. If it had been otherwise, he would have laughed death to scorn.

"The palefaces are singing their death-song," said the warriors to each other; and it appeared to them as if such was in reality the case, for the two boys, in order to sustain their sinking courage, struck up at the moment, a song they had learned in their eastern sabbath-school; and the woods rang with praise of the beautiful river, "that flows by the throne of the Lord."

"It is their last song," replied the medicine, sullenly. "Let the pile be fired."

In an instant, the inflammable pile was one mass of flames, and the black smoke rolled upward, hiding the prisoners from all eyes. A hundred deaths were around them — they were wrapped in a winding-sheet of fire!

OUR LITTLE GHOST.

OFT, in the silence of the night,
When the lonely moon rides high,
When wintry winds are whistling,
And we hear the owl's shrill cry,
In the quiet, dusky chamber,
By the flickering firelight,
Rising up between two sleepers,
Comes a spirit all in white.

A winsome little ghost it is,
Rosy-cheeked, and bright of eye;
With yellow curls all breaking loose
From the small cap pushed awry.
Up it climbs among the pillows,
For the "big dark" brings no dread.
And a baby's boundless fancy
Makes a kingdom of a bed.

A fearless little ghost it is;
Safe the night seems as the day;
The moon is but a gentle face,
And the sighing winds are gay.
The solitude is full of friends,
And the hour brings no regrets;
For, in this happy little soul,
Shines a sun that never sets.

A merry little ghost it is,
Dancing gayly by itself,
On the flowery counterpane,
Like a tricksy household elf;
Nodding to the fitful shadows,
As they flicker on the wall;
Talking to familiar pictures,
Mimicking the owl's shrill call.

A thoughtful little ghost it is;
And, when lonely gambols tire,
With chubby hands on chubby knees,
It sits winking at the fire.
Fancies innocent and lovely
Shine before those baby-eyes, —
Endless fields of dandelions,
Brooks, and birds, and butterflies.

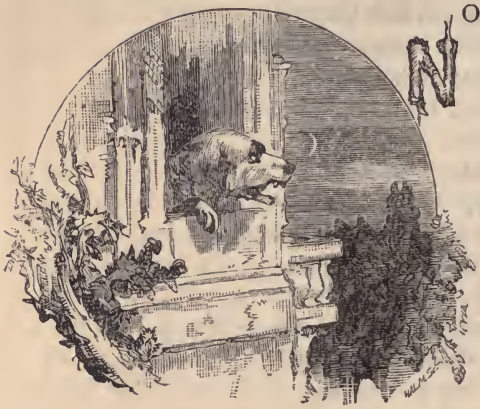
A loving little ghost it is:
When crept into its nest,
Its hand on father's shoulder laid,
Its head on mother's breast,
It watches each familiar face,
With a tranquil, trusting eye;
And, like a sleepy little bird,
Sings its own soft lullaby.

Then those who feigned to sleep before,
Lest baby play till dawn,
Wake and watch their folded flower —
Little rose without a thorn.
And, in the silence of the night,
The hearts that love it most
Pray tenderly above its sleep,
"God bless our little ghost!"

L. M. ALCOTT.

WILL'S WONDER-BOOK.

VIII.



"NO more pleasant out-of-door talks now," said Will, dolefully, as he looked at the frost-bitten garden, and listened to the wild November rain.

"We can remember the pleasant things, and read about them, for grandma says she will lend us the books and explain the pictures," returned Polly, who sat rocking cosily in her little chair before the fire, enjoying the bright blaze as much as the plump pussy dozing in her lap.

"I'd rather see and hear about live things. I wish birds and bugs and animals didn't fly away, or go to sleep all winter; for it don't leave us any queer or interesting things to examine and talk about. Can't you think of some nice live animal or insect to tell of, grandma? I feel like hearing stories, and so does Polly."

As Will spoke, grandma put down her book, and answered, kindly, "All animals don't migrate or sleep. I see two interesting ones in the room now."

The children stared about them, but did not guess what she meant.

"Is it the flies on the window-pane, and the mice in the wall?" asked Will.

"No; it's two larger creatures."

"She means us!" cried Polly, thinking she had got it.

"I said animals; you are human beings. Don't you find Puss and Snap interesting?" said grandma, pointing to the dog, curled up under the sofa, and Mrs. Mouser, purring luxuriously on her little mistress's knee.

"But we know all about them."

"Not everything about their relations; for your pets are rather stupid, commonplace specimens. I read some pleasant anecdotes about cats and dogs, the other day, which will show you how faithful, wise, and affectionate these dumb creatures are."

"We should like that," said both the children, as Polly put down the cat's-cradle she was making, and Will spread himself on the rug, with Snap at his side.

"Which shall I tell first?"

"Cats for Polly, dogs for me; and tell Polly's first," said Will, for, in learning to be kind to helpless creatures, he had learned to be kind to every one, and that is true politeness.

"At a certain convent in Paris, the cook used to divide the dinner into a dozen plates, and the brothers would come and get their portions. One day, while the cook went to ring the bell in the hall to call them, some one stole one of the bits of meat. This happened several times; and the cook, at last, resolved to watch in the kitchen, and see who did it. While he stayed in the room, no one came, and, the meat was all safe. So, he decided to stay always, and had a whistle to call the brothers. But the sly thief was not cheated in this way; and soon after, while Mr. Cook was guarding the dinner, the door-bell rang, and he had to go. Nobody was at the door, and he ran back in a rage, to find one plate empty again. Next day, when the bell rang, instead of answering it, the cook hid in a closet, and a minute after the bell had sounded, in at the window bounded the big cat, and whisked out again with her prize. Anxious to see how she managed the bell, the cook posted himself at a side-window, from which he could see the door. In France, many of the bells are attached to ropes, such as we have inside our houses. Pussy ran and caught the string in her paws, took a good swing which jingled the bell, and then scampered away to get her meat. The monks were so amused at her cunning, that they ordered an extra dish to be set for her every day."

"Well, that's funny; but if remarkable cats do such things, I'm glad mine *is* stupid," said Polly, stroking her pet, who purred louder than ever, as if she quite agreed with her.

"The other story I read was of an English cat, whose master taught her to catch birds and bring them to him without hurting them; for he kept many in cages, to study their ways before he killed and stuffed them. This cat formed a friendship with a little dog in the house, and used to invite him to dine with her whenever she had anything nice. The dog was a naughty little fellow, always getting into disgrace, and being whipped. The switch used on these occasions was kept in a corner of the kitchen; and this stick used to vanish so mysteriously that the master could not understand it. There were no children about;

the servants disliked the dog, and would not have so befriended him; yet stick after stick disappeared, apparently without hands. At last, it was discovered that the affectionate old cat carried it off in her mouth, rather than let her little friend be whipped."

"Three cheers for pussy!" cried Polly; and her own cat took the compliment to herself, moving her tail with a stately air, and opening her yellow eyes like a pair of little moons.

"My other story is about a dog, and was written by a famous Dr. Brown. He was walking in a London street, when something gently pulled him by the leg; and looking down, he saw a dirty, shabby little terrier, who watched him with imploring eyes, and began to beg. The kind gentleman patted the poor thing, and went on; but the gentle nip came again, and again the intelligent eyes seemed imploring something, and the muddy little paws begged eagerly. The man stopped, and looked at the dog, trying to see what he wanted. This seemed to satisfy the terrier, who ran off in a hurry, stopping now and then to look back, and bark, as if saying, 'Come on; oh, *do* come on!' Dr. Brown followed, till they came to the back gate of an old empty house. Here, the dog ran under the gate, and barked on the other side, as if inviting his new friend in. The gate was locked, too high to climb over, and the gentleman was about to give it up, when the dog's voice was heard at another part of the wall, whining eagerly. Dr. Brown followed the sound, and found a broken place where he could squeeze through. Little Nip (as he was afterward named), was delighted at this, and ran frisking to a shed, where stood an old coach-body, without wheels. Looking in, Dr. Brown saw a fine pointer, with five puppies, the poor mother half-starved, and full of anxiety about her little ones, who were howling with hunger. A sad sight, for it was evident that the mother dared not leave her family long enough to find food for herself, and there was no one to feed and comfort her. Good little Nip had done his best; but, as he had no home or master of his own, he could not help much, and so had gone to find better friends for the starving family. Of course, the kind man took them all home; and you can imagine how happy the poor mother was when she was well fed, and her yelping children fast asleep in a warm bed. Being a valuable dog, who had probably been lost, she and her puppies were sold after a time; but Nip was kept by Dr. Brown, and for sixteen years, was a good, happy, and faithful little friend."

"By George! I like that!" cried Will, so loud that Snap

jumped up with a bark, as if he said, "So do I." "Now, old fellow, you just remember that story; and whenever you find any poor, hurt, or hungry dogs, you let me know, and we'll see to 'em," added Will; and Snap listened with so much intelligence in his soft brown eyes, that it seemed as if he understood what was said to him; for he wagged his tail, and licked his master's face, in a grateful and approving manner.

"Since we began our talks this summer, I have set up a scrap-book," said grandma, "in which I put all the anecdotes about birds, insects, and animals, that I find in the papers; and many of the things I have told you came from that. I think it would be a good plan for you to help me fill my book, by writing down all the little discoveries you make about the habits of creatures, and saving any accounts of them you may come across, and the stories about them others tell you. In this way, we shall make a pleasant book, which we shall enjoy reading, and showing to our friends."

"I'd like that," said Polly; "for now I've got fond of watching bugs and flies, and all sorts of creatures I used to hate; and I see so many new and pretty things about them, that I want other children to know how nice they are."

"The fellows at our school often tell jolly stories about their dogs and pets, that I like to hear; so, I'll get them to help me, and when we go hunting and fishing, we'll remember about the creatures we see, and write it down," added Will, pleased with the new idea.

"I think I will take for you a new little paper, called 'Our Dumb Animals,' which is got up by some wise and charitable gentlemen, who hope to help the poor creatures who cannot help themselves, by lessening the wrongs done them through ignorance, carelessness, or cruelty. In this excellent paper, we shall find many touching stories and interesting facts for our scrap-book, and can lend it, besides," said grandma, glad to see that her simple little experiment had done some good to the children. For now, Will shot no more song-birds, never stoned frogs, drowned cats, or whipped his pony; and Polly neither screamed at spiders, nor ran away from toads; but found something beautiful or interesting in all these little neighbors, and was learning the sweetest charity toward whatever was ugly, weak, or friendless.

"What will we call the scraps when we get all the pages full?" asked Polly.

"As he will probably do most toward filling it," said grandma, "we will call it 'Will's Wonder-Book.'"

ANACHRONISMS OF LITERATURE AND ART. — Shakspeare is full of them. In the "Comedy of Errors," he alludes to ducats, marks, and guilders, and also to the striking of a clock in the ancient city of Ephesus. In "King John" and "Macbeth," he speaks of cannon. He makes Coriolanus a contemporary with Alexander the Great, Cato, and Galen, all of whom lived centuries afterwards. Cassius, in "Julius Cæsar," also speaks of a clock striking the hours. Beaumont and Fletcher make a man discharge *a pistol*, who must have lived long before the Christian era.

The painters do not behave much better. In one of Albert Durer's pictures, representing St. Peter denying the Saviour, there is a Roman soldier in the background, smoking a *tobacco-pipe*. A Dutch painter, in a painting of the "Sacrifice of Isaac," makes Abraham point a *blunderbuss* at his son's head, as an argument for obedience. Tindoret paints the Israelites gathering manna in the wilderness as carrying *guns*. Another master, in a picture of Adam and Eve, places a *German student* in the background, *shooting ducks*. Similar absurdities have been introduced into subjects of too sacred a nature to be connected with what is ludicrous, and so we forbear to mention them here. The writer, however, saw, at the sale of the paintings of Joseph Bonaparte, at his residence in Bordentown, New Jersey, a number of years since, a piece by an old Dutch master, in which the old patriarchs and their people are represented as coming out of huts, for all the world like Indian wigwams, with muskets on their shoulders.

STRYCHNINE. — The tree from which strychnine comes is called the *strychnos nux vomica*. It grows in Ceylon, and in several districts of India, is of moderate size, with thick and shining leaves, and a short, crooked stem. In the fruit season, it is readily recognized by its rich orange-colored berries, about as large as golden pippins — the favorite food of many kinds of birds — within which are the flat, round seeds, not an inch in diameter, ash-gray in color, and covered with very minute silky hairs. The Germans fancy they can discover a resemblance in them to crows' eyes, but the likeness is purely imaginary. The seed is the deadly poison nut. It was early used as a medicine by the Hindoos, and its nature and properties were understood by Oriental doctors long before it was known to foreign nations. "Dog-killer" and "fish-scale" are two of its Arabic names. It is stated that at present,

the natives of Hindostan often take it for many months, continuously, in much the same way as the opium-eater eats opium. They commence with taking the eighth part of a nut a day, and gradually increase their allowance to an entire nut, which would be about twenty grains. If they eat it directly before or after food, no unpleasant effects are produced; but if they neglect these precautions, spasms result. According to popular rumor, it is chiefly used in Christian lands by the manufacturers of "pure imported liquors."

BISULPHITE of lime is capable of some important practical applications. A fluid drachm added to a pound of spermaceti, bear's grease, cold cream, lard, or other oily preparations or ointments, will cause them to remain perfectly sweet for a long time, sometimes many months, preventing any taint of rancidity. Beef tea and jellies, which turn sour so readily in sick-rooms, or hospitals, can be kept unchanged by stirring in a few drops of the bisulphate solution to each pint. Clothing soaked in the solution and hung up, becomes perfectly disinfected, without any disagreeable odor, as in the case of carbolic acid. It can also be used in the preservation of specimens of natural history and anatomy.

THE Japanese have discovered, that a few seconds previous to an earthquake, the magnet temporarily loses its power. They have ingeniously constructed a light frame, supporting a horse-shoe magnet, beneath which is a cup of bell-metal; to the armature is attached a weight, so that upon the magnet becoming paralyzed, the weight drops, and, striking the cup, gives the alarm. Every one in the house then seeks the open air for safety.

WHAT sort of a cravat would a hog be most likely to choose? A pig's tye.

"I NEVER did see such a wind and such a storm," said a man in a coffee-room.

"And pray, sir," inquired a would-be wit, "since you saw the wind and the storm, what might their color be?"

"The wind blew and the storm rose," was the ready rejoinder.

HERBERT F. ROBINSON, who says he is a lad of seventeen, sends the following lines, which we think worthy of a place in the *Museum*:—

COUNTING THE STARS.

By the eastern window,
  Tired of active play,
Stand two little children,
  In the twilight gray.
All day long their laughter
  Through the house has rung,
Wakening merry echoes
  These old walls among.

As each star bursts softly
  From the darkening blue,
It is quickly noticed
  By these watchers two;
And, when darker shadows
  Cross the window-bars,
There they still are stationed,
  Numbering the stars.

Deeper grows the twilight;
  And, as moonbeams fair
Fall with silver radiance
  On their golden hair,
They, with clouded faces,
  To each other call,
That the stars are many—
  None could count them all.

Now, their mother bears them
  Through the spacious hall,
Up the winding stairway,
  To their chamber small.
Soon in quiet slumber,
  Sinks each little head;
While the stars are keeping
  Watch above their bed.

WILLIE MACK

sends the longest list of correct answers to the September puzzles, and wins his first prize.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

296. My first is in cupboard, but not in shelf;
My next is in robbery, but not in pelf;
My third is in firkin, but not in tub;
My fourth is in tire, but not in hub;
My fifth is in Brooklyn, but not in New York;
My sixth is in Paris, but not in Cork;
My seventh is in anger, but not in hate;
My eighth is in good, but not in first-rate;
My whole is a city in an Eastern State.

Carter.

297. I am composed of 24 letters:
My 22, 5, 3, 8, is something much used by carpenters.
My 20, 11, 7, 15, 16, 12, is a city in Europe.
My 9, 2, 23, 8, 11, 1, is a boy's name.
My 8, 21, 6, 4, 14, is often used at the dinner-table.
My 13, 24, 19, 17, 18, is a disease.
My 10, 21, is an interjection.
My whole is the name of a city, and the state in which it is situated.

Dictator.

298. I am composed of 8 letters:
My 1, 3, 4, 5, is an article of clothing.
My 4, 6, 5, 8, is an article of of food.
My 4, 3, 7, is a fish.
My 2, 3, 8, is useful in walking.
My whole is a kind of jail.

Snow Drop.

299. My second I am, and my third I am;
My first I hope to be;

But I never wish to be my whole,
'Tis far too small for me.
Aubrey.

300. My first is a heathen deity; my second is a weight; and my whole is a city.
Sagittaw.

FILL THE FOLLOWING BLANKS WITH THE SAME WORDS TRANSPOSED: —

301. The ——— was exhibited in ———. *Violet Forest.*

302. The ——— floated upon the ———. *Delia.*

303. The —— fellow —— about it. *Minx.*

304. We turned their ——— into the ———. *Fred.*

ANAGRAMS.

305. Mature Peter. *J. K.*

306. I create corps. *F. R. S.*

307. Coral rope. *A. O.*

308. Rap me bun. *Auntie.*

309. Behead a bird, transpose, and leave a kind of moisture.
Hero.

310. Curtail a boy's name, and leave a girl's name.
Harry of the West.

311. Suppose a woman, sending her little girl on an errand to the grocer's, should have forgotten to mention the potatoes, in what one word could she call the child, and remind her of them? *Tempy.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

312. Combustion department.
Auntie.

313. A male cowl. *A. R. T.*

314. Torture the animal. *Rena.*

315. Associate vessel.
Minnehaha.

316. Areowebeearetea Beyouareeness. *Wolverine.*

317. 10005550. *Bittersweet.*

318. 50011080. *Violet Forest.*

319. From the name of the capital of one of the United States may be made over one hundred and twenty-five small words in common use. What is the name of the city? and what are the words?
Eugene.

320.

☞ *Answers must reach me before the 5th of December. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send all communications intended for the PUZZLE DRAWER to "Aunt Sue," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

240. The universal clothes-wringer.

241. Wheelbarrow.

242. George Washington.

243. Lois, oils, soil.

244. Craven, cavern.

245. Dame, made, mead.

246. Wasp, paws, swap.

247. Wee, ewe.

248. Times, smite; ("Ells — sell" and "Pears — spare," credited.

249. Crocus.

250. Crown imperial.

251. Narcissus.

252. Love lies bleeding.

253. Match, chat.

254. Spray, pray, ray, ay, y.

255. Wheat, heat, eat, at, t.

256. Pirate: (1) rat, (2) pie, (3) rip, (4) tear, (5) tar, (6) rite, (7) art, (8) ripe, (9) reap, (10) pear, (11) tire, (12) tare, (13) par, (14) rate, (15) rap, (16) prate, (17) pair, (18) ear.

257. Breda, bread.

258. Elvas, slave.

259. Toro, root.

260. Thebes, behest.

261. Kemi, Mike.

262. Compassionate.

263. Cross-bow.

264. Barbel (barb L).

265. Tallow (tall O).

266. Combatant.

267. Insulate.

268. A one-eyed ox.

269. Mix.

270. Aim at a sure end, but bear your misfortunes with fortitude.

Of the above Puzzles, —

Willie Mack answers all but 259, 260, 261, 264, 268, 270.

Joe Kose answers all but 248, 250, 259, 260, 262, 264, 265.

Max answers all but 245, 250, 257, 258, 259, 264, 266, 268.

C. W. J. answers all but 246, 249, 253, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270.

Millard F. Richards answers all but 245, 250, 252, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 264, 266, 267, 270.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Silas W. G. I will not only give you "sympathy," but can tell you how to get your "source of mortification" removed. There is, in New York, a doctor, who removes those "wine-stains" from the face (moles, tumors, scars, and "moth-patches"). He makes a few applications, which cause no pain; and, presto, the mark or mole peals off, disappears, and leaves no scar! This may sound like an advertisement; but I have seen the wonderful effects of his treatment, and think everybody ("mortified" with "blem-

ishes") ought to know where to find the remedy. If you will address Dr. H., Box 4042, Post-office, New York, N. Y., he will respond promptly (for he is just as good and kind as he is skilful), and give you all necessary instructions. I should like to tell you of some of the remarkable cases he has attended, but have not space here.

Joe Kose. I congratulate you upon your recovery, and upon being "next to the head" this month.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to Dictator, Max, and Millard F. Richards.

Geo. W. Farrell. If you want an interesting book, get "Little Women; or, Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy," by Louisa M. Alcott. It is handsomely bound, prettily illustrated, and very interesting. You will hardly know with which of the "little women" to fall in love first.

Sallie says, "I like the MUSEUM very much. Whoever wrote 'the wedding of Sweet William and Marigold,' must be a very clever person."

Betsey. Yes, indeed. I should like to make this column "interesting with valuable information;" so, ask any question you like; and if I am ignorant of the answer, I need not long remain so, for I am blessed with several friends who are *walking encyclopædias*, and who are always willing to impart information. "Archæology" is derived from a Greek word, signifying ancient, and is the term applied to the science of antiquities generally. "Ethnology" is derived from a Greek word, signifying nations, and is the term applied to the science which treats of the different national races and families of men.

F. R. S. says, that *Punch* has written to Mr. Darwin, the well-known author of the "Origin of Species," asking him if it is possible, under his theory of development, for a bay pony ever to become a sea-horse? And then, *F. R. S.* asks me, if he (the pony) should become such, whether he might be called a "*felo de se?*" If I were not opposed to punning (an abominable habit) I should ask *F. R. S.* if he wishes *me* to commit *Sueycide?*

Minnie G. says, "The other day, I heard my father say to a gentleman, 'this is subrozer, of course.' I asked him what subrozer meant. He laughed at me, and said he would not tell me; and I said I would ask Aunt Sue. Will you please tell me what it means?" Perhaps your father will "stop the magazine" if I tell you what he refused to tell; but I will run the risk. I suppose he said "*sub rosa*," which means "under the rose;" and that is understood to mean, "this is to be kept secret." The term is said to have arisen from one of the popes having ordered consecrated roses to be placed over the confessionals of Rome, to denote secrecy. Sometimes, when gentlemen meet of an evening to discuss any matters, and a rose is hanging from the chandelier, every one present understands that no reporter is to be admitted.

WE are apt to think November the dullest, dreariest month of the whole year, for it is neither summer nor winter; but seems to separate the pleasures of the two seasons by a gloomy, chilly, sloppy, undecided sort of a month, which every one wishes over as soon as possible. It is not a "suicide month" with us, as with the French; but bad weather, influenzas, and the blues, affect the best tempers and the gayest spirits, even here, in brisk, sensible, perfect America; and it is rather hard to keep the east wind out of both mansions and minds. As an excellent remedy for the dumps, we recommend the "Potatoe Pantomime," newly introduced, and fresh from Germany. Here is the prescription: —

"Seat a part of the afflicted before an open door, half-covered by a green cloth, to represent the stage, as in the Punch and Judy shows. Several of the patients stand behind the curtain, and on their forefingers fix potatoes, by means of a hole. These vegetables should be painted to represent faces, with funny noses made of the natural knobs of the potatoes, or cut out, and fixed on. Horse-hair arranged in gray wigs, black banditti beards, or modern chignons vary the expressions and sexes of the characters. Napkins, or gay bits of cloth, shroud the hands that support the heads; and any costume can be got up with ease. These striking puppets, moved by the invisible managers, can then enact with immense effect, tragedies, comedies, impromptu burlesques, ballads, or tableaux; and brown-paper scenery is a great addition to the play."

This remedy has been tried with triumphant success on many forlorn, dyspeptic, and irritable persons lately; and in no case has it failed to produce a hearty laugh, better spirits, and a general improvement in the grumbler's system. Try it, Merry's; and dissipate November fogs, mental and physical, by the new potato-cure.

To make recovery a sure thing, finish up the evening sitting round an open fire, popping corn, roasting chestnuts, and telling stories, or playing games in the good old-fashioned style.

"WE MUST TAKE CARE OF THIS LITTLE SPARROW LEST IT FALL TO THE GROUND." — Page 476.

MERRY'S MUSEUM

VOL. I.] *DECEMBER*, 1868. [NO. 12.

TESSA'S SURPRISES.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

I.

LITTLE TESSA sat alone by the fire, waiting for her father to come home from work. The children were fast asleep, all four in the big bed behind the curtain; the wind blew hard outside, and the snow beat on the window-panes; the room was large, and the fire so small and feeble, that it didn't half warm the little bare toes peeping out of the old shoes on the hearth.

Tessa's father was an Italian plaster-worker, very poor, but kind and honest. The mother had died not long ago, and left twelve-year old Tessa to take care of the little children. She tried to be very wise and motherly, and worked for them like any little woman; but it was so hard to keep the small bodies warm and fed, and the small souls good and happy, that poor Tessa was often at her wit's end. She always waited for her father, no matter how tired she was, so that he might find his supper warm, a bit of fire, and a loving little face to welcome him. Tessa thought over her troubles at these quiet times, and made her plans; for her father left things to her a good deal, and she had no friends but Tommo, the harp-boy, upstairs, and a lively cricket, who lived in the chimney. Tonight, her face was very sober, and her pretty brown eyes

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by H. B. FULLER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

very thoughtful as she stared at the fire, and knit her brows, as if perplexed. She was not thinking of her old shoes, nor the empty closet, nor the boys' ragged clothes, just then. No; she had a fine plan in her good little head, and was trying to discover how she could carry it out.

You see, Christmas was coming in a week; and she had set her heart on putting something in the children's stockings, as the mother used to do, for while she lived things were comfortable. Now, Tessa had not a penny in the world, and didn't know how to get one, for all the father's earnings had to go for food, fire, and rent.

"If there were only fairies, ah, how heavenly that would be; for then, I should tell them all I wish, and, pop! behold the fine things in my lap!" said Tessa to herself. "I must earn the money; there is no one to give it to me, and I cannot beg. But, what can I do, so small and stupid and shy as I am? I *must* find some way to give the little ones a nice Christmas. I *must!* I *must!*" and Tessa pulled her long hair, as if that would help her think.

But it didn't, and her heart got heavier and heavier; for it did seem hard, that in a great city full of fine things, there should be none for poor Nono, Sep, and little Speranza. Just as Tessa's tears began to tumble off her eyelashes onto her brown cheeks, the cricket began to chirp. Of course, he didn't say a word; but it really did seem as if he had answered her question almost as well as a fairy; for, before he had piped a dozen shrill notes, an idea popped into Tessa's head — such a truly splendid idea, that she clapped her hands, and burst out laughing. "I'll do it! I'll do it! if father will let me," she said to herself, smiling and nodding at the fire. "Tommo will like to have me go with him and sing, while he plays his harp in the streets. I know many songs, and may get money if I am not frightened; for people throw pennies to other little girls who only play the tambourine. Yes, I will try; and then, if I do well, the little ones shall have a Merry Christmas."

So full of her plan was Tessa, that she ran upstairs at once, and asked Tommo if he would take her with him on the morrow. Her friend was delighted, for he thought Tessa's songs very sweet, and was sure she would get money if she tried.

"But see, then, it is cold in the streets; the wind bites, and the snow freezes one's fingers. The day is very long, people are

cross, and at night, one is ready to die with weariness. Thou art so small, Tessa, I am afraid it will go badly with thee," said Tommo, who was a merry, black-eyed boy of fourteen, with the kindest heart in the world under his old jacket.

"I do not mind cold and wet and cross people, if I can get the pennies," answered Tessa, feeling very brave with such a friend to help her. She thanked Tommo, and ran away to get ready, for she felt sure her father would not refuse her anything. She sewed up the holes in her shoes as well as she could, for she had much of that sort of cobbling to do; she mended her only gown, and laid ready the old hood and shawl which had been her mother's. Then, she washed out little Ranza's frock and put it to dry, because she would not be able to do it the next day. She set the table, and got things ready for breakfast, for Tommo went out early, and must not be kept waiting for her. She longed to make the beds and dress the children over night, she was in such a hurry to have all in order; but, as that could not be, she sat down again, and tried over all the songs she knew. Six pretty ones were chosen; and she sung away with all her heart in a fresh little voice so sweetly, that the children smiled in their sleep, and her father's tired face brightened as he entered, for Tessa was his cheery cricket on the hearth. When she had told her plan, Peter Benari shook his head, and thought it would never do; but Tessa begged so hard, he consented at last, that she should try it for one week, and sent her to bed the happiest little girl in New York.

Next morning, the sun shone, but the cold wind blew, and the snow lay thick in the streets. As soon as her father was gone, Tessa flew about, and put everything in nice order, telling the children she was going out for the day, and they were to mind Tommo's mother, who would see about the fire and the dinner; for the good woman loved Tessa, and entered into her little plans with all her heart. Nono and Guiseppe, or Sep, as they called him, wondered what she was going away for, and little Ranza cried at being left; but Tessa told them they would know all about it in a week, and have a fine time, if they were good; so, they kissed her all round, and let her go.

Poor Tessa's heart beat fast, as she trudged away with Tommo, who slung his harp over his shoulder, and gave her his hand. It was rather a dirty hand, but so kind that Tessa clung to it, and kept looking up at the friendly brown face for encouragement.

"We go first to the *cafe*, where many French and Italians eat the breakfast. They like my music, and often give me sips of hot coffee, which I like much. You too shall have the sips, and perhaps the pennies, for these people are greatly kind," said Tommo, leading her into a large smoky place, where many people sat at little tables, eating and drinking. "See, now, have no fear; give them 'Bella Monica;' that is merry, and will make the laugh," whispered Tommo, tuning his harp.

For a moment, Tessa felt so frightened that she wanted to run away; but she remembered the empty stockings at home, and the lonely place, and she resolved *not* to give it up. One fat old Frenchman nodded to her, and it seemed to help her very much; for she began to sing before she thought, and that was the hardest part of it. Her voice trembled, and her cheeks grew redder and redder as she went on; but she kept her eyes fixed on her old shoes, and so got through without breaking down, which was very nice. The people laughed, for the song *was* merry; and the fat man smiled, and nodded again. This gave her courage to try another, and she sung better and better each time; for Tommo played his best, and kept whispering to her, "Yes; we go well; this is fine. They will give the money and the blessed coffee."

So they did; for, when the little concert was over, several men put pennies in the cap Tessa offered, and the fat man took her on his knee, and ordered a mug of coffee, and some bread and butter for them both. This quite won her heart; and when they left the *cafe*, she kissed her hand to the old Frenchman, and said to her friend, "How kind they are! I like this very much; and now it is not hard."

But Tommo shook his curly head, and answered, soberly, "Yes, I took you there first, for they love music, and are of our country; but up among the great houses we shall not always do well. The people there are busy, or hard, or idle, and care nothing for harps and songs. Do not skip and laugh too soon; for the day is long, and we have but twelve pennies yet."

Tessa walked more quietly, and rubbed her cold hands, feeling that the world was a very big place, and wondering how the children got on at home without the little mother. Till noon, they did not earn much, for every one seemed in a hurry, and the noise of many sleigh-bells drowned the music. Slowly they made their way up to the great squares where the big houses were, with fine ladies and pretty children at the windows. Here, Tessa sung all

her best songs, and Tommo played as fast as his fingers could fly; but it was too cold to have the windows open, so the pretty children could not listen long, and the ladies tossed out a little money, and soon went back to their own affairs.

All the afternoon, the two friends wandered about, singing and playing, and gathering up their small harvest. At dusk, they went home,—Tessa so hoarse, she could hardly speak, and so tired, she fell asleep over her supper. But she had made half a dollar, for Tommo divided the money fairly, and she felt rich with her share. The other days were very much like this; sometimes they made more, sometimes less, but Tommo always "went halves;" and Tessa kept on, in spite of cold and weariness, for her plans grew as her earnings increased, and now she hoped to get useful things, instead of candy and toys alone.

On the day before Christmas, she made herself as tidy as she could, for she hoped to earn a good deal. She tied a bright scarlet handkerchief over the old hood, and the brilliant color set off her brown cheeks and bright eyes, as well as the pretty black braids of her hair. Tommo's mother lent her a pair of boots so big, that they turned up at the toes, but there were no holes in them, and Tessa felt quite elegant in whole boots. Her hands were covered with chilblains, for she had no mittens; but she put them under her shawl, and scuffled merrily away in her big boots, feeling so glad that the week was over, and nearly three dollars safe in her pocket. How gay the streets were that day; how brisk every one was, and how bright the faces looked, as people trotted about with big baskets, holly-wreaths, and young evergreens going to blossom into splendid Christmas-trees.

"If I could have a tree for the children, I'd never want anything again. But I can't; so, I'll fill the socks all full, and be happy," said Tessa, as she looked wistfully into the gay stores, and saw the heavy baskets go by.

"Who knows what may happen if we do well?" returned Tommo, nodding wisely, for he had a plan as well as Tessa, and kept chuckling over it as he trudged through the mud. They did *not* do well, somehow, for every one seemed so full of their own affairs they could not stop to listen, even to "Bella Monica," but bustled away to spend their money in turkeys, toys, and trees. In the afternoon, it began to rain, and poor Tessa's heart to fail her; for the big boots tired her feet, the cold wind made her hands ache, and the rain spoilt the fine red handkerchief. Even Tommo

looked sober, and didn't whistle as he walked, for he also was disappointed, and his plan looked rather doubtful, the pennies came in so slowly.

"We'll try one more street, and then go home, thou art so tired, little one. Come; let me wipe thy face, and give me thy hand here in my jacket-pocket; there it will be as warm as any kitten;" and kind Tommo brushed away the drops which were not *all* rain from Tessa's cheeks, tucked the poor hand into his ragged pocket, and led her carefully along the slippery streets, for the boots nearly tripped her up.

II.

At the first house, a cross old gentleman flapped his newspaper at them; at the second, a young gentleman and lady were so busy talking, that they never turned their heads; and at the third, a servant came out and told them to go away, because some one was sick. At the fourth, some people let them sing all their songs, and gave nothing. The next three houses were empty; and the last of all showed not a single face, as they looked up anxiously. It was so cold, so dark and discouraging, that Tessa couldn't help one sob; and, as he glanced down at the little red nose and wet figure beside him, Tommo gave his harp an angry thump, and said something very fierce in Italian. They were just going to turn away; but they didn't, for that angry thump happened to be the best thing they could have done. All of a sudden, a little head appeared at the window, as if the sound had brought it; then another, and another, till there were five, of all heights and colors, and five eager faces peeped out, smiling and nodding to the two below.

"Sing, Tessa; sing! Quick! quick!" cried Tommo, twanging away with all his might, and showing his white teeth, as he smiled back at the little gentlefolk.

Bless us! How Tessa did tune up at that! She chirped away like a real bird, forgetting all about the tears on her cheeks, the ache in her hands, and the heaviness at her heart. The children laughed, and clapped their hands, and cried "More! more! Sing another, little girl! Please, do!" And away they went again, piping and playing, till Tessa's breath was gone, and Tommo's stout fingers tingled well.

"Mamma says, come to the door; it's too muddy to throw the

money in the street!" cried out a kindly child's voice, as Tessa held up the old cap with beseeching eyes.

Up the wide stone steps went the street musicians, and the whole flock came running down to give a handful of silver, and ask all sorts of questions. Tessa felt so grateful, that, without waiting for Tommo, she sang her sweetest little song all alone. It was about a lost lamb, and her heart was in the song; therefore, she sang it well, so well, that a pretty young lady came down to listen, and stood watching the bright-eyed child, who looked about her as she sang, evidently enjoying the light and warmth of the fine hall, and the sight of the lovely children with their gay dresses, shining hair, and dainty little shoes.

"You have a charming voice, child. Who taught you to sing?" asked the young lady, kindly.

"My mother. She is dead now; but I do not forget," answered Tessa, in her pretty broken English.

"I wish she could sing at our tree, since Bella is ill," cried one of the children, peeping through the banisters.

"She is not fair enough for the angel, and too large to go up in the tree. But she sings sweetly, and looks as if she would like to see a tree," said the young lady.

"Oh, so much!" exclaimed Tessa; adding, eagerly, "My sister Ranza is small and pretty as a baby-angel. She could sit up in the fine tree, and I could sing for her from under the table."

"Sit down and warm yourself, and tell me about Ranza," said the kind elder sister, who liked the confiding little girl, in spite of her shabby clothes.

So, Tessa sat down, and dried the big boots over the furnace, and told her story; while Tommo stood modestly in the background, and the children listened with faces full of interest.

"O Rose! Let us see the little girl; and if she will do, let us have her, and Tessa can learn our song, and it will be splendid!" cried the biggest boy, who sat astride of a chair, and stared at the harp with round eyes.

"I'll ask mamma," said Rose; and away she went into the dining-room close by. As the door opened, Tessa saw what looked to her like a fairy feast, — all silver mugs, and flowery plates, and oranges, and nuts, and rosy wine in tall glass pitchers, and smoking dishes that smelt so deliciously, she could not restrain a little sniff of satisfaction.

"Are you hungry?" asked the boy, in a grand tone.

"Yes, sir," meekly answered Tessa.

"I say, mamma; she wants something to eat. Can I give her an orange?" called the boy, prancing away into the splendid room, quite like a fairy prince, Tessa thought.

A plump, motherly lady came out and looked at Tessa, asked a few questions, and then told her to come tomorrow with Ranza, and they would see what could be done. Tessa clapped her hands for joy — she didn't mind the chilblains now — and Tommo played a lively march, he was so pleased.

"Will you come too, and bring your harp? You shall be paid, and shall have something from the tree, likewise," said the motherly lady, who liked what Tessa gratefully told about his kindness to her.

"Ah, yes; I shall come with much gladness, and play as never in my life before," cried Tommo, with a flourish of the old cap that made the children laugh.

"Give these to your brothers," said the fairy prince, stuffing nuts and oranges into Tessa's hands.

"And these to the little girl," added one of the young princesses, flying out of the dining-room, with cakes and rosy apples for Ranza.

Tessa didn't know what to say; but her eyes were full, and she just took the mother's white hand in both her little grimy ones, and kissed it many times in her pretty Italian fashion. The lady understood her, and stroked her cheek softly, saying to her elder daughter, "We must take care of this little sparrow, lest it fall to the ground. Freddy, bring me your mittens, these poor hands must be covered; Alice, get your play-hood; this handkerchief is all wet; and, Maud, bring the old chinchilla tippet."

The children ran, and in a minute, there were lovely blue mittens on the red hands, a warm hood over the black braids, and a soft "pussy" round the sore throat.

"Ah! So kind, so very kind! I have no way to say 'thank you;' but Ranza shall be for you a heavenly angel, and I will sing my heart out for your tree!" cried Tessa, folding the mittens as if she would say a prayer of thankfulness, if she knew how.

Then, they went away, and the pretty children called after them, "Come again, Tessa! Come again, Tommo!" Now, the rain didn't seem dismal, the wind cold, nor the way long, as they bought their gifts and hurried home, for kind words and the sweet magic of charity had changed all the world to them.

I think the good spirits who fly about on Christmas Eve, to help the loving fillers of little stockings, smiled very kindly on Tessa, as she brooded joyfully over the small store of presents that seemed so magnificent to her. All the goodies were divided evenly into three parts, and stowed away in father's three big socks, which hung against the curtain. With her three dollars, she had got a pair of shoes for Nono, a knit cap for Sep, and a pair of white stockings for Ranza; to her, she also gave the new hood; to Nono, the mittens; and to Sep, the tippet.

"Now, the dear boys can go out, and my Ranza will be ready for the lady to see, in her nice new things," said Tessa, quite sighing with pleasure to see how well the gifts looked pinned up beside the bulging socks, which wouldn't hold them all. The little mother kept nothing for herself but the pleasure of giving everything away; yet, I think, she was both richer and happier than if she had kept them all. Her father laughed as he had not done since the mother died, when he saw how comically the old curtain had broken out into boots and hoods, stockings and tippets.

"I wish I had a gold gown and a silver hat for thee, my Tessa, thou art so good. May the saints bless and keep thee always!" said Peter Benari, tenderly, as he held his little daughter close, and gave her the good-night kiss.

Tessa felt very rich as she crept under the faded counterpane, feeling as if she had received a lovely gift, and fell happily asleep, with chubby Ranza in her arms, and the two rough black heads peeping out at the foot of the bed. She dreamed wonderful dreams that night, and woke in the morning to find real wonders before her eyes. She got up early, to see if the socks were all right, and there she found the most astonishing sight. Four socks, instead of three; and by the fourth, pinned out quite elegantly, was a little dress, evidently meant for her,—a warm woollen dress, all made, and actually with bright buttons on it. It nearly took her breath away; so did the new boots on the floor, and the funny long stocking like a gray sausage, with a wooden doll staring out at the top, as if she said, politely, "A Merry Christmas, ma'am!" Tessa screamed and danced in her delight, and up tumbled all the children to scream and dance with her, making a regular carnival on a small scale. Everybody hugged and kissed everybody else, offered sucks of orange, bites of cake, and exchanges of candy; every one tried on the new things, and pranced about in them like a flock of peacocks. Ranza skipped to and fro airily,

dressed in her white socks and the red hood; the boys promenaded in their little shirts, one with his creaking new shoes and mittens, the other in his yellow cap and fine tippet; and Tessa put her dress straight on, feeling that her father's "gold gown" was not all a joke. In her long stocking, she found all sorts of treasures; for Tommo had stuffed it full of queer things, and his mother had made gingerbread into every imaginable shape, from fat pigs to full omnibuses.

Dear me! What happy little souls they were that morning; and when they were quiet again, how like a fairy tale did Tessa's story sound to them. Ranza was quite ready to be an angel; and the boys promised to be marvellously good, if they were only allowed to see the tree at the "palace," as they called the great house.

Little Ranza was accepted with delight by the kind lady and her children, and Tessa learned the song quite easily. The boys *were* asked; and, after a happy day, the young Italians all returned, to play their parts at the fine Christmas party. Mamma and Miss Rose drilled them all; and, when the folding-doors flew open, one rapturous "Oh!" arose from the crowd of children gathered to the festival. I assure you, it was splendid; the great tree glittering with lights and gifts; and, on her invisible perch, up among the green boughs, sat the little golden-haired angel, all in white, with downy wings, a shining crown on her head, and the most serene satisfaction in her blue eyes, as she stretched her chubby arms to those below, and smiled her baby smile at them. Before any one could speak, a voice, as fresh and sweet as a lark's, sang the Christmas Carol so blithely, that every one stood still to hear, and then clapped till the little angel shook on her perch, and cried out, "Be 'till, or me'll fall!" How they laughed at that; and what fun they had talking to Ranza, while Miss Rose stripped the tree, for the angel could not resist temptation, and amused herself by eating all the bonbons she could reach, till she was taken down, to dance about like a fairy in a white frock and red shoes. Tessa and her friends had many presents; the boys were perfect lambs, Tommo played for the little folks to dance, and every one said something friendly to the strangers; so that they did not feel shy, in spite of shabby clothes. It was a happy night; and all their lives they remembered it as something too beautiful and bright to be quite true. Before they went home, the kind mamma told Tessa she should be her friend, and gave her a

motherly kiss, which warmed the child's heart, and seemed to set a seal upon that promise. It was faithfully kept, for the rich lady had been touched by Tessa's patient struggles and sacrifices; and for many years, thanks to her benevolence, there was no end to Tessa's Surprises.

L. M. ALCOTT.

YELLOWBIRD.

YELLOWBIRD, where did you learn that song,
Perched on the trellis where grape-vines clamber,
In and out, fluttering all day long,
With your golden breast bedropped with amber?

Where do you hide such a store of delight,
Oh delicate creature, tiny and slender,
Like a mellow morning sunbeam bright,
And overflowing with music tender?

You never learned it at all! The song
Springs from your heart in rich completeness;
Beautiful, blissful, clear, and strong,
Steeped in the summer's ripest sweetness.

To think we are neighbors of yours! How fine!
Oh, what a pleasure to watch you together,
Bringing your fern-down and floss to re-line
The nest worn thin by the winter weather.

Send up your full notes, like worshipful prayers;
Yellowbird, sing, while the summer's before you.
Little you dream, that, in spite of their cares,
Here's a whole family, proud to adore you.

CELIA THAXTER.

MINK CURTISS; OR, LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS.

BY AN OLD HUNTER.

CHAPTER V.

(*Conclusion.*)

AT the very moment when the flames were whirling wildly, when the bark and wood were crackling spitefully, and the thick smoke threatening to instantly choke the trio, a loud outcry was heard on the outer edge of the circle of warriors, and a form dashed through, kicked away the burning brands, cut the bonds, and dragged the half-suffocated man and boys to a safe distance. In an instant, a dozen of the most savage of the Indians had sprang upon, and were grappling with him; but he shook them off, and drawing his tall form to its utmost height, he waved above his head a strip of birchen bark.

"What is it? Why do you dare rescue the palefaces from their well-merited tortures?" was the demand of the medicine, as he came forward, puffed up with anger and pride.

"This for the chief," was the reply of the Flying Crow, as he passed the miserable trickster without noticing him, and handed the rude scroll to the head of the tribe.

Ah! that little strip of white-birch bark contained, written in characters that no one but a red man, or one versed in their hieroglyphics, would have understood, the fate of hundreds of lives. It was a certain stay to murder, to arson, to scalping.

"Where did you get this?" asked the chief, after his eyes had rested upon it for a moment.

"A runner brought it;" and he pointed to a slender youth, who was leaning, panting and travel-stained, against a neighboring tree.

"You have travelled fast and far?" continued the chief, addressing him who had brought the important news.

"The Running Elk started last night, when the light of the moon was first seen, and he paused, neither for food nor rest, until beside the wigwam of the Great Chief."

"And may the Manitou be thanked you came in time!" interposed the Flying Crow.

"It is well!" said the chief. And, turning to the warriors, he announced that Black Hawk, and the other heads of the nation, were prisoners to the white man; that a truce had been entered into, and that it was forbidden to harm, in any manner, any of the palefaces that had fallen into their hands.

A cry of regret rang round the circle, but it was instantly checked by the chief; and a few of the softer-hearted ones assisted the Flying Crow in carrying the old hunter and the boys to his wigwam, where squaws were summoned to dress their wounds and blistered skin. Fortunately, there was nothing dangerous, although they had stood upon the very verge of death.

In a few days, they were able to walk around, and even joke upon their strange appearance, for not a single hair was left upon either head, or a particle of beard upon the face of Mink Curtiss.

"Yer mother wouldn't know her boys, ef she whar ter see them now," said Mink Curtiss; "and I raythe reckon my dorg would think I whar er stranger. But no matter; er leetle bar's-ile will fix it all right fer you; and as fer me, it hain't no great matter, and will save my havin' my har cut fer many er day;" and the old man laughed at the idea.

Forced to remain for some little time as guests of the Indians, the boys saw many curious things, especially, their mode of hunting and fishing; and having formed a quasi-friendship with some of the tribe about their own age, they spent every day in the woods, returning at night to sleep the sleep that out-of-door exercise ever brings — sound, healthy, and almost dreamless slumber. But they were not permitted to go alone upon these excursions. Both the Flying Crow and Mink Curtiss ever attended them, to ward off danger in case it should occur, and assist in bringing home the game. The guns that had been taken from the boys were restored to them; and it was not long before they learned to shoot, both steadily and accurately, and could boast of having each killed a deer while running, and, as the old hunter said, "picked off er squirrel from the toppermost limb of er tall tree; and that requires most mighty clus squintin', I kin tell yer."

But the thing that interested them perhaps the most of all, was the beaver-dams and the workings of these curious animals. It appeared strange to them that they could cut down great trees, and transport the logs to a distance, and so arrange them, that

they would check the rapid flow of the water without being swept away.

"Yes," said the old hunter, when they spoke to him concerning it; "yes, it am mighty queer what instinct will do; and how fittingly ther good Lord has formed each anermile ercordin' ter its place, even from ther leetle hummin'-bird, that hain't much bigger nor er good-sized fly, ter ther great bar of ther mountings. Now, ther beaver am er knowingsome anermile, and it would jest be fun fer yer ter steal on them and watch, when they am er workin'. They am busy as bees, too, and never am ter be found er loafin' eround."

"But, why do you not take them now, when their fur is so valuable?" asked Frank, ever on the *qui vive* for information.

"No; yer am mistaken. Thar fur hain't of no ercount now. It am only in ther winter-time that it am good. Then it am thick, and keeps 'em warm. Yer know that they ollers shear sheep in ther spring; and, as ther beaver hain't got nobody ter do that fer them, ther good Lord arranged it so that thar fur should be thin. Do you understand me, boys?"

"Yes; yes! But just look here, Mr. Curtiss. Aren't this the footprint of a wolf?"

Both the Indian and the hunter stooped down, and examined the mark closely.

"No wolf; dog," said the Flying Crow.

"Yer right; it am ther track of er dorg, and no mistake," replied Mink Curtiss.

"How can you tell?" asked George.

"Easy ernuff. Er wolf never has what we call 'dew claws,' that is, er sort of er toe on ther hinder-side of its foot."

"Me tell more," said the Indian. "It am er white man's dorg — not Indian's."

"As I live, I berlieve yer am right. Yes er am, and ther track hain't bin made long. I shouldn't wonder if it whar —"

He stopped, placed his four fingers in his mouth (as many of the young readers of the MUSEUM are accustomed to do, when calling their playmates), and whistled long and shrilly, repeating the sound again and again. For a moment, however, his hopes appeared to have been without foundation; then, there was a rattling in the bushes, and his own faithful hound dashed forth, and, leaping upon his breast, licked both his hands and face with infinite delight.

"Wal!" exclaimed the more than gratified old man; "wal, yer do know yer master, even ef he hain't got ony har on his head — not even the ghost of er scalp-lock, nor nothin'. Ah! good dorg, good dorg! — what would yer have done ef yer hadn't er found me? And yer tracked me all this way, did yer?" and he wound his arms around the neck of the faithful hound, and caressed him, as if he had been a human being.

"My brother loves his dog," said the Indian, who had stood a silent spectator of the, to him, strange scene.

"Love him! That hain't no name fer it. He am ther best friend I ever had in ther world;" and, turning to the boys, he told them how the hound had once saved his life, when he had been attacked by a half-starved bear.

Accompanied by their new-found favorite, they continued their wanderings, and the sharp eyes of the boys soon detected a bee, sucking the sweets from a little woodland flower. The Indian had noticed it at the same time, and, with a smile that lighted up his bronzed features and revealed his white teeth, he asked, "Do the young braves love honey?"

"I guess I do!" replied Frank, with enthusiasm. "Oh, how I should like some now!"

"You keep still; me git plenty."

Both the Indian and Mink Curtiss watched the little toiler until it had fully laden itself and soared away. Then, the old hunter remained standing by the flower until the Flying Crow had found another, and then, both walked in a straight line, until they met at the apex of the triangle; or, to make it more clear to some of our very young readers, they started from what might be considered the two ends of a V, and met at the point.

"That's what we call linin' bees," explained the old hunter. "Thar am other ways of doin' it; but this am ther most certain, especially, ef yer have got any honey with yer ter bate 'em like."

"But I don't see any hive!" exclaimed Frank, anxious to get at the luscious sweets.

"In here," replied Flying Crow, tapping upon the trunk of the tree by which he had paused.

"'Bees hiving in a tree? I never heard of such a thing!'

"Very like, very like; but yer must rermember that thar hain't onybody here ter fix up hives fer them, and they have ter look out er themselves. So, when they swarm, they jest look eround fer er holler tree, and take persession on it. Thar am ernother thing,

too; I mought as well tell yer erbout it. They ollers go into ther wilderness erhead of ther white man. Hain't that so, Flying Crow?"

"As certainly as the white man's footsteps follow," replied the Indian.

"What does he mean by the 'white man's footstep,' Mr. Curtiss?"

"What you call ther plaintin. Ther redskins say that it never grows ontil ther foot of er white man has trod upon ther ground."

"Do you believe that to be true?"

"I can't tell to er sartinty; but I rayther think that am ther case. Howsomever, we had better be er thinkin' of gittin' at ther honey, fer it am mighty nice, mixed with parched Injun-corn, — maize, the redskins call it, — and it'll make yer er nice supper ternight.

The Indian, at the time he had discovered the first bee, had sent a couple of the boys of the tribe back to the wigwams for axes, and they now came running up almost breathless. The old hunter and the Indian each took one of the sharp weapons, and their strong arms soon made the grand old tree totter and fall crashing to the ground. In doing so, the trunk was broken, and the honey clearly revealed. And, ah! What a sight it was for the young eyes there assembled! Great flakes of comb, filled with the golden sweets, rolled out before them, tempting their appetites; and they were not long in gratifying them to the fullest extent, using the means with which nature had provided them, and making good the old proverb, that "fingers were made before forks."

"Take keer, boys," said the old hunter, "that yer do not eat too much. Yer hain't used ter it."

"I haven't eaten half as much as these young Indians," replied Frank as well as he was able, with a mouth filled to running over.

"No, I reckon not," answered Mink Curtiss; "and yer had better not, either. Yer couldn't kill one on them, ony more than yer kin Canerdy thistles. But, yer'll have ernuff and ter spare, for we'll take er hull lot with us."

The boys looked around for some means of carrying, but saw nothing. The Indians, however, soon solved the mystery, by making rude buckets of bark.

"That will do," said the old hunter. "We'll leave ther rest fer ther bars; and, more'n likely, we'll have er shot at one, and git

some of ther grease ter rub on yer head, and make ther har grow ergin."

"Do bears love honey?"

"Do you? Yes, they do love it, erbove all things; and it's fun ter see them eatin' on it, and fightin' flies or ther bees at ther same time. But, we'll come arly in ther mornin'; and, ef I don't miss my guess, we'll have er dinner of roast bar-meat. What do you think of that?"

"It will be glorious!"

The quantity of honey the boys had devoured made their slumber somewhat restless; but they did not fail to be ready at the very peep of day to go upon the bear-hunt, and, as Mink Curtiss had predicted, they found Mr. Bruin busily engaged in devouring the stores they had failed to remove. His head was thrust into the hollow trunk; and, when he heard their footsteps, and drew it out with a deep growl, he presented such a comical appearance, that the brothers could not refrain from laughing.

"He may look sweet," said the old hunter; "but I tell yer, his temper hain't so. He don't like being disturbed, ony more than

er hungry man does. But, yer've each on yer killed er deer; and surpose yer try yer hand at bigger game, so that yer'll have somethin' ter brag erbout, when yer git hum."

The boys raised their weapons, and fired so nearly together, that the twin reports sounded almost like one. That both shots had hit the bear was evident; but their guns were loaded with small shot, and not hitting him in a vital part, only made him more savage, and, turning from the fallen trunk, he started towards them.

"Run fer yer lives!" shouted the old hunter; and both he and the Flying Crow sent their bullets whizzing after the infuriated beast. But they did not check its mad career. It had singled out Frank as the object of its vengeance, and was rapidly overtaking him, and should it do so, nothing could save his life.

"Double upon yer track! Run round in a circle towards us!" shouted Mink Curtiss, with all the energy he possessed. "Do yer hear? It am yer only chance fer life!"

Yes; the boy did hear, and acted upon the advice with almost race-horse speed. But the bear was as swift of foot as he, and, if he should happen to stumble, if anything should arrest his course, would be upon him, and tear him to pieces in an instant. Another brace of bullets flew from the rifles of the two men, but failed to stop the animal's progress; and it was evident to all that the strength of the boy was very fast giving way.

"O heaven! My poor brother!" came in tones of agony from the lips of George.

The eyes of the Flying Crow flashed like lightning at the words, and his thin lips were pressed together with determination. "You catch young brave; me catch bear," he said, and started to dash in between them, hatchet in hand.

But, brave and rapid as he was in his movements, it would have been impossible for him to have saved the boy, had not assistance come from a strange and unexpected source. The dog of the old hunter had been "rampagin' eround, arter miserable leetle rabbits," as he said; but dashing in at the moment, and apparently comprehending how matters stood, instantly seized the bear by one of its hind-legs, and put an end to its speed. Then, as rapidly almost as a flash of light, the hatchet of the Indian split open the skull, and his knife finished the work.

"It am er mighty beast," said Mink Curtiss, as the Indian was stripping off the hide; "er mighty beast; and it would have gone hard with yer, my boy, ef it had er gotten yer in its grip."

"The young brave shall wear home its claws and teeth," interposed the Flying Crow.

"And that am ther greatest mark of er hunter that er Injun knows of; so yer kin take it as er great compliment."

A hearty supper of bear's-meat followed. Then, a few days more of hunting, and scouts having brought the news that the hatchet was buried, and the way open, the boys returned homeward, made supremely happy by the gift of a pony each — a present from the Flying Crow.

Ah! but it was a happy hour when they were again encircled by their mother's arms, and felt her fond kiss upon their cheeks, and the pressure of their father's hands. And lions were they, too, for a time; and, if Frank was somewhat boastful of his skill as a hunter, and proud of his necklace of bear's claws and teeth, it was not to be wondered at. Would not you have been?

But many more hunts they had with their good friend Mink Curtiss, before the snows fell, and much was the good advice they received. And now, when the trees are bare, and the streams bridged over with ice, the trio sit by the glowing hearth, the old hunter telling them stories of the Indians and woodland life, and teaching them to make baskets and snares and moccasins, often reminding them of the "marcies of ther good Lord," and promising to be the first to wish them a Happy New Year.

And so, he who has penned these lines, wishes to all his readers, a "Merry" Christmas and a joyous New Year, — one of peace, health, and plenty.

PETS AND SPORTS IN TASMANIA.

PICKANINNY.

"ANOTHER story!" exclaimed Miss Wideawake, in pretended dismay, as she looked, one evening, over her Elmhill audience. "Another story! Well, what shall it be about? Oh, about Pickaninny, to be sure; my very dearest pet, after the black swans."

"What a funny name!" piped up a small voice. "Please, who was Pickaninny, Miss Wideawake?"

"She was the cunningest, fussiest, most provoking darling, that ever cackled over an egg, or scratched for a chicken."

"I know! I know!" cried the shrill little voice. "It was a hen!"

"Yes, it was a hen; a black hen, as black as a crow. Every feather was so glossy, that it fairly glittered in the sunlight; and she had such pert ways, that they were funny to see. Grandmamma gave her to me when she commenced laying, and there is no describing the anxiety I suffered on her account; for poultry life in Tasmania is beset by dangers, and people cannot be sure of their feathered pets from one hour to another.

"There are the hawks; noble birds, to be sure, and dressed in rich browns, grays, and fawn-color, as lustrous as the softest satin, but teasing to the last degree, in spite of all this grandeur. Sometimes they sweep suddenly from a height upon their prey; sometimes they course over the ground, and snap up the very plumpest beauty of them all. Whenever one appeared at Seaview, all was hurry-scurry in the poultry-yard. Fowls and pigeons fled to the house in terror; while the foe followed so closely upon their steps, that the tips of his long wings almost touched the threshold as he flew.

"How I detested the whole murderous race! It did me good to listen to the bright, saucy miners, who followed them in crowds, crying sharply and distinctly, 'Thief! thief! thief!'

"'Set a rogue to catch a rogue,' is good advice all the world over. The miners were sad robbers themselves; and, whenever their pretty gray bodies and cunning black heads, marked with jaunty touches of yellow, could be seen bobbing in and out among the cherry-trees, it was certain that the fruit was fast disappearing down their little throats. They were as ready to ''fess' as Topsy herself; and, when we tried to drive them away, they would merely peep at us from their perch, call 'Thief! thief!' and then go on with their feast.

"The crows stole our eggs and chickens; but, worse still were the native cats, which, thin, cautious, and eel-like, crept slyly, moved rapidly, and squeezed themselves through holes which nobody would believe large enough to accommodate them. They knew exactly when to sneak along in the shadow of the fences, when to dart forward, and when to run swiftly away. We set traps for them, baited with all kinds of meat, but they seldom did more than to turn up an eye at them, and pass by on the other side.

"My handsome pet, like many another handsome darling, was extremely capricious and troublesome. At first, she refused to lay in the henhouse, and ran all manner of risks, by making her nest in the woods. Three weary tramps it cost Tom and me to break up her establishment so thoroughly, that she lost the desire to roam; and a deal of petting was also necessary to bring her into a contented frame of mind.

"At last, a fine brood of chickens rewarded our united exertions, and I placed her with her family under a coop, close to the back-door of the house, as the most secure spot I could think of. The first night which she spent in her new abode, I heroically determined to keep awake, in order to jump instantly, in case she should be attacked. It was easier to make the resolution than to keep it. The bed felt delightfully. The dainty linen sheets were fresh and cool, the lace netting shut out every impertinent insect, and the soft wind brought in a delicious scent of geraniums and roses. 'Favorable to sleep, very,' sighed I, with a strong, steady, prolonged stare at the ceiling, which, at last, grew less and less fixed, until it became a mere pretence.

"'How good it would be to drop off,' I said; 'but I shan't do it; no, indeed!' and I tried to get up a little indignation at the very thought of such unfaithfulness to my pet. Lower and lower, however, drooped my eyelids, more and more indistinct became the objects about me. I was almost in dreamland; but I recovered myself with a start, kicked vigorously, threw my arms about, pinched myself, and exclaimed aloud, 'I must have something to think of! something horrible would be best. There is that dreadful snake story, where the man — was — bitten — and—'

"My recollection ended in a blank, like my sentence; and I knew nothing more, until a loud harsh cry roused me from slumber. It was a call for help; and it meant, cats. I bounded out of bed, thrust my feet in my slippers, threw on my dressing-gown, and raced downstairs. In the hall, grandpapa joined me with his revolver, and Tom with his gun, when we cautiously opened the door. There was a shuffle and scamper, and then all was still. Tom looked about; so did grandpapa; so did I. Nothing was to be seen or heard, and we went back to our chambers.

"A couple of hours had passed, when there came another call, this time louder, if possible, than before. We turned out again; but, although Pick was wounded in the wing, we could find nothing of puss.

"'Shan't I light a lantern, and set it in front of the coop?' asked Tom. 'They're afraid of a light, the rascals!'

"Grandpapa thought the suggestion a good one; so, Tom and I ransacked the kitchen, hunted through the cellar, looked in the shed; and, just as our patience was giving way, discovered the desired article in the veranda, when we planted it firmly beside the coop, barricaded it with sticks, so that it should not be knocked over, and left Pick winking at the flame, from which we anticipated so much protection.

"The next night, we were again called to the rescue; but with better success, for a ball from grandpapa's gun stretched the thievish cat dead under the great cherry-tree.

"After that, I had no more trouble till my chickens began to hunt ants and grasshoppers for themselves, when a hawk pounced upon the largest one, and carried it into a neighboring tree, where it devoured the unlucky victim at leisure, quite concealed by the thick leaves. I had aroused grandpapa from his afternoon nap, to pursue and kill him; but our search would have proved vain, had not some miners kindly guided us to his hiding-place by their vigorous accusations.

"'Ha! ha!' said grandpapa; 'now I have you, my fine friend!' and, sure enough, he brought the robber down in a trice.

"A crow seized three of my pets, for which he was rewarded by a bullet through his head. His skin was nailed on the poultry-house door, as a warning to such of his tribe as might be inclined to similar enormities.

"A fifth interesting member of my feathered family met his death at my own hands. It all came of the parrots, — the boldest, most impudent, most aggravating of the winged thieves of Tasmania. The Rosellas, or Rose-hills, were the gayest, decking themselves in scarlet, green, yellow, purple, and blue, and looking like fragments of living rainbows. Very fine-ladyish were they in their ways; so mincing in their gait, so affected in their carriage, and so coquettish in their little airs. But this species was far less troublesome than the shaded green ones, with yellowish breasts, and a little blue in the tail and wings. These were as plentiful as sparrows in New England, and were an ever-present plague through the whole grain season. At first, I was vexed with cook, because she would skin them and bake them in pies; but, when I saw the countless numbers which made havoc with the grain, I changed my mind, and only wished that this excellent dish might

appear on the table still more frequently than it did. They would settle down in a green cloud in the stack-yard, and claw the thatch off the ricks for places of defence, into which they popped when Tom and I pelted them with sticks and stones; and, still pecking the ears of corn which they had stolen, they would look about after every attack, crying, 'Cushee! cushee! cushee!' in a triumphant, saucy manner, as much as to say, 'Try it again! Who cares? Not we!' Now, one day, Tom and I grew especially indignant, and we pelted, and pelted, and pelted; and, finally getting very much in earnest, I threw a stone with all my might, and it went straight by the parrots, and killed my chicken, which had strayed from the yard. The parrots rested after that; and so did I, for I had not the heart to attack them for a whole week.

"I had intended to sell my chickens to grandmamma, so that I might have some money to buy a kangaroo; but, by the time they were fit for the table, I could not think of parting with them. Very proud and happy was I, when I could serve the family with their eggs, which appeared to me more daintily fresh and delicate than eggs ever were before.

"I anticipated a quiet, uneventful life for my beauties until the next hatching season; but, before that period arrived, a sad calamity befel us in the shape of a terrible winter freshet. You will remember that the seasons are reversed in Tasmania. November was our loveliest flower month. December was our midsummer; and our Christmas turkeys, plum-puddings, and mince-pies were eaten in rooms filled with blossoms, muslin dresses being in demand, and fans absolutely indispensable. Sheep-shearing was accomplished early in January; and, by the last of the same month, the reapers were busily plying their sickles in the golden grain-fields. July and August brought long rains, and destructive freshets, and it was in the former of these that poor Pick came to her untimely end.

"Seaview was situated on a plain, backed by high mountains, which, in winter, were capped with snow, although it never fell in the lowlands. This snow melted in the rains of that season, and thus sometimes swelled, with terrible rapidity, the rivers which descended upon either side. One memorable July brought a tempest which flooded all about us. Most of the sheep and cattle were driven to higher points, but some of them were lost in spite of every effort; for the flood, gaining strength each moment, became an impetuous torrent, and went roaring and surging

along, bearing the frightened animals away as if they were but feathers. On it came, straight over the farm, washing out whole acres of grain-land, tearing away fences, uprooting fruit-trees, and finally sweeping through the poultry-yard, and mingling logs, planks, and fowls in one sorrowful destruction.

"I think that the latter calamity would have nearly broken my heart, but that I was so frightened for a time by the deadly peril of an active, merry servant-boy, named Joseph, and afterward so grateful for his escape, that I could not grieve as I should otherwise have done for my pets. He had been away on business, in a distant part of the island, and would naturally return about the time that the river began to overflow; but, we were so certain, that, knowing the danger, he would not undertake to cross the ford, that we hardly gave him a thought. Just before night, however, we heard a call for help; and the servants who went to answer it, found that it came from Joseph, who had been washed from his horse, and, after a hard battle with the current, had succeeded in climbing into a tree, in the very middle of the torrent. If it had been a stout tree, with a great trunk, and broad, thick branches, it would have been better: but, it was so slight, that, as the river dashed against it masses of timber, tangles of boughs, broken fences, and mats of brushwood, it bent and swayed, as if on the point of giving way. The poor fellow's situation was truly dreadful; but, the night closed in so fast, that nothing could be done for him, and it appeared very doubtful whether he could hold on through the long hours of darkness, wet as he was, and nearly frozen by the cold south wind, like a New-England northeaster. The only thing in our power was to encourage the unfortunate boy; so, the men made a fire within sight, and remained by it all night, shouting to him at intervals a word of comfort and hope, and thus showing their sympathy and good-will.

"As soon as it was fairly light, the next morning, the whole family went down to the ford, and were thankful to find Joseph still clinging to the tree. It was impossible to swim, because of the bushes under the water, and the driving timber on its surface; so grandpapa tried a plan he had thought of in the night. He tied one end of a fine line to a stick, and the other end to a stout rope. Then, he loaded his gun with the stick, and, after trying a great many times, he shot it straight into the tree. It lodged within reach of Joseph, who drew the line until he caught the rope, which he fastened about his waist, and dropping from his bough,

he was drawn to land much bruised, and nearly drowned, but with no bones broken. He was carried to the house in triumph, where hot blankets and steaming coffee brought him out as merry as ever in a few hours.

"'Poor Pickaninny!' I said, sadly, after Joseph's rescue was fairly accomplished; 'poor Pickaninny! I should like to find and bury her.' But grandpapa pointed to the wide-spread desolation, and answered, 'Do not grieve for what is taken, my darling; but be thankful that we were not also swept away.'"

M. G. SLEEPER.

SUNSHINY SAM.

AT first sight, no one would have thought that little Sam Berry *could* be happy. He had neither father nor mother, sister nor brother, and no friend but the old woman who took care of him. He was often cold and hungry, suffered pain, day after day, and never could play as other children did, for his poor little legs were very weak, and the hump on his back was a heavy burden which he must always carry. Many people older than Sam would have thought their life a very hard one, and have complained a great deal, for which no one would have blamed them. But Sam seemed to enjoy life immensely, never complained; and every morning, no matter whether it was fair or stormy, the little cripple looked out of his window, saying, with a contented smile, "Oh, pretty day!"

He was only ten years old, yet could not remember a time when "the ache wasn't in his back;" for he had fallen off a shed when he was a little baby, and been so badly hurt, that he never could get over it. A kind lady took pity on him when his mother died, and got an old woman to take care of him. But, by and by, the kind lady went away, and then, old Becky had to get on as she could; for, though very poor, she would not desert little Sam. She lived in a small room, high up in a house full of other poor people, and took in washing for a living. All day long, she

scrubbed, or ironed at her table before one window; and all day long, Sam sat at *his* table before the other window, making toy furniture out of the bits of wood a kind carpenter gave him. With his knife, a few tacks, and a glue-pot, he put together little tables and chairs; and, now and then, when he could afford it, he painted them in the most brilliant colors. An old apple-woman, who lived in the next room, sold these toys for him, and when he had earned a dollar, he felt as rich as a banker, and planned to buy all sorts of splendid things with it. But it always had to go for food or fire, clothes or the rent, though Becky hated to take it. Sam never grumbled about this, and gave up his pennies, saying how glad he was to help; but I fancy some patient tears fell on the funny little chairs he made, and a few natural sighs got put away in the tiny table-drawers. No one saw or heard them; but I am sure they were not lost, for children discovered a peculiar charm in those simple toys of his; and the first time I saw the neat tables and chairs, with the funny daubs of blue and yellow on them, I found something in them so touching, that I could not rest until I had seen their little maker.

I took my small nephew with me, proudly bearing a paint-box, and a Noah's ark, as offerings to the "poor broken boy," as he called Sam, after hearing the story. We went prepared to pity; but there was no need of pity, for we found Sam perched up at his table, whistling like a blackbird, as he whittled, glued, and colored, with his chips and tools about him. All the sunshine in the room seemed to have settled on his little red head and happy face; and when we gave our gifts, for I added some gay bits of stuff to upholster his furniture with, he laughed out so joyously, that we forgot there were such things as pain and poverty in the room.

"There ain't nothing in the world you'd like better than that, is there, Sammy?" said Becky, as the boy hugged the paint-box.

"Only one thing I'd like better, you know, Becky; and I'll get it some day, if I wait."

As he spoke, Sam looked at Freddy's sturdy little body, blooming face, and chubby hands with a wistful expression, which made Becky slap her iron down, and walk away. I understood it; but innocent Freddy asked, with the air of one ready and able to give everything, "What do you like better? Say?"

"To be like you!" and Sam softly passed his thin hand up and down the blue jacket that lay so smoothly over his little friend's straight shoulders.

With the sweet instinct of kindliness which is true courtesy, Freddy smiled, and answered, with a look of respectful admiration at the red tables and yellow chairs, "I wish I could make splendid things as you do."

The shadow passed from Sammy's face, like a cloud from before the sun, and he proceeded to explain the mysteries of his trade with a comical air of importance, which impressed Freddy with redoubled respect. While the children chatted and laughed together, Becky told me about the child.

"He never frets, ma'am; but that crooked back of his is a great trouble to him; and for years, he has never forgotten to say in his prayers, 'Please, God, make me straight some time!'"

"That patient prayer surely will be answered," I said, trying to speak hopefully.

"Not in this world, ma'am. There's no help for him here, and he knows it; but, he's willing to wait, and gets sweeter and patienter every day," answered Becky, spoiling a polished wristband,

with the great tear that dropped on her work. I turned to the children, who were discussing the ark as they sorted the animals.

"We play be the creatures at home, and I'm always the effalunt," said Freddy, promenading two green elephants over the ridge-pole of the ark, as no proper door-way is ever to be found in this pleasing toy.

"I should be a camel; because I've got a hump on my back, as he has," answered Sammy, picking out a purple camel, and surveying it with interest. "I wonder if he likes it!" he added, after patting the yellow bunch on the wooden beast, which, by the way, looked more like an ostrich, than anything else.

"Course, he does; God made him so; and he's good, and lets folks ride him, and has lots of stomachs, and goes in hot sand, and I saw one at a mannygerry!" cried Freddy, jumbling religion, natural history, and menageries, all into one sentence.

"Yes; I know; but *I* wasn't made so, and I *don't* like it. Well; my soul's straight, if my back isn't. There ain't any sheds in heaven, Becky says; so, I can't hurt my new back when I get it;" and Sammy smiled and nodded with a happy, confident air, which caused Freddy to open his big eyes, and look rather bewildered.

We did not stay long this day; but, after that first visit, we often went again, for both Freddy and I found that it did us good; so, whenever we got fretful, or discontented, we would say, "Let's go Berrying;" which meant a visit to little Sam Berry. He gave us more than we did him; for he was so happy with his little, that we were ashamed to be unhappy with our much. Freddy felt this, and never went without something for Sam. Funny presents they were, but nothing came amiss; and Sam rejoiced as gratefully over a red apple, or a gingerbread pig, as many people do over silver and gold. Two of his presents were very precious to him. A tin house, with a hole in the chimney for the money to go in, was one; and here he kept his earnings, for Becky didn't need them any more. It was a pleasant thing to see Sam drop in a penny, squint down the chimney to be sure it arrived all right, and then listen to the rich-sounding chink of the money, as he rattled the house; and whispered to me, with a face full of triumphant satisfaction, "I'm going to buy something splendid for Becky, when I get enough. Don't you ever tell."

The other pet was a kneeling Samuel, made of plaster, which Freddy had thought an appropriate gift.

"He says his prayers, and his name is Sammy; so, he's like you; and I got him to stand up on your shelf," said Freddy, presenting the image.

"He's prettier than I am. Maybe, I'll look like this when I get straight; I think angels look so. What lots of nice things you give me;" and Sam leaned out of his high chair to thank his friend with a kiss, after which, he arranged the image on his shelf, with a gorgeous parrot, a blue mug holding some marigolds, and the ark, to keep it company.

All that winter, we knew and loved "Sunshiny Sam," as we called him, and our favorite plan was to take him into the country with us in the spring. We often used to talk it over with him, and laugh, when he hopped about, clapping his hands at the idea of seeing sheep, picking dandelions, and riding in a wheelbarrow. It made him very happy, though it never came to pass; for, when spring arrived, little Sammy had gone away into a lovely country, with better friends than we were. When Becky came to tell us that he would never welcome us any more, I thought Freddy's tender heart would break; but, when he saw his little friend quietly asleep, free from pain at last, he seemed to understand without words, the beautiful and happy change which had befallen his playmate.

"He's well, now; so, I shan't cry any more," said Freddy, softly, as he laid his flowers about the familiar face, which did not smile upon him for the first time since he had known it.

There are many little Sams in the world, and it is good to know them; for beautiful lessons may be learned of these straight souls in crooked bodies; and lookers-on may learn of such the happy secret which makes sunshine, even in shady places.

L. M. ALCOTT.

A SONG FOR THE CHILDREN,

TO SING AND MARCH TO ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

TUNE, "Wait for the Wagon."

O SANTA CLAUS! dear Santa Claus!
The time has almost come,
For you to visit us again,
From out your northern home.
Make ready, then, your sleigh so warm,
Your reindeer fleet of hoof;
And let us hear their many feet
Come pattering o'er the roof.
CHORUS. — Ho, then, for Christmas!
Ho, then, for Christmas!
Ho, then, for Christmas Day!
The best of all the year!

We hope you know how hard we've tried
To do just what was right,
Since you were here a year ago
(That happy Christmas night).
And tho' we sometimes fail, you know,
At home, or play, or school,
We're going to try still harder now
To follow every rule. CHORUS.

Our mother says we do quite well,
For children of our size;
And we never will be cowards,
And we never will tell lies.
So, listen, gentle Santa Claus,
And kindly to us bring,
The presents that we ask you for,
As merrily we sing. CHORUS.

Our baby wants a rattle and
Another pair of socks;
And we think she's almost old enough
To have a set of blocks.
There's Johnnie wants some ninepins new,
And a larger, strong Noah's ark,
His animals get broken so,
And stepped on in the dark. CHORUS.

Of heads and horns, and legs and tails,
There's been a dreadful loss;
So now, indeed, we hardly know
The lion from the horse.
Good Father Noah has lost his cane,
And Ham, his hat so blue;
And poor young Shem is worse off still,
His wife was rocked in two! CHORUS.

And Alec wants some marbles bright,
All stripes and colors gay;
And a pretty bag to keep them in,
When he doesn't want to play.
A wheelbarrow, and a little spade,
To dig the ground next spring;
When we go out to grandpapa's,
He works like everything. CHORUS.

Bring Lulu, please, a big wax doll,
And a red trunk for her clothes;
And have her head not made of wax,
Or the fire will melt her nose.
She wants a good large paint-box, too;
And story-books to read;
We've read the old ones through and through,
And really are in need. CHORUS.

Bring something nice for pa and ma,
For they like Christmas, too;
And Jane will hang her stocking up,
In hopes of gifts from you.

And oh, dear Santa Claus, be sure
Bring candy for each one!
So, now, good-by; 'tis eight o'clock,
And we to bed must run.
CHORUS. — Ho, then, for Christmas!
Ho, then, for Christmas!
Three cheers for Christmas Day,
Tomorrow 'twill be here!

L. D. NICHOLS.

EBERSTEIN.

UNDER the reign of Frederic II., in the beginning of the thirteenth century, the German empire was in a state of great disorder and confusion. The pope, who was his enemy, because Frederic would not submit to his authority, had, by every means in his power, incited the people and the princes of Germany to revolt from the emperor. He absolved his subjects from their oath of allegiance to him, and succeeded even in making his son Henry revolt from him. But the emperor conquered and pardoned his son, and, by his great wisdom and courage, defended himself and the empire against his enemies. Frederic had another son, whose name was Conrad, who resembled his father more than he resembled his brother. He was one of the faithful few who stood by the emperor in the midst of his great struggles and contests. When Frederic died, Conrad ascended the throne. He also found the empire in a terrible state of confusion and civil war. He made the greatest exertions to restore peace, and order, and justice, in the nation; but he met with enemies in every quarter. At one time, Albert of Portingau, the Bishop of Ratisbon, stirred up a rebellion against him. He marched against Albert, and subdued him. Peace was restored; and the Emperor Conrad, rejoiced at the prospect of an interval of rest, determined to pass the Christmas holidays in Ratisbon. The emperor had taken up his abode at the house of a friend; and, full of confidence that no danger could befall him in the midst of Christians, who were keeping the festival of the Prince of Peace, he was enjoying the long-desired happiness of safety and rest.

One evening, after the emperor had retired to rest, Eberstein, his most faithful friend, rushed into his bedchamber, and told him that the bishop had secretly surrounded the house by a strong body of armed men, and that the assassins were already breaking through the outer doors. He said that his followers were too few to defend the house, that escape was impossible, and that there was but one means to save him from instant death: he must immediately hide himself under the couch, while he took his place within it. The emperor positively refused to save his own life by the sacrifice of his friend's; but Eberstein continued to urge him more and more, earnestly representing to him that the safety and welfare of the whole empire depended upon him; that he must not think of himself as one man; but he must think of the welfare

of his whole people, who would lose everything in him, their last, their only support; and, before he could again refuse, he almost forced the emperor into the hiding-place. Eberstein instantly laid himself down in his bed, and calmly awaited the assassins. It was not long before they rushed in; and, as he lay still and quiet as a slumbering child, they stabbed him, thinking, as he had hoped they would, that it was the emperor asleep.

What is all the bravery that was ever displayed in battle, compared with the deliberate, magnanimous courage of this man, who so calmly laid himself down, a voluntary victim, on the bed of death; with no one to witness the act, but him for whom he died, and that Great Being, who ever marks the humblest, as well as the greatest, act of self-sacrifice! MRS. FOLLEN.

MILESTONES OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

(*Conclusion.*)

A FLEMISH BEAUTY — THE BLACK PRINCE — THE BROOM-PLANT WITHERS, AND TWO PRICKLY ROSES SPRING UP IN ITS PLACE — DECAY OF THE FEUDAL SYSTEM, AND DEATH OF CHIVALRY.

HE wicked Isabella, bent upon the ruin of her husband, had gone into Flanders, and secretly betrothed her young son to Philippa, daughter of the powerful Count of Hainault, in order to secure that nobleman as her ally. Prince Edward dearly loved the young Flemish girl, whose beauty of person was but the reflection of equal charms of mind and heart. As soon as he became king, their marriage was solemnized, and their happiness was complete when a lovely boy was born to them.

Philippa of Hainault and Edward the Black Prince, are names dear to every heart; and the glory of the reign of the third Edward is due as much to the virtue and courage of his wife, and the knightly bearing of his son, as to the wisdom and energy of this renowned king himself. Honorable indeed was the Flemish

motto of the girl-queen, — "Ich wrude muche," "I labor much," — and well did she maintain it. Before she came, the English had "known no more what to do with their wool, than the sheep that bore it." By her efforts, a happy colony of Flemish weavers was established at Norwich, which she often visited in person; and she persuaded the king to enact a law, compelling the people to wear cloth of home manufacture. We must thank her, too, for a comfort which we could scarcely do without these cold December nights; for it was the good Philippa who encouraged one *Thomas Blanket* to manufacture the article which bears his name. In this reign, chivalry reached its height. A lovely and virtuous countess drops her garter at a ball given in her honor by the king; and her royal admirer, stooping with knightly gallantry to pick it up, relieves its blushing owner, and silences the gossips with the words, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense;*" and thus is founded the famous order of knights, called the Order of the Garter, of which ladies were for a long time associate members. Such a series of brilliant exploits does the reign of Edward III. present, that it seems like one long tournament, in which the knights of France proved themselves worthy the steel of their cousins from across the channel. It has been called the heroic age of England. It certainly was the era of high and generous deeds. It is a sad day for Philippa when Edward sails for France, to wrest the sovereignty of that kingdom from Philip, its rightful lord. She knows it is an unjust cause. Her darling son, the Black Prince, is to go with his father. She trembles for the boy of sixteen, who goes forth to his first encounter; and her tears fall thick and fast at the thought, that some who are near and dear to her must fall, before the field is won for either.

It is more than five centuries since the battle of Crecy; but who can read how the brave boy won his spurs that day, without a thrill of pride? From a hill afar off, his father calmly surveys the field of battle. A messenger gallops in hot haste, to beg him to go to the relief of the prince.

"Is my son wounded or fallen?" asked the king.

"Neither, my lord; but the enemy is thrice our number, and our prince is sore bestead."

"Go back," cried the king, "and tell my boy that the honor of this day shall be his, and I know he will prove himself worthy of the knighthood I have lately conferred upon him."

His trust is not misplaced; the Black Prince wins the day.

Philip is dragged from the field, and saves himself by flight. Of the three kings who were his allies in that bloody fray, he of Majorca lies dead. The King of Bohemia, blind from age, had his bridle-rein tied to the horses of two of his knights, and the three rode together to their death. Mute and sorrowing stand the three steeds, beside their fallen riders. The Black Prince sees them where they lie, so true and faithful; and, reverencing the courage of the grand old king, adopts his crest (three ostrich feathers, and the motto, "*Ich dien*,") for himself and his successors.

Before Calais, which King Edward will beseige, Philippa folds again to her heart her heroic son. She, too, has a conquest to relate; for, during the absence of her husband, England has been saved by her energy, and David of Scotland is a prisoner.

The governor of Calais offers to capitulate. "Send me six of your best men, bareheaded and barefooted, with halters about their necks, and bearing the keys of your town; the rest shall then go free," was the king's reply. And forth, to save the city, went the dauntless six. No knightlier deed was ever done. But, when the famine-stricken heroes totter into the presence of the king, content to give their lives for those they love, Philippa, merciful as brave, will not have it so, but falls sore weeping at the feet of Edward, and begs that he will spare them; and, for love of his gentle queen, her prayer is granted.

Next, Poictiers comes, when John, with sixty thousand men, takes the field against Philippa's son. He rides a milk-white charger. All the princes of the blood are with him; the dauphin, too, and his young brothers, even little Philip, John's favorite child, a boy of fourteen summers. He is backed by all the chivalry of France. Bertrand du Guesclin, and a hundred others, the bravest of the brave, are with him, and he talks assuredly about victory. Meantime, how fares it with the English prince for whom this bold array is prepared? Does he flinch? His face is white beneath his sombre helmet, but it beams with heroic determination, as he says, "Let us not fear, though we be small in numbers; for, if God be pleased, this day shall see me a good knight."

"It was a sore batayle, and a perilous," says Froissart, "where many a great stroke was gyven and received;" and, where blows were heaviest and foes were thickest, there ever was he of the black armor. The French knights, overpowered, fled. Their king, deserted, dismounted and fought valiantly on foot, only yielding when he saw his bold boy, who had fought in his defence like a

young tiger, struck down and bleeding. Brave Phil never yielded, and was with difficulty taken alive to the victor's tent. With what tenderness the captives were treated by the Black Prince; how, begging the French king not to sorrow for his defeat, since his valor had never been excelled, he gave him back his own white steed, and himself poorly mounted, rode beside him through London streets; how Philippa received the fallen foe as an honored guest; how, at dinner that day, fierce little Phil, quick to resent any fancied insult to his father, so far forgot his good manners as to box the ears of King Edward's cup-bearer, for serving the King of England before the King of France; how, at a splendid feast given in honor of the royal prisoners, England's young hero served the French monarch on bended knee; how, at last, John was allowed to go over to France, to procure his own ransom, but, finding his people too poor to pay the necessary sum, without impoverishing themselves, he voluntarily returned to his English prison, saying, that "honor ought at least to live in the bosom of a king;" how he was given a palace for his residence, and when at last he died, "the king and queen and all the children sorrowed muche;"—all these generous deeds show how chivalry lifted the men and women of that age above all meanness, and made them love even their unfortunate enemies.

Could the sceptre have passed into the hands of Philippa's gentle prince, the annals of England had never shown a more glorious reign; but the old king was left upon the throne to mourn the death of his angelic queen and their valiant son, and his grandson, who succeeded him as Richard II., inherited the talents, the virtues, the energy of neither. He was deposed and murdered by order of his cousin, who seized the throne under the title of Henry IV. By this usurpation, the lordly house of Plantagenet was divided against itself; for, of right, the kingdom belonged to the heirs of Edward's third son, the Duke of York, whereas Henry was a descendant of the fourth son. Chivalry got its death-blow, and the feudal system tottered to its fall, in the dreadful wars that ensued. Cousin battled against cousin, weak princes secretly murdered their ambitious uncles, and baby nephews, born too near the throne, were smothered in their beds by treacherous guardians. The Lancastrians took for their emblem a red rose; the Yorkists, a white; and, for more than forty years, each was a thorn in the side of the other.

It was a joyful day when the infamous Richard III. was laid low

on Bosworth Field; and Henry Tudor there received the crown, under which, by his marriage, the rival roses were once more intertwined in love and harmony.

The Norman Conquest, though it seemed a sad thing in the beginning, was really the dawn of a better day for England, the prelude to that bright morning of civilization which shone upon it during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Let us glance for a moment at the advances made in literature, art, and science, during this period, which is, perhaps, the most important one in all history. Brave warriors no longer hacked and hewed each other with great battle-axes, such as were wielded by Cœur de Lion and his family, for the invention of gunpowder had led to a less cruel warfare, and the manufacture of more destructive weapons made men less ready to jeopardy their lives in silly quarrels. Feudal castles had given place to a more modern style of architecture, and windows of glass were substituted for those of horn. The wandering minstrel no longer sat at the baron's board, and chanted his wild improvisations; the language was no longer a rude mixture of Saxon and Norman-French, but had become settled in that form which we call *old English*, and was used by the gifted Chaucer, in many fine poems which he wrote in honor of Philippa.

Better than this, John Wycliffe, the "herald of the Reformation," translated the Bible into this very English; and, by his fearless attacks upon the evils of monastic life, he put a check upon the Papal power, which, till then, had always been equal, and often superior, to that of the king. His followers were cruelly persecuted; but, though their goods, and even their lives, were forfeited, if they were found reading Wycliffe's Bible, still they read, often giving a load of hay for a few favorite chapters, which they were forced to hide under their floors by day, and to sit up all night, and assemble in caves and woods, to read.

Patient monks no longer wore out their eyes in penning manuscripts of vellum and parchment; for paper had been brought from the east by the Crusaders, movable types had been invented in Germany, and the first printing-press was set up in England. Oil painting was introduced by the old Dutch and Flemish masters. Nor should we forget that the discovery of America, and the foundation of our own glorious republic, date from this very age, — made possible by the invention of the mariner's compass, and the munificent patronage of the early navigators by Henry Tudor.

COUSIN ALICE.

FOSSIL IVORY. — Among the resources of our new territory of Alaska, its richness in fossil ivory is not the least in importance. Several localities are known to abound in this substance — the tusks of the mammoth, or hairy, fossil elephant. The ivory of which these are composed is of fine quality, and for many purposes, equal, if not superior, to that of the living elephants. This substance, is, however, better known as a product of Siberia, where trade in it has been carried on for hundreds of years. The tusks obtained weigh from one hundred to four hundred and fifty pounds, becoming smaller to the northward, but increasing in number at the same time, so as to excite the profoundest astonishment. The surface of the ground of one of the Lachow islands is said to be completely covered with mammoth bones. Tusks have been brought thence for hundreds of years, without apparently reducing the supply in the least. About forty thousand pounds are collected annually in New Siberia, representing at least three hundred mammoths, so that in the two hundred years of trade with that country, the tusks of sixty thousand animals must have been collected. Some of the tusks are so large as to render it impossible to remove them, except in pieces. They are found lying either on the surface of the ground or beneath it, sometimes buried in the bogs, or heaped up along the mouths of the rivers, covered with sand, or frozen in the cliffs by the sea. Entire skeletons occur, sometimes singly, at others aggregated, as if an entire herd had been suddenly destroyed. The country, in many places, is said to resemble, with its scattered, unburied skeletons and bones, some vast battle-field.

FACTS IN NATURE. — Man has the power of imitating almost every motion but that of flight. To effect this, he has, in maturity and health, sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands, and sixty-seven in his trunk. He has also four hundred and thirty-four muscles. His heart makes sixty-four pulsations in a minute, and therefore three thousand eight hundred and forty in an hour, and ninety-two thousand one hundred and sixty in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour. In respect to the comparative speed of animated beings and of impelled bodies, it may be remarked, that size and construction seem to have little influence, nor has comparative

strength, though one body giving any quantity of motion to another is said to lose so much of its own. The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only fifty paces in a day. A worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds; but a ladybird can fly twenty million times its own length in less than an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; and the antelope, a mile in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that; an eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour; and a canary-falcon can even reach two hundred and fifty leagues in the short space of sixteen hours. A violent wind travels sixty miles an hour; sound, eleven hundred and forty-two English feet in a second.

FIREFLIES OF JAMAICA. — The fireflies of Jamaica emit so brilliant a light, that a dozen of them, enclosed within an inverted glass tumbler, will enable a person to read or write in the night-time without the least difficulty. Indeed, it is an expedient to which many resort. These flies are in size as large as a common hive-bee, and they are perfectly harmless. Their appearance in unusual numbers acts as a thermometer to the natives; and it is an unquestionable indication of approaching rain.

To travellers they afford, even on the darkest nights, sufficient light to guide their footsteps with the greatest safety. The light which they send forth is in every respect equal to that of the purest diamond; and hence, the Creole coquettes frequently insert a few of them, confined in pods of gauze, in their hair and parts of their dress, in the same manner as actresses avail themselves of the paste-jeweller's art.

SEEING IS DECEIVING. — Here is a row of ordinary capital letters and figures: —

SSSS XXXX ZZZZ 33338888

They are such as are made up of two parts of equal shapes. Look carefully at these, and you will perceive that the upper halves of the characters are a *very little* smaller than the lower halves — so little, that an ordinary eye will declare them to be of equal size. Now, turn the page upside down, and, without any careful looking, you will see that this difference in size is very much exaggerated — that the real top half of the letter is very much smaller than the bottom half. It will be seen from this that there is a tendency in the eye to enlarge the upper part of any object upon which it looks. We might draw two circles of unequal size, and so place them that they should appear equal.

"Is there anything for George Hogden?" inquired a young man the other day, at the New-York post-office.

"Nothing, sir."

Three days did George ask for a letter. The last day, happening to watch the clerk, he suddenly cried, "Look 'ere, I say! You're looking among the haitches, and my name begins with a ho!"

A SUBSCRIPTION-paper was lately circulated in a rural parish, with the following object in view: "We subscribe the amount opposite our names for the purpose of paying the organist, and a boy to blow the same."

WOULD you know how to grieve your enemy? Try to be as good as you can.

WHEN Adam and Eve partook of the tree of knowledge, did they study the higher branches?

PYROTECHNICAL remedy for crying infants — Rocket.

A NATURAL artist — One who draws his breath.

Joe Rose

answers correctly all but one of the October puzzles, and wins his first prize.

QUESTIONS, ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

321. I am composed of 15 letters:
My 15, 1, 10, 9, is what everybody has.
My 4, 3, 13, 12, is what most animals have.
My 7, 14, 8, is what some feel.
My 10, 11, 2, is a household article.
My 5, 6, 15, is a numeral.
My whole is what none of us would like to be. *Sugar.*

322. I am composed of 11 letters:
My 8, 6, 3, 10, 11, is part of the human frame.
My 4, 5, 10, 7, is an article of clothing.
My 4, 9, 1, 2, 5, 11, is a flower.
My whole is the title of a well-known book.
Myrrha.

323. I am composed of 8 letters:
My 3, 7, 6, is a domestic animal.
My 7, 4, 1, is part of the body.
My 5, 8, 2, is a great preserver.
My whole is a river in the United States. *L. P. Coon.*

324. I am a word of letters seven;
And, curious to relate,
If you two letters take away,
The residue is eight. *A. S.*

325. Take the name of a boy; a metal so fine;
Then, the name of an artisan;
And the three, together, will give you the name
Of a celebrated man.
Mermaid.

326. My father is my first; he has more of my second than I have; and can do my whole much better than I can.
Charlie.

327. Translate a bird into a flower of the same significance.
Tempy.

FILL THE FOLLOWING BLANKS WITH THE SAME WORDS TRANSPOSED: —

328. I saw an ——— eating an ——— (six letters).
C. M. E.

329. I was ——— when we went through the ———.
Gilbert.

330. The man ——— through ——— roads. *Sigma.*

331. Four ——— ——— in the schooner. *Wolverine.*

ANAGRAMS.

332. Clam soul. *Keystone.*

333. Genius, art. *A. O.*

334. Red post up. *Allie Frank.*

335. Siam's irony. *Ego Ipse.*

336. Behead a garment worn in olden times, and leave a poet.
Hero.

337. Entire, I signify to sneak; behead me, and I am a single ring; again, and I am a liquid; now curtail me, and I am a preposition; again, and I am a pronoun.
Mercury.

338. Take one letter from an animal, and leave something indispensable to a fire-engine; abstract another letter, and leave a tool; take away another letter, and leave a pronoun; another, and leave 200. *Monitor.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

339. A martyr to corns. *Joe Kose.*

340. Elevated servant. *Max.*

341. A warrior. *F. R. S.*

242. Control a conjunction.
Bertha.

343. 2000150100001601100. *Belle.*

344. 01900400. *Ned W.*

345.

Dictator.

☞ *Answers must reach me before the 5th of January. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send all communications intended for the PUZZLE DRAWER to "Aunt Sue," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N.Y.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER.

271. PROSE. POEMS. Pip, Rollo (books), Otaheite, Sam (Uncle), eels.

272. A sign.

273. An honest, upright man.

274. Armadillo.

275. Moosehead.

276. Parties, pirates, a priest, a stripe.

277. Ache, each.

278. Noah, ah! no.

279. Owl, low.

280. Preliminaries.

281. Incendiarism.

282. Absconded.

283. Cylindrical.

284. Lamb, balm.

285. Snipe, spine.

286. Bread, bear, ear.

287. Shovel, hovel, love, vol., lo! O!

288. Fearless.

289. Pungently.

290. Relate.

291. Sublime.

292. Black.

293. Razor.

294. Man's time is his property; so, all men ought to be continually investing it well. (Man sty misses prop R T s O wall men nought two beak on tin ewe L E in vest sting it well.)

295. Liberty is glorious. (Copy the letters through, onto thin paper; then, fold the lower half of the lower row onto the upper half of the upper row.)

Of the above Puzzles, —

Joe Kose answers all but 271.

Max answers all but 271, 276.

Belle answers all but 294, 295.

Jeannie M. answers all but 271, 294.

E. W. W. answers all but 276, 282, 292.

Hero answers all but 271, 272, 294, 295.

Keystone answers all but 271, 290, 291.

Ixia answers all but 271, 272, 276, 288, 291, 293, 294.

Chester answers all but 271, 272, 276, 292, 293, 294, 295.

F. R. S. answers all but 271, 276, 278, 280, 282, 288, 294.

Robbie Eddowes answers all but 272, 276, 278, 280, 281, 282, 283, 288, 290, 291, 294.

Willie Mack answers all but 271, 272, 280, 281, 282, 283, 285, 288, 291, 292, 293.

Fanny Fern Marble answers 274, 275, 286, 287.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Dictator. I always "thank" those who take the trouble to compose, write, and send me puzzles; but that does not imply that I always think them good enough to be published. Your own, however, require very little correction.

Blue Bird. I have none of the addresses you ask for. The cousin you enquire about has gone to "the better-land." I shall be very glad to exchange photographs with you.

F. R. S. Seven below par! Hope you have not had a relapse.

E. W. W. You are as welcome as a "lost lamb."

Auntie. Your anagram (on tears) is excellent.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to Blue Bird, Auntie, Dictator, Keystone (haven't you sent that enigma once before?), Z. T. Hedges, N. R. H., Willie Wood, Coy, Mary Center, and Fanny Fern Marble.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to every one, and best wishes that they may receive everything they want in the delightful game of Give-and-Take, which is played with such spirit at this season of the year. As we often hear from the elders anxious inquiries as to what they shall give the children this Christmas, we would respectfully suggest, as a new and appropriate gift, a volume of MERRY'S MUSEUM; for we saw one the other day, and it looked so tempting, bound in green and gold, handsomely printed, prettily illustrated, and full of pleasant reading, that we quite longed for one; for, though we are not exactly a young folk (more's the pity), we like young books as much as ever we did, and find them better reading than many of the grown-up ones.

In making this suggestion, we are disinterested, oh, perfectly so; for it has been hinted to us that the next volume is to be an unusually interesting one, and so we hastened to whisper to a few particular friends that it would be well for all who mean to subscribe for next year to do so at once, before the rush begins. We don't quite dare to tell what the good things are; but we have had a peep into a certain little drawer where the illustrations are kept, and there we saw — but that's telling. As for manuscripts, "bless you, there's oceans, my dear Copperfield; I assure you, oceans," as Tommy Traddles says, and the plummy ones are picked out for our Christmas-pie; so the Jack Horners may get their thumbs ready, and invite the "little Miss Muffets" to tea on something better than curds and whey.

It is a good thing for us young folks, that, while grown-up literature is rather trashy just now, *our* books were never better, and the old people are beginning to dim their glasses crying over their pathos, and shaking their cap-frills, laughing at their fun. They couldn't do a wiser thing, for, if they keep their hearts young and warm, gray hairs and rheumatism don't matter. And so, in the words of the old carol, —

"God bless you, merry gentlefolk,
May nothing you dismay;
But health and peace, and happiness,
Be yours this Christmas Day."